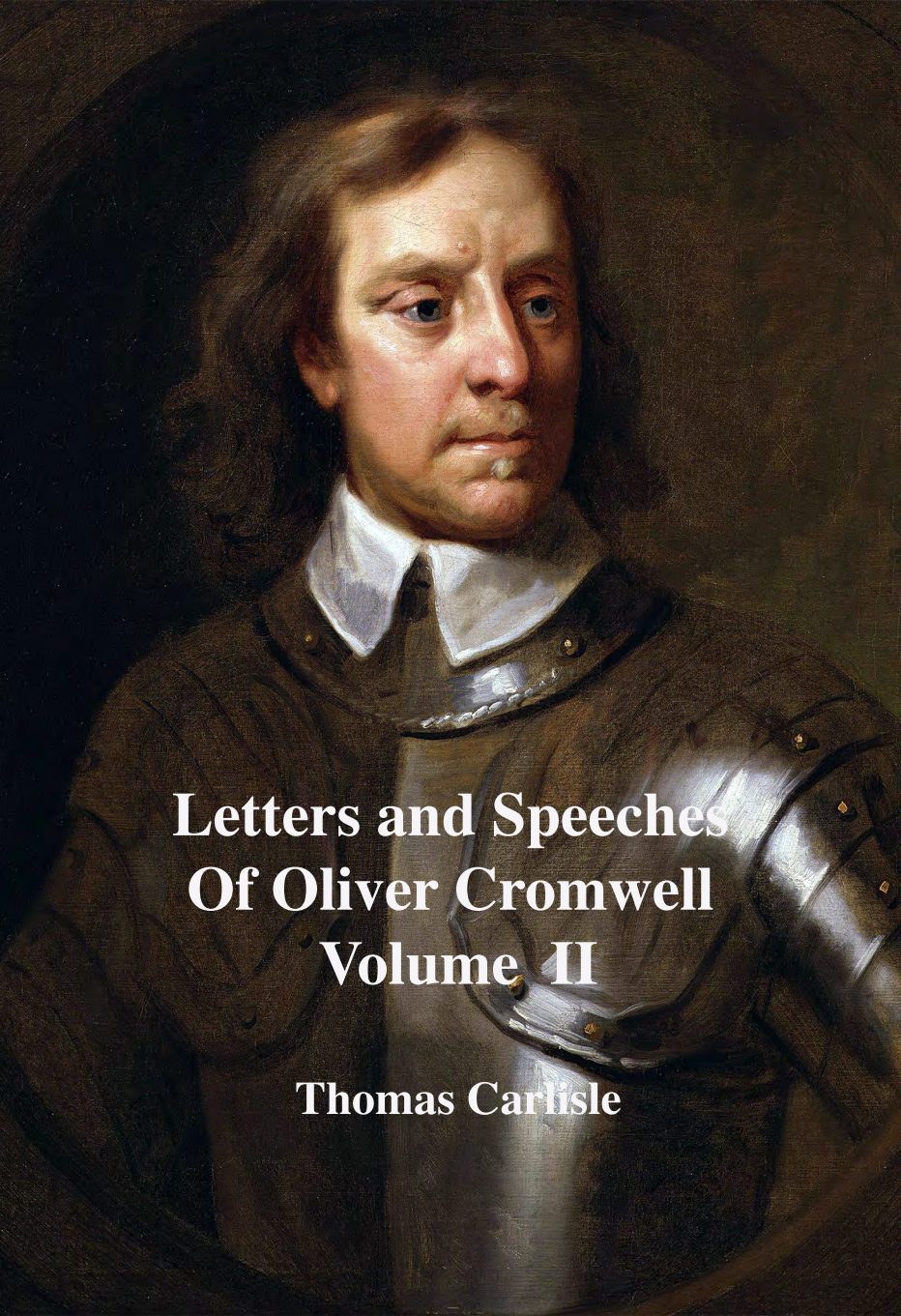


Letters and Speeches Of Oliver Cromwell Volume II

Thomas Carlisle

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PART IV

SECOND CIVIL WAR

1648

LETTERS LIX—LXII

About the beginning of May 1648, the general Presbyterian-Royalist discontent announces itself by tumults in Kent, tumults at Colchester, tumults and rumours of tumult far and near; portending, on all sides, that a new Civil War is at hand. The Scotch Army of Forty-thousand is certainly voted; certainly the King is still prisoner at Carisbrook; factious men have yet made no bargain with him: certainly there will and should be a new War? So reasons Presbyterian Royalism everywhere. Headlong discontented Wales in this matter took the lead.

Wales has been full of confused discontent all Spring; this or the other confused Colonel Poyer, full of brandy and Presbyterian texts of Scripture, refusing to disband till his arrears be better paid, or indeed till the King be better treated. To whom other confused Welsh Colonels, as Colonel Powel, Major-General Laughern, join themselves. There have been tumults at Cardiff, tumults here and also there; open shooting and fighting. Drunken Colonel Poyer, a good while ago, in March last, seized Pembroke; flatly refuses to obey the Parliament's Order when Colonel Fleming presents the same.—Poor Fleming, whom we saw some time ago soliciting promotion;[1] he here, attempting

[1] Letter XXXVII.

to defeat some insurrectionary party of this Poyer's 'at a Pass' (name of the Pass not given), is himself defeated, forced into a Church, and killed.[1] Drunken Poyer, in Pembroke strong Castle, defies the Parliament and the world: new Colonels, Parliamentary and Presbyterian-Royalist, are hastening towards him, for and against. Wales, smoking with confused discontent all Spring, has now, by influence of the flaming Scotch comet or Army of Forty-thousand, burst into a general blaze. 'The gentry are all for the King; the common people understand nothing, and follow the gentry.' Chepstow Castle too has been taken 'by a stratagem.' The country is all up or rising: 'the smiths have all fled, cutting their bellows before they went;' impossible to get a horse shod,—never saw such a country![1] On the whole, Cromwell will have to go. Cromwell, leave being asked of Fairfax, is on the 1st of May ordered to go; marches on Wednesday the 3d. Let him march swiftly!

Horton, one of the Parliamentary Colonels, has already, while Cromwell is on march, somewhat tamed the Welsh humour, by a good beating at St. Fagan's: St. Fagan's Fight, near Cardiff, on the 8th of May, where Laughern, hastening towards Poyer and Pembroke, is broken in pieces. Cromwell marches by Monmouth,[2] by Chepstow (11th May); takes Chepstow Town; attacks the Castle, Castle will not surrender,—he leaves Colonel Ewer to do the Castle; who, after four weeks, does it. Cromwell, by Swansea and Carmarthen, advances towards Pembroke; quelling disturbance, rallying force, as he goes; arrives at Pembroke in some ten days more; and, for want of artillery, is like to have a tedious siege of it.[3]

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1097.

[2] [He was at Gloucester on May 8; and on May 9, either from that city or from Monmouth, wrote to Fairfax, and also to Captain Roberts, a local officer. See Supplement, Nos. 27, 28. On the 16th he was at Cardiff. See his letter to Capt. Crowther, *ibid.* No. 29.]

[3] Abundant details lie scattered in Rushworth, vii.; Poyer and Pembroke Castle, in March, p. 1033; Fleming killed (1st May), p. 1097. [On p. 239*n* above Carlyle says "before March 27". As the news was received in London on April 29 (Rushworth, vii. p. 1174) it was probably about the middle of April.] Chepstow surprised ('beginning of May'), p. 1109,—retaken (29th May), p. 1130; St. Fagan's Fight (8th May), p. 1110; Cromwell's March, pp. 1121-9.

LETTER LIX

HERE is his first Letter from before the place: a rugged rapid despatch, with some graphic touches in it, and rather more of hope than the issue realised. Guns of due quality are not to be had. In the beginning of June,[1] 'Hugh Peters' went across to Milford Haven, and from the Lion, a Parliament Ship riding there, got 'two drakes, two demi-culverins, and two whole culverins,' and safely conveyed them to the Leaguer; with which new implements an instantaneous essay was made, and a 'storming' thereupon followed, but without success.—Of 'the Prince,' Prince Charles and his revolted ships, of the 'victory in Kent' and what made it needful, we shall have to speak anon.

'To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons; These'

Leaguer before Pembroke, 16th June 1648.[2]

SIR,

All that you can expect from hence is a relation of the state of this Garrison of Pembroke, which is briefly thus:

They begin to be in extreme want of provision, so as in all probability they cannot live a fortnight without being starved. But we hear that they mutinied about three days since; cried out, "Shall we be ruined for two or three men's pleasure? Better it were we should throw them over the walls." It's certainly reported to us that within four or six days they'll cut Poyer's throat, and come all away to us. Poyer told them, Saturday last, that if relief did not come by Monday night, they should no more believe him, nay they should hang him.

We have not got our guns and ammunition from Wallingford as yet, but, however, we have scraped up a few, which stand us in very good stead. Last night, we got two little guns planted, which in twenty-four hours will take away their Mills, and then,

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 40.
[2] [Carlyle dated it June 14th, but probably only by inadvertence.]

as Poyer himself confesses, they are all undone. We made an attempt to storm it, about ten days since; but our ladders were too short, and the breach so as men could not get over. We lost a few men, but I am confident the enemy lost more. Captain Flower, of Colonel Dean's regiment, was wounded; and Major Grigg's Lieutenant and Ensign slain; Captain Burges lies wounded, and very sick. I question not, but within a fortnight we shall have the town; 'and' Poyer hath engaged himself to the officers of the town, not to keep the castle longer than the town can hold out. Neither indeed can it [? he]; for we can take away his water in two days, by beating down a staircase, which goes into a cellar where he hath a well. They allow the men half-a-pound of beef, and as much bread a-day, but it is almost spent.

We must rejoice at what the Lord hath done for you in Kent. Upon our thanksgiving[1] for that victory, which was both from sea and leaguer, Poyer told his men, that it was the Prince, 'Prince Charles and his revolted ships,' was coming with relief. The other night they mutinied in the town. Last night we fired divers houses; which 'fire' runs up the town still: it much frights them. Confident I am, we shall have it in fourteen days by starving. I am,

Sir,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Precisely in about 'Fourteen days' a new attempt was made,[2] not without some promising results, but again ineffectual. 'The Guns are not come from Bristol, for want of wind;' and against hunger and short scaling-ladders Poyer is stubborn. Three days after this Letter to Lenthall, some three weeks since the siege began, here is another, to Major Saunders.

[1] By Cannon-volleys. [2] Rushworth, vii. 1175.

* Rushworth, vii. 1159: read in the House, 20th June 1648 (*Commons Journals*, v. 608).

LETTER LX

Of this Major, afterwards Colonel, Thomas Saunders, now lying at Brecknock, there need little be said beyond what the Letter itself says. He is 'of Derbyshire,' it seems; sat afterwards as a King's-Judge, or at least was nominated to sit; continued true to the Cause, in a dim way, till the very Restoration; and withdrew then into total darkness.

This Letter is endorsed in Saunder's own hand, 'The Lord 'General's order for taking Sir Trevor Williams, and Mr. Morgan, 'Sheriff of Monmouthshire.' Of which two Welsh individuals, except that Williams had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the Parliament's forces in Monmouthshire some time ago, and Morgan High Sheriff there,[1] both of whom had now revolted, we know nothing, and need know nothing. The Letter has come under cover enclosing another Letter, of an official sort, to one 'Mr. Rumsay'[2] (a total stranger to me); and is superscribed, *For Yourself.*

To Major Thomas Saunders, at Brecknock: These'

'Before Pembroke,' 17th June 1648.

Sir,

I send you this enclosed by itself, because it's of greater moment. The other you may communicate to Mr. Rumsey as far as you think fit and I have written. I would not have him or other honest men be discouraged that I think it not fit, at present, to enter into contests; it will be good to yield a little, for public advantage, and truly that is my end, wherein I desire you to satisfy them.

I have sent, as my Letter mentions, to have you remove out of Brecknockshire; indeed, into that part of Glamorganshire which lieth next Monmouthshire, for this end: We have plain discoveries that Sir Trevor Williams, of Llangibby,[3] about two miles from Usk in the county of Monmouth, was very deep in

[1] 10th January 1645-6, Williams; 17th November, 1647, Morgan: *Commons Journals, in diebus.*

[2] [Written, like the other, to Saunders, but which Mr. Rumsay may see—No doubt Edward Rumsay is meant; one of the Commissioners for South Wales.]

[3] He writes 'Langevie;' 'Munmouth' too.

the plot of betraying Chepstow Castle; so that we are out of doubt of his guiltiness thereof.[1] I do hereby authorise you to seize him; as also the High Sheriff of Monmouth, Mr. Morgan, who was in the same plot.

But, because Sir Trevor Williams is the more dangerous man by far, I would have you seize him first, and the other will easily be had. To the end you may not be frustrated and that you be not deceived, I think fit to give you some characters of the man, and some intimations how things stand. He is a man, as I am informed, full of craft and subtlety, very bold and resolute; hath a house at Llangibby well stored with arms, and very strong; his neighbours about him very malignant, and much for him; who are apt to rescue him if apprehended, much more to discover anything which may prevent it. He is full of jealousy, partly out of guilt, but much more because he doubts some that were in the business have discovered him, which indeed they have, and also because he knows that his servant is brought hither, and a minister to be examined here, who are able to discover the whole plot.

If you should march directly into that county and near him it's odds he either fortifies his house, or gives you the slip: so also, if you should go to his house, and not find him there, or if you attempt to take him, and miss to effect it, or if you make any known inquiry after him, it will be discovered.

Wherefore, 'as' to the first, you have a fair pretence of going out of Brecknockshire to quarter about Newport and Caerleon, which is not above four or five miles from his house. You may send to Colonel Herbert, whose house lieth in Monmouthshire; who will certainly acquaint you where he is. You are also to send to Captain Nicholas, who is at Chepstow, to require him to assist you, if he 'Williams' should get into his house and stand upon his guard. Samuel Jones, who is Quartermaster to Colonel Herbert's troop, will be very assisting to you, if you send to him

[1] [See letter to Richard Herbert of St. Jillians, Appendix, No. 11 (3).]

to meet you at your quarters, both by letting you know where he is, and also in all matters of intelligence. If there shall be need, Captain Burges his troop, now quartered in Glamorganshire, shall be directed to receive orders from you.

You perceive by all this that we are (it may be) a little too much solicitous in this business; it's our fault, and indeed such a temper causeth us often to overact business. Wherefore, without more ado, we leave it to you, and you to the guidance of God herein, and rest,

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' If you seize him, bring, (and let him be brought with a strong guard), to me. If Captain Nicholas should light on him at Chepstow, do you strengthen him with a good guard to bring him. If you seize his person, disarm his house; but let not his arms be embezzled. If you need Captain Burges his troop, it quarters between Newport and Chepstow. *

Saunders, by his manner of endorsing this Letter, seems to intimate that he took his two men; that he keeps the Letter by way of voucher. Sir Trevor Williams by and by[1] compounds as a Delinquent,—retires then into 'Langevie House' in a diminished state, and disappears from History.[2] Of Sheriff Morgan, except that a new Sheriff is soon appointed, we have no farther notice whatever.[3]

LETTER LXI

SINCE Cromwell quitted London, there have arisen wide commotions in that central region too; the hope of the Scotch Army and the certainty of this War in Wales excite all unruly things

* Harris, p. 549; and Forster, iv. 239.

[1] *Commons Journals.*

[2] [Williams was sequestered, but discharged on appeal by the Barons of the Exchequer. (See his case in the *Calendar of Committee for Compounding*, p. 2947). The William Morgan there joined with him is the Sheriff.]

[3] Note to Colonel Hughes, 26th June 1648, in Appendix, No. 11 (1).

and persons. At Pembroke lately we heard the cannons fire, both from Leaguer and Ships, for a 'victory in Kent:' concerning which and its origins and issues, take the following indications.

May 16th. Came a celebrated 'Surrey Petition:' highflying armed cavalcade of Freeholders from Surrey, with a Petition craving in very high language that Peace be made with his Majesty: they quarrelled with the Parliament's Guard in Westminster Hall, drew swords, had swords drawn upon them; 'the Miller of Wandsworth was run through with a halbert,' he and others; and the Petitioners went home in a slashed and highly indignant condition. Thereupon, *May 24th,* armed meeting of Kentish-men on Blackheath; armed meeting of Essex-men; several armed meetings, all in communication with the City Presbyterians: Fairfax, ill of the gout, has to mount,—in extremity of haste, as a man that will quench fire among smoking flax.

June 1st. Fairfax, at his utmost speed, smites fiercely against the centre of this Insurrection; drives it from post to post: drives it into Maidstone 'about 7 in the evening,' 'with as hard fighting as I ever saw;' tramples it out there. The centre-flame once trampled out, the other flames, or armed meetings, hover hither and thither; gather at length, in few days, all at Colchester in Essex; where Fairfax is now besieging them, with a very obstinate and fierce resistance from them. This is the victory in Kent, these are the 'glorious successes God has vouchsafed you,' which Oliver alludes to in this Letter.

We are only to notice farther that Lambert is in the North; waiting, in very inadequate strength, to see the Scots arrive. Oliver in this Letter signifies that he has reinforced him with some 'horse and dragoons,' sent by 'West Chester,' which we now call Chester, where 'Colonel Duckenfield' is Governor. The Scots are indubitably coming: Sir Marmaduke Langdale (whom Oliver, we may remark, encountered in the King's left wing at *Naseby Fight*) has raised new Yorkshiremen, has seized Berwick, seized Carlisle, and joined the Scots; it is becoming an openly Royalist affair. In Lancashire a certain Sir Richard Tempest, very forward in his Royalism, goes suddenly blazing abroad 'with 1,000 horse and many knights and gentlemen,' threatening huge peril; but is, in those very hours, courageously set upon by Colonel Robert Lilburn with what little compact force there is, and at once extinguished:—an acceptable service on the part of

Colonel Robert; for which let him have thanks from Parliament, and reward of 1,000*l.*[1]

Very desirable, of course, that Oliver had done with Pembroke, and were fairly joined with Lambert. But Pembroke is strong; Poyer is stubborn, hopes to surrender 'on conditions;' Oliver, equally stubborn, though sadly short of artillery and means, will have him 'at mercy of the Parliament,' so signal a rebel as him.[2] Fairfax's Father, the Lord Ferdinando, died in March last;[3] so that the General's title is now changed:

To his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These

Before Pembroke, 28th June 1648.

My Lord,

I have some few days since despatched horse and dragoons for the north. I sent them by the way of West Chester, thinking it fit so to do in regard of this enclosed letter which I received from Colonel Duckenfield, requiring them to give him assistance in the way. And if it should prove that a present help would not serve the turn, then I ordered Captain Pennyfeather's troop[4] to remain with the Governor 'Duckenfield;' and the rest immediately to march towards Leeds, and to send to the Committee of York, or to him that commands the forces in chief there, for directions whither they should come, and how they shall be disposed of.

The number I sent are six troops, four of horse, and two of

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 312, 313; *Commons Journals* (5th July 1648), v. 624; &c. [The first news of the victory came from Lancashire, but the fight was in Northumberland, Tempest having been sent thither by Langdale, and lying about Whittingham and Eslington and along Coquet Water. See Hesilrige's letter, Rushworth, Part iv., vol. ii., p. 1177.]

[2] [The *Moderate* for the week June 29-July 6 (E. 451, 18), mentions letters from Cromwell to Fairfax and the Derby House Committee, of June 27, which letters "say that they within the town and castle cannot hold out above ten days at farthest; that Poyer sent out a message to the Lieut.-Gen. admiring that a David should be so persecuted by a Saul, having been always faithful to the Parliament . . . but the honour of Parliament and their general lying so deep at stake, the Lieut.-Gen. would not admit of any response or capitulation, though the governor inclined thereunto."]

[3] 13th March 1647-8 (Rushworth, vii. 1030).

[4] [Of Colonel Horton's regiment of horse.]

dragoons; whereof three are Colonel Scrope's, and Captain Pennyfeather's troop, and the other two dragoons. I could not, by the judgement of the Colonels here, spare more, nor send them sooner, without manifest hazard to these parts. Here is (as I have formerly acquainted your Excellency) a very desperate enemy, who, being put out of all hope of mercy, are resolved to endure to the uttermost extremity; being very many 'of them' gentlemen of quality, and men thoroughly resolved. They have made some notable sallies upon Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's quarter,[1] to his loss. We are forced to keep divers posts, or else they would have relief, or their horse break away. Our foot are about three or four-and-twenty hundred, we being necessitated to leave some in garrisons.

The Country, since we sat down before this place, have made two or three insurrections, and are ready to do it every day; so that, what with looking to them, and disposing our horse to that end, and to get us in provisions, (without which we should starve) this country being so miserably exhausted and so poor, and we no money to buy victuals, that indeed, whatever may be thought, it's a mercy we have been able to keep our men together in the midst of such necessities, the sustenance of the foot (for the most part) being but bread and water.[2] Our guns, through the unhappy accident at Berkley, not yet come to us; (and indeed it was a very unhappy thing they were brought thither), the winds having been also so cross, that since they were recovered from sinking, they could not 'come to us,' and this place not being to be had

[1] Reade had been entrusted with the Siege of Tenby: that had ended June 2d (*Commons Journals*, v. 588); and Reade is now assisting at Pembroke. [He had been a captain in Colonel Holborne's regiment of foot in Essex's army; was now in command of Colonel Overton's foot regiment. Colonel Richard Lehunt (see page 322) was a captain in Fleetwood's regiment of horse in Manchester's army. During 1644, his troop, with some others, was under the temporary command of Colonel Vermuyden at Chesterfield. In 1651, he had command of a regiment of foot in Ireland.]

[2] [Some of the soldiers seized cattle belonging to Major-General Laugharne, (then in Pembroke, "very sick of body and mind,") but his wife appealed to Cromwell, who not only ordered their restoration but gave her permission to go into the castle to her husband and to take a doctor with her. *Moderate Intelligencer*, June 1-8; *Perf. Occurrences*, June 9-16. (E. 446 (28); 522 (40)).]

without fit instruments for battery, except by starving.[1] And truly I believe the enemy's straits does increase upon them very fast, and that within a few days an end will be put to this business; which surely might have been before, if we had received things wherewith to have done it. But it will be done in the best time.[2]

I rejoice much to hear of the blessing of God upon your Excellency's endeavours. I pray God teach[3] this nation, and those that are over us, and your Excellency and all us that are under you, what the mind of God may be in all this, and what our duty is. Surely it is not that the poor godly people of this Kingdom should still be made the object of wrath and anger, nor that our God would have our necks under a yoke of bondage;[4] for these things that have lately come to pass have been the wonderful works of God; breaking the rod of the oppressor, as in the day of Midian, not with garments much rolled in blood, but by the terror of the Lord; who will yet save His people and confound His enemies, as in that day. The Lord multiply His spirit upon you, and bless you, and keep your heart upright; and then, though you be not conformable to the men of this world, nor to their wisdom, yet you shall be precious in the eyes of God, and He will be to you a sun and a shield.

My Lord, I do not know that I have had a letter from any of your Army, of the glorious successes God has vouchsafed you. I

[1] 'Without *either* fit instruments for battering [battery] *except* by starving.' Great haste, and considerable stumbling in the grammar of this last sentence! After 'starving,' a mere comma; and so on.

[2] God's time is the best.

[3] [Carlyle printed "that" instead of "teach," and so had to alter the sentence into: "I pray God that this nation . . . and all we that are under you 'may discern' what the mind of God may be," in order to make sense. There were several other mis-readings in his copy of the letter, the most curious being one near the end, where he printed "a horn and a shield" instead of "a sun and a shield."]

[4] ["What a light is thrown upon Cromwell's thoughts by these words! No Parliamentary supremacy or rule of the majority . . . was uppermost in his mind. Security for those he styled 'the poor godly people' was the main object of his striving, though he was too large-minded not to assign a large, if but a secondary place, to questions relating to the fall or preservation of Kings and Parliaments, as the institutional framework of political order without which even 'the poor godly people' could not enter the haven of safety." Gardiner's *Cromwell*, p. 95.]

pray pardon the complaint because I long to rejoice with you. I take leave; and rest,

My Lord,
Your most humble and faithful servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, I desire you that Colonel Lehunt may have a commission to command a troop of Horse, the greatest part whereof came from the enemy to us; and that you would be pleased to send blank commissions for his inferior officers,—with what speed may be.*

In Rushworth, under date March 24th, is announced that 'Sir 'W. Constable has taken care to send ordnance and ammunition 'from Gloucester, for the service before Pembroke.'[1] 'The unhappy accident at Berkley,' I believe, is the stranding of the 'Frigate,' or Shallop, that carried them. Guns are not to be had of due quality for battering Pembroke. In the mean time, several bodies of 'horse' are mentioned as deserting, or taking quarter and service on the Parliament side.[2] It was over these that Lehunt is to be appointed Colonel [*sic*]; and to Fairfax as General-in-chief 'of all the Parliament's Forces raised or to be raised,' it belongs to give him and his subordinates the due commissions.

July 5th. Young Villiers Duke of Buckingham, son of the assassinated Duke; he with his Brother Francis, with the Earl of Holland, and others who will pay dear for it, started up about Kingston on Thames with another open Insurrectionary Armament; guided chiefly by Dutch Dalbier, once Cromwell's instructor, but now gone over to the other side. Fairfax and the Army being all about Colchester in busy Siege, there seemed a good opportunity here. They rode towards Reigate, these Kingston Insurgents, several hundreds strong: but a Parliament Party 'under Major Gibbons' drives them back; following close, comes to action with them between 'Nonsuch Park and Kingston,' where the poor Lord Francis, Brother of the Duke, fell mortally wounded; —drives them across the river 'into Hertfordshire;' into the

* *Sloane MSS.* 1519, f. 90 [f. 180].

[1] vi. 1036. [2] Rushworth, *Cromwelliana*.

lion's jaws. For Fairfax sent a Party out from Colchester; overtook them at St. Neot's; and captured, killed, or entirely dissipated them.[1] Dutch Dalbier was hacked in pieces, 'so angry were the soldiers at him.'[2] The Earl of Holland stood his trial afterwards; and lost his head. The Duke of Buckingham got off;—might almost as well have died with poor Brother Francis here, for any good he afterwards did. Two pretty youths, as their Vandyke Portraits in Hampton Court still testify; one of whom lived to become much uglier!

July 8th. Duke Hamilton, with the actual Scotch Army, is 'at Annan' on the Western Border, ready to step across to England. Not quite Forty-thousand; yet really about half that number, tolerably effective. Langdale, with a vanguard of Three-thousand Yorkshiremen, is to be guide; Monro, with a body of horse that had long served in Ulster, is to bring up the rear. The great Duke dates from Annan, 8th July 1648.[3] Poor old Annan;—never saw such an Army gathered, since the Scotch James went to wreck in Solway Moss, above a hundred years ago![4] Scotland is in a disastrous, distracted condition; overridden by a Hamilton majority in Parliament. Poor Scotland will, with exertion, deliver its 'King from the power of Sectaries;' and is dreadfully uncertain what it will do with him when delivered! Perhaps Oliver will save it the trouble.

July 11th. Oliver at last is loose from Pembroke; as the following brief Letter will witness.

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1178, 82.

[2] [Sir Michel Livesey, Major Gibbons and Captain Pretty went with the troops against them. The party from Colchester was commanded by Colonel Scrope. The Dutchman, Dalbier, had served the late Duke of Buckingham before ever he served Parliament. There are two letters on this affair amongst the papers of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. The first is from Cromwell's old acquaintance, Robert Barnard of Huntingdon, who says that on coming to St. Neot's the insurgents "took up Inns, were very quiet and sleepy; like young soldiers, though chased from Kingston, yet set no guards." Dalbier, at any rate, was an old enough soldier to know better, but perhaps they thought precaution useless. Holland, Barnard says, was taken in his chamber. The Duke, with a small party, charged twice, then rode away and escaped. The second letter is from the widow of Sir Ralph Winwood to her son-in-law, Lord Montagu of Boughton. He had asked if she was not affrighted by the near approach of the rebels to Ditton. Truly, she says, not much; for they "heard not of the dangers till it was past." See *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on Lord Montagu's MSS.*, pp. 161, 162.]

[3] Rushworth, vii. 1184.

[4] James V. A.D. 1542.

LETTER LXII

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker to the House of Commons: These

'Pembroke,' 11th July 1648.[1]

SIR,

The town and Castle of Pembroke were surrendered to me this day, being the eleventh of July, upon the propositions which I send you here enclosed.[2] What arms, ammunition, victual, ordnance and other necessaries of war are in 'the' town, I have not to certify you, the Commissioners I sent in to receive the same not being yet returned, nor like suddenly to be; and I am unwilling to defer the giving you an account of this mercy for a day.

The persons excepted are such as have formerly served you in a very good cause, but, being now apostatised I did rather make election of them than of those who had always been for the King, judging their iniquity double, because they have sinned against so much light, and against so many evidences of Divine Presence going along with and prospering a righteous cause, in the management of which they themselves had a share.

I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Drunken Colonel Poyer, Major-General Laughern and certain o hers, 'persons excepted,' have had to surrender at mercy;[3] a

[1] [The year date is added in different ink. The letter is endorsed "Lieutt. enerall Cromwell's letter touching the surrender of Pomfrett (*sic*) Castle."]

[2] Given in Rushworth, vii. 1190.

[3] [Laugharne, Poyer and Powell were sent up from Nottingham to London; there told to draw lots which should be put to death. The lot fell upon Poyer, who was accordingly shot in the Piazza of Covent Garden.]

* Copy in *Tanner MSS.* lxii. 159: printed, correctly, in *Grey* on the Third Volume of *Neal's Puritans* (Appendix, p. 129), from another source. [Now printed from the original (signed and sealed by Cromwell) at Welbeck, where are also the "propositions" or articles of surrender here mentioned as enclosed. These latter are given by Rushworth in substance only. For Cromwell's last summons to Pembroke, see Supplement, No. 30. Grey's text of this letter was quite correct, but Carlyle, besides one or two small deviations, printed the last line but one, "evidences of Divine Providence going along with and prospering a just cause."]

great many more on terms: Pembroke happily is down;—and the Welsh War is ended.[1] Cromwell hurries northward: by Gloucester, Warwick; gets '3,000 pairs of shoes' at Leicester; leaves his prisoners at Nottingham (with Mrs. Hutchinson and her Colonel, in the Castle there); joins Lambert among the hills of Yorkshire,[2] where his presence is much needed now.

July 27th. In these tumultuous months the Fleet too, as we heard at Pembroke once,[3] has partially revolted; 'set Colonel Admiral Rainsborough ashore,' in the end of May last. The Earl of Warwick, hastily sent thither, has brought part of it to order again; other part of it has fled to Holland, to the Young Prince of Wales. The Young Prince goes hopefully on board, steers for the coast of England; emits his summons and manifesto from Yarmouth roads, on the 27th of this month.[4] Getting nothing at Yarmouth, he appears next week in the Downs; orders London to join him, or at least to lend him 20,000*l.*[5]

It all depends on Hamilton and Cromwell now. His Majesty from Carisbrook Castle, the revolted Mariners, the London Presbyterians, the Besieged in Colchester, and all men, are waiting anxiously what they now will make of it when they meet.

LETTERS LXIII—LXVI

PRESTON BATTLE

THE Battle of Preston or Battle-and-Rout of Preston lasts three days; and extends over many miles of wet Lancashire country, —from 'Langridge Chapel a little on the east of Preston,'

[1] Order, '12th July 1648' (the day after Pembroke), for demolishing the Castle of Haverfordwest: in Appendix, No. 11 (4).

[2] At Barnard Castle, on the 27th July, 'his horse' joined (Rushworth, vii. 1211); he himself not till a fortnight after, at Wetherby farther south. [Lambert and he met at Leeds according to the *Moderate Intelligencer*. Before going west, Cromwell marched against Pontefract, and seized the town, but there was no hope at this time of gaining the Castle "unless by famine; so hard is it to gain that which so easily is lost". E. 459 (19).]

[3] *Antea*, p. 314.

[4] [The news was forwarded from Colchester on the 27th, but the Prince had left Yarmouth on the 24th. See a letter of that date printed in *Lords Journals*, x. 399. "This day in the morning," the bailiffs wrote, they had sent messengers aboard the Prince's ship to whom he had given his declaration, and "This afternoon the ships weighed anchor . . . and are gone for the Downs."]

[5] Rushworth, vii.; 29th May, p. 1131; 8th June, 11th June, pp. 1145, 1151; 27th July, pp. 1207, 1215, &c.

southward to Warrington Bridge, and northward also as far as you like to follow. A wide-spread, most confused transaction; the essence of which is, That Cromwell, descending the valley of the Ribble, with a much smaller but prompt and compact force, finds Hamilton flowing southward at Preston in very loose order; dashes in upon him, cuts him in two, drives him north *and* south, into as miserable ruin as his worst enemy could wish.[1]

There are four accounts of this Affair by eye-witnesses, still accessible: Cromwell's account in these Two Letters; a Captain Hodgson's rough brief recollections written afterwards; and on the other side, Sir Marmaduke Langdale's Letter in vindication of his conduct there; and lastly the deliberate Narrative of Sir James Turner ('alias Dugald Dalgetty,' say some).[2] As the Affair was so momentous, one of the most critical in all these Wars, and as the details of it are still so accessible, we will illustrate Cromwell's own account by some excerpts from the others. Combining all which, and considering well, some image of this rude old tragedy and triumph may rise upon the reader.

Captain Hodgson, an honest-hearted, pudding-headed Yorkshire Puritan, now with Lambert in the Hill Country, hovering on the left flank of Hamilton and his Scots, saw Cromwell's face at Ripon, much to the Captain's satisfaction. 'The Scots,' says he, 'marched towards Kendal; we towards Ripon, where Oliver 'met us with horse and foot. We were then betwixt Eight or 'Nine thousand: a fine smart Army, and fit for action. We 'marched up to Skipton; the Forlorn of the Enemy's horse,' Sir Marmaduke's, 'was come to Gargrave; . . . having made havoc 'of the country, it seems, intending never to come there again.' 'Stout Henry Cromwell,' he gave them a check at Gargrave;[3]—and better still is coming.

Here, however, let us introduce Sir James Turner, a stout

[1] ["This was the first time that Cromwell had actually been in supreme command in a great victory, and too much praise cannot be accorded him for his hardihood, energy and skill. The speed of his motions and his prompt decision had rendered it possible for him to strike home at his adversary in the flank and to eat him up piecemeal. During three days of incessant marching and fighting he halted only to do battle or to take the rest absolutely needed, and at the end of that time the enemy's foot had been killed, captured or dispersed to the last man, and his horse was a beaten rabble, flying toward the border." Roosevelt's *Cromwell*, p. 129.]

[2] [Also, *A Letter from Holland* (E. 467, 21), a narrative by an English royalist with the army.]

[3] Hodgson's *Memoirs* (with Slingsby's *Memoirs*, Edinburgh, 1808; a dull authentic Book, left full of blunders, of darkness natural and adscititious, by the Editor), pp. 114, 5.

pedant and soldier-of-fortune, original *Dugald Dalgetty* of the Novels, who is now marching with the Scots, and happily has a turn for taking Notes. The reader will then have a certain ubiquity, and approach Preston on both sides. Of the Scotch Officers, we may remark, Middleton and the Earl of Calendar have already fought in England for the Parliament: Baillie, once beaten by Montrose, has been in many wars, foreign and domestic; he is lefthand cousin to the Reverend Mr. Robert, who heard the Apprentices in Palace-yard bellowing "Justice on Strafford!" long since, in a loud and hideous manner. Neither of the Lesleys is here, on this occasion; they abide at home with the oppressed minority. The Duke, it will be seen, marches in extremely loose order; vanguard and rearguard very far apart,—and a Cromwell attending him on flank!

'At Hornby,' says the learned Sir James alias Dugald, 'a day's 'march beyond Kendal, it was advised, Whether we should march 'by Lancashire, Cheshire, and the Western Counties; or if we 'should go into Yorkshire, and so put ourselves in the straight 'road to London, with a resolution to fight all 'who' would oppose 'us? Calendar was indifferent; Middleton was for Yorkshire; 'Baillie for Lancashire. When my opinion was asked, I was for 'Yorkshire; and for this reason only, That I understood Lan-'cashire was a close country, full of ditches and hedges; which 'was a great advantage the English would have over our raw and 'undisciplined musketeers; the Parliament's army consisting of 'experienced and well-trained soldiers, and excellent firemen; 'on the other hand, Yorkshire being a more open country 'and full of heaths, where we both might make use of our horse, 'and come sooner to push of pike' with our foot. 'My Lord 'Duke was for Lancashire way; and it seemed he had hopes that 'some forces would join with him in his march that way. I have 'indeed heard him say, that he thought Manchester his own if he 'came near it. Whatever the matter was, I never saw him 'tenacious in anything during the time of his command but in 'that. We chose to go that way, which led us to our ruin.

'Our march was much retarded by most rainy and tempestuous 'weather, the elements fighting against us; and by staying for 'country horses to carry our little ammunition. The vanguard 'is constantly given to Sir Marmaduke, upon condition he 'should constantly furnish guides; pioneers for clearing the 'ways; and, which was more than both these, to have good and 'certain intelligence of all the Enemy's motions. But whether

'it was by our fault or his neglect, want of intelligence helped 'to ruin us; for,'—in fact we were marching in extremely loose order; left hand not aware what the right was doing; van and rear some twenty or thirty miles apart;—far too loose for men that had a Cromwell on their flank!

On the night of Wednesday 16th August 1648, my Lord Duke has got to Preston with the main body of his foot; his horse lying very wide,—ahead of him at Wigan, arear of him, one knows not where, he himself hardly knows where. Sir Marmaduke guards him on the left, 'on Preston Moor, about Langridge Chapel,' some four miles up the Ribble,—and knows not, in the least, what storm is coming. For Cromwell, this same night, has got across the hills to Clitheroe and farther; this same Wednesday night he lies 'at Stonyhurst,' where now the College of Stonyhurst is,—'a Papist's house, one Sherburne's;' and tomorrow morning there will be news of Cromwell.

'That night,' says Hodgson, 'we pitched our camp at *Stanyares* 'Hall, a Papist's house, one Sherburne: and the next morning 'a Forlorn was drawn out of horse and foot. And at Langridge 'Chapel our horse' came upon Sir Marmaduke; 'drawn up very 'formidably. One Major Poundall' (Pownel, you pudding-head!) 'and myself commanded the Forlorn of foot. And here being 'drawn up by the Moorside (a mere scantling of us, as yet,[1] not 'half the number we should have been), the General' Cromwell 'comes to us, and commands to march.[2] We not having half of 'our men come up, desired a little patience; he gives out the 'word "March!"'—not having any patience, he, at this moment! And so the Battle of Preston, the first day of it, is begun. Here is the General's own Report of the business at night. Poor Langdale did not know at first, and poor Hamilton did not know all day, that it was Cromwell who was now upon them.[3] Sir

[1] ["that scattering we had, being not half" is what Hodgson writes.]

[2] [This hardly gives a true idea of the relative proportions of the forces engaged at this point; where "Langdale's 3,600 Englishmen, unsupported except by Hamilton's small body of horse, were exposed to the attack of more than double their number of the best soldiers in the world. . . . By the admission of friend and foe, Langdale and his Englishmen fought like heroes. Yet after four hours' struggle, they were at last compelled to give way and to fall back upon the town." (*Great Civil War*, iv. p. 187.) Later in the day most of his infantry surrendered, his horse and Hamilton's escaping northward to join Munro; Baillie and the Scottish infantry were driven across the Darwen, and the bridge over this stream, as well as that over the Ribble, was occupied by Cromwell. Hamilton's army had lost 1,000 killed and 4,000 prisoners. This was the position at the end of the first day's battle.]

[3] Sir Marmaduke's Letter.

Marmaduke complains bitterly that he was not supported; that they did not even send him powder,—marched away the body of their force as if this matter had been nothing; 'merely some flying party, Ashton and the Lancashire Presbyterians.' Cromwell writes in haste, late at night.

LETTER LXIII

For the Honourable Committee of Lancashire sitting at Manchester.

(*I desire the Commander of the Forces there to open this Letter if it come not to their hands*)

Preston, 17th August, 1648.

GENTLEMEN,

It hath pleased God, this day, to show His great power by making the Army successful against the common Enemy.

We lay the last night at Mr. Sherburn's of Stonihurst, nine miles from Preston, which was within three miles of the Scots quarters. We advanced betimes next morning towards Preston, with a desire to engage the Enemy; and by that time our forlorn had engaged the Enemy, we were about four miles from Preston, and thereupon we advanced with the whole Army: and the enemy being drawn out upon a moor betwixt us and the town, the Armies on both sides engaged; and after a very sharp dispute, continuing for three or four hours, it pleased God to enable us to give them a defeat; which I hope we shall improve, by God's assistance, to their utter ruin: and in this service your countrymen have not the least[1] share.

We cannot be particular, having not time to take account of the slain and prisoners; but we can assure you we have many prisoners, and many of those of quality; and many slain; and the Army so dissipated 'as I say.' The principal part whereof, with Duke Hambleton, is on south side Ribble and Darwain

[1] means 'the not least.'

[Darwen] Bridge, and we lying with the greatest part of the Army close to them; nothing hindering the ruin of that part of the enemy's Army but the night. It shall be our care that they shall not pass over any ford beneath the Bridge,[1] to go northward, or to come betwixt us and Whalley.

We understand Colonel-General Ashton's are at Whalley; we have seven troops of horse and dragoons that we believe lie at or near Clitheroe. This night I have sent order to them expressly to march to Whalley, to join to those companies; that so we may endeavour the ruin of this enemy. You perceive by this letter how things stand. By this means the enemy is broken; and most of their Horse being gone northwards, and we having sent a considerable party at the very heel of them, and the enemy having lost almost all his ammunition, and near four-thousand arms, so that the greatest part of the Foot are naked: and therefore, in order to perfecting this work, we desire you to raise your county; and to improve your forces to the total ruin of that enemy, which way soever they go; and if[2] you shall accordingly do your part, doubt not of their total ruin.

We thought fit to speed this to you; to the end you may not be troubled if they shall march towards you, but improve your interest as aforesaid, that you may give glory to God for this unspeakable mercy. This is all at present from,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Commons Journals, Monday 21° *Augusti* 1648: 'The Copy of a 'Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, from Preston, of 17° 'Augusti 1648, to the Committee of Lancashire sitting at Man-'chester, enclosed in a Letter from a Member of this House from

[1] There is such a ford, rideable if tide and rain permit.

[2] 'that' in the Original.—The punctuation and grammar of these sentences might have been improved; but their breathless impetuosity, directness, sincere singleness of purpose, intent on the despatch of business only, would have been obscured in the process.

* *Lancashire during the Civil War* (a Collection of Tracts republished by the *Chetham Society*, Manchester, 1844), p. 256. The Letter is in many old Pamphlets of the time. Langdale's Letter is also given in this *Chetham* Book, p. 267.

'Manchester, of 19° *Augusti* 1648, were this day read. *Ordered*, 'That it be referred to the Committee at Derby House to send 'away a copy of Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter to the 'General' Fairfax, 'and to the Lord Admiral' Warwick, to encourage them in their part of the work.—The enclosing 'Letter from the Member of this House at Manchester,' short and insignificant, about 'dispensations,' 'providences,' &c. is also given in the old Pamphlets, and in this Chetham Book now before us. He signs himself 'W. L.;' probably William Langton, the new Member for Preston.

LETTER LXIV

Cromwell, on this Thursday Night, does not yet know all the havoc he has made. Listen to stout Sir James from the other side; and pity poor men embarked in a hollow Cause, with a Duke of Hamilton for General!

'Beside Preston in Lancashire,' says the stout Knight, 'Crom-'well falls on Sir Marmaduke's flank. The English' of Sir Marmaduke 'imagine it was one Colonel Ashton, a powerful 'Presbyterian, who had got together about 3,000 men to oppose us, 'because we came out of Scotland without the General Assembly's 'permission. Mark the quarrel. While Sir Marmaduke disputes 'the matter, Baillie, by the Duke's order, marches to Ribble 'Bridge, and passeth it with all the foot except two brigades.' Never dreaming that Cromwell is upon us! 'This was two miles 'from Preston. By my Lord Duke's command, I had sent some 'ammunition and commanded-men to Sir Marmaduke's assist-'ance: but to no purpose; for Cromwell prevailed; so that our 'English first retired, and then fled. It must be remembered 'that, the night before this sad encounter, Earl Calendar and 'Middleton were gone to Wigan, eight miles from thence, with 'a considerable part of the cavalry. Calendar was comed back, 'and was with the Duke,' while the action took place; 'and so 'was I: but upon the rout of Sir Marmaduke's people, Calendar 'got away to Ribble, where he arrived safely by a miracle, as I 'think; for the Enemy was between the Bridge and us, and had 'killed or taken the most part of our two brigades of foot,' which was all that Baillie had left here.

'The Duke with his guard of horse, Sir Marmaduke with many 'officers, among others myself, got into Preston Town, with in- 'tention to pass a ford below it, though at that time not rideable. 'At the entry of the Town, the enemy pursued us hard. The 'Duke faced about, and put two troops of them to a retreat; 'but so soon as we turned from them, they 'again' turned upon us. 'The Duke facing the second time, charged them, which suc- 'ceeded well. Being pursued the third time, my Lord Duke 'cried To charge once more for King Charles! One trooper 'refusing, he beat him with his sword. At that charge we put 'the enemy so far behind us, that he could not overtake us so ''soon again.' Then Sir Marmaduke and I entreated the Duke to 'haste him to his Army; and truly he showed here as much per- 'sonal valour as any man could be capable of. We swam the 'River; and so got to the place where Lieutenant-General 'Baillie had advantageously lodged the foot, on the top of a Hill, 'among very fencible enclosures.

'After Calendar came to the infantry, he very unadvisedly 'sent six hundred musketeers to defend Ribble Bridge; for 'the way Cromwell had to it was a descent from a hill that 'commanded all the champaign; which was about an English 'quarter of a mile in length between the Bridge and that Hill 'where our foot were lodged. So that our musketeers, having 'no shelter, were forced to receive all the musket-shot of 'Cromwell's infantry, which was secure within thick hedges; 'and after the loss of many men, were forced to run back to our 'foot. Here Claud Hamilton, the Duke's Lieutenant-Colonel, 'had his arm broke with a musket-bullet.

'The Bridge 'of Ribble' being lost, the Duke called all the 'Colonels together on horseback to advise what was next to be 'done. We had no choice but one of two: Either stay, and 'maintain our ground till Middleton (who was sent for) came 'back with his cavalry; Or else march away that night, and 'find him out. Calendar would needs speak first; whereas 'by the custom of war he should have told his opinion last,— 'and it was, To march away that night so soon as it was dark. 'This was seconded by all the rest, except by Lieut.-General 'Baillie and myself. But all the arguments we used,—as the 'impossibility of a safe retreat, from an enemy so powerful of 'horse in so very foul weather, and extremely deep way; our 'soldiers exceeding wet, weary and hungry; the inevitable 'loss of all our ammunition,—could not move my Lord Duke by

'his authority to contradict the shameful resolution taken by 'the major part of his officers.

'After that the drumless march is resolved on, and but few 'horse appointed to stay in rear of the foot, I enquired, What 'should become of our unfortunate Ammunition, since forward 'with us we could not get it? It was not thought fit to blow it 'up that night, lest thereby the Enemy should know of our 'retreat, or rather flight. I was of that opinion too; but for 'another reason: for we could not have blown it 'up' then, 'without a visible mischief to ourselves, being so near it. It 'was ordained it should be done three hours after our departure, 'by a train: but that being neglected, Cromwell got it all.

'Next morning we appeared at Wigan Moor; half our number 'less than we were;—most of the faint and weary soldiers having 'lagged behind; whom we never saw again. Lieutenant-General 'Middleton had missed us,' such excellent order was in this Army; 'for he came by another way to Ribble Bridge. It was 'to be wished he had still stayed with us! He, not finding us 'there, followed our track: but 'he was himself' hotly pursued by 'Cromwell's horse; with whom he skirmished the whole way 'till he came within a mile of us. He lost some men, and 'several were hurt, among others Colonel Urrey[1] got a danger-'ous shot on the left side of his head; whereof, though he was 'afterwards taken prisoner, he recovered. In this retreat of 'Middleton's, which he managed well, Cromwell lost one of the 'gallantest officers he had, Major Thornhaugh; who was run 'into the breast with a lance, whereof he died.

'After Lieutenant-General Middleton's coming, we began to 'think of fighting in that Moor: but that was found impossible, 'in regard it was nothing large, and 'was' environed with enclo-'sures which commanded it, and these we could not maintain 'long, for want of that ammunition we had left behind us; 'and therefore we marched forward with intention to gain 'Warrington, ten miles from the Moor we were in; and 'there we conceived we might face about, having the command 'of a Town, a River, and a Bridge. Yet I conceive there was 'but few of us thought we might be beaten, before we were 'masters of any of them.

'It was towards evening and in the latter end of August,' Friday 18th of the month, 'when our horse began to march.

[1] Sir John Hurry, the famous Turncoat, of whom afterwards.

'Some regiments of them were left with the rear of the foot: 'Middleton stayed with them; my Lord Duke and Calendar 'were before. As I marched with the last brigade of foot 'through the Town of Wigan, I was alarmed, That our horse 'behind me were beaten, and run several ways, and that the 'enemy was in my rear. I faced about with that brigade; and 'in the Market-place, serried the pikes together, shoulder to 'shoulder, to keep up any that should charge: and sent orders 'to the rest of the brigades before, To continue their march, and 'follow Lieutenant-General Baillie who was before them. It 'was then night, but the moon shone bright. A regiment of 'horse of our own appeared first, riding very disorderly. I got 'them to stop, till I commanded my pikes to open, and give 'way for them to ride or run away, since they would not stay. 'But 'now' my pikemen, being demented (as I think we were all), 'would not hear me: and two of them ran full tilt at me,'—poor Dalgetty! 'One of their pikes, which was intended for 'my belly, I gripped with my left hand; the other ran me 'near two inches in the inner side of my right thigh; all of 'them crying,' of me and those horse, 'That all of us were Crom-'well's men! This was an unseasonable wound; for it made me, 'after that night, unserviceable. This made me forget all rules 'of modesty, prudence and discretion,'—my choler being up, and my blood flowing! 'I rode to our horse, and desired them 'to charge through these foot. They fearing the hazard of the 'pikes, stood: I then made a cry come from behind them, That 'the enemy was upon them. This encouraged them to charge 'my foot so fiercely, that the pikemen threw down their pikes, 'and got into houses. All the horse galloped away, and as I 'was told afterwards, rode not through but over our whole foot, 'treading them down; and in this confusion Colonel Lock-'hart,'—let the reader note that Colonel,—' was trod down from 'his horse, with great danger of his life.

'Though the enemy was near, yet I beat drums to gather my 'men together. Shortly after came Middleton with some horse. 'I told him what a disaster I had met with, and what a greater 'I expected. He told me he would ride before, and make the 'horse halt. I marched, however, all that night till it was fair 'day; and then Baillie, who had rested a little, entreated me to 'go into some house and repose on a chair; for I had slept none 'in two nights, and eaten as little. I alighted; but the constant 'alarms of the Enemy's approach made me resolve to ride for-

'ward to Warrington, which was but a mile; and indeed I may 'say I slept all that way, notwithstanding my wound.'

While the wounded Dalgetty rides forward, let us borrow another glimpse from a different source;[1] of bitter struggle still going on a little to the rear of him. 'At a place called Red-bank,' near Winwick Church, two miles from Warrington, 'the 'Scots made a stand with a body of pikes, and lined the hedges 'with muskets; who so rudely entertained the pursuing Enemy, 'that they were compelled to stop until the coming up of Colonel 'Pride's regiment of foot, who, after a sharp dispute, put those 'same brave fellows to the run. They were commanded by a 'little spark in a blue bonnet, who performed the part of an 'excellent commander, and was killed on the spot.' Does any one know this little spark in the blue bonnet? No one. His very mother has long ceased to weep for him now. Let him have burial, and a passing sigh from us!—Dugald Turner continues:

'I thought to have found either the Duke or Calendar, or 'both here,' at Warrington: 'but I did not; and indeed I was 'often told that Calendar carried away the Duke with him, 'much against his mind. Here did the Lieutenant-General of 'the foot meet with an Order, whereby he is required "To 'make as good conditions for himself and those under him as 'he could; for the horse would not come back to him, being 'resolved to preserve themselves for a better time." Baillie 'was surprised with this: and looking upon that action which 'he was ordered to do, as full of dishonour, he lost much of that 'patience of which naturally he was master; and beseeched any 'that would to shoot him through the head,'—poor Baillie! 'At length having something composed himself, and being 'much solicited by the officers who were by him, he wrote to 'Cromwell. I then told him, That so long as there was a reso-'lution to fight, I would not go a foot from him; but now that 'they were to deliver themselves prisoners, I would preserve my 'liberty as long as I could: and so took my leave of him, carry-'ing my wounded thigh away with me. I met immediately 'with Middleton; who sadly condoled the irrecoverable losses 'of the two last days. Within two hours after, Baillie and all 'the officers and soldiers that were left of the foot were Crom-'well's prisoners. I got my wound dressed that morning by my

[1] Heath's *Chronicle*, p. 323.

'own surgeon; and took from him those things I thought neces-'sary for me; not knowing when I might see him again; as 'indeed I never saw him after.'[1]

This was now the Saturday morning when Turner rode away, 'carrying his wounded thigh with him;' and got up to Hamilton and the vanguard of horse; who rode, aimless or as good as aimless henceforth, till he and they were captured at Uttoxeter, or in the neighbourhood. Monro with the *rear*-guard of horse, 'always a day's march behind,' hearing now what had befallen, instantly drew bridle; paused uncertain; then, in a marauding manner, rode back towards their own country.

Of which disastrous doings let us now read Cromwell's victorious account, drawn up with more deliberation on the morrow after. 'This Gentleman,' who brings up the Letter, is Major Berry; 'once a Clerk in the Shropshire Iron-works;' now a very rising man.[2] 'He had lived with me,' says Richard Baxter, 'as guest in my own house;' he has now high destinies before him,—which at last sink lower than ever.[3]

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These

'Warrington,' 20th August 1648.

SIR,

I have sent up this gentleman to give you an account of the great and good hand of God towards you, in the late victory obtained against the enemy in these parts.

After the conjunction of that party which I brought with me out of Wales with the northern forces about Knaresborough and Weatherby, hearing that the enemy was advanced with their army into Lancashire, we marched the next day, being the 13th of this instant August, to Oatley (having cast off our train, and sent it to Knaresborough, because of the difficulty of the

[1] *Memoirs of his own Life and Times*, by Sir James Turner (Edinburgh, 1829), pp. 63-7.

[2] [This is the James Berry who was Captain-Lieutenant of Cromwell's own troop of the Ironsides in 1643, and who slew Charles Cavendish at Gainsborough (Letter XI.). In August, 1644, he succeeded to the command of the 6th troop, formerly Captain Ayres'. In 1647 he became Major of Colonel Twisleton's regiment; in 1651 obtained a regiment of his own, and in 1655 was made one of Cromwell's Major-Generals. See his life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.]

[3] Baxter's *Life*, pp. 57, 97, 58, 72.

marching therewith through Craven, and to th' end we might with more expedition attend the enemy's motion): and on the 14th to Skipton, the 15th to Gisborn, the 16th to Hodder Bridge over Ribble;[1] where we held a council of war. At which we had in consideration, Whether we should march to Whalley that night, and so on, to interpose between the enemy and his further progress into Lancashire and so southward, which we had some advertisement the enemy intended, and 'we are' since confirmed that they intended for London itself: Or whether to march immediately over the said Bridge, there being no other betwixt that and Preston, and engage the enemy there, who we did believe would stand his ground, because we had information that the Irish forces under Monro lately come out of Ireland, which consisted of twelve-hundred horse and fifteen-hundred foot, were on their march towards Lancashire to join with them.

It was thought that to engage the enemy to fight was our business, and the reason aforesaid giving us hopes that our marching on the north side of Ribble would effect it, it was resolved we should march over the Bridge; which accordingly we did; and that night quartered the whole Army in the field by Stonihurst Hall, being Mr. Sherburn's house, a place nine miles distant from Preston. Very early the next morning we marched towards Preston: having intelligence that the enemy was drawing together thereabouts from all his out-quarters, we drew out a forlorn of about two-hundred horse and four-hundred foot, the horse commanded by Major Smithson, the foot by Major Pounel. Our forlorn of horse marched within a mile 'to' where the enemy was drawn up, in the enclosed grounds by Preston, on that side next us, and there, upon a moor, about half a mile

[1] Over Hodder rather, which is the chief tributary of the Ribble in those upland parts, and little inferior to the main stream in size. Ribble from the Northeast, Hodder from the North, then a few miles farther, Calder from the South; after which Ribble pursues its old direction; draining an extensive hill-tract by means of frequent inconsiderable brooks, and receiving no notable stream on either side till, far down, the Darwen from the East and South falls in near Preston, and the united waters, now a respectable River, rush swiftly into the Irish sea.

distant from the enemy's Army, met with their scouts and outguard, and did behave themselves with that valour and courage as made their guards (which consisted both of horse and foot) to quit their ground, and took divers prisoners; holding this dispute with them until our forlorn of foot came up for their justification, and by those we had opportunity to bring up our whole Army.

So soon as our foot and horse were come up, we resolved that night to engage them if we could, and therefore, advancing with our forlorn, and putting the rest of our Army into as good a posture as the ground would bear (which was totally inconvenient for our horse, being all enclosure and miry ground), we pressed upon them. The regiments of foot were ordered as followeth. There being a lane, very deep and ill, up to the enemy's Army, and leading to the town, we commanded two regiments of horse, the first whereof was Colonel Harrison's and next was my own, to charge up that lane; and on either side of them advanced the 'main'-battle,—which were Lieutenant-Colonel Read's, Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's on the right, Colonel Bright's and my Lord General's on the left, and Colonel Ashton with the Lancashire regiments in reserve. We ordered Colonel Thornhaugh's and Colonel Twisleton's regiments of horse on the right, and one regiment in reserve for the lane; and the remaining horse on the left: so that, at last, we came to a hedge-dispute, the greatest of the impression from the enemy being upon our left wing, and upon the 'main'-battle on both sides the lane, and upon our horse in the lane: in all which places the enemy were forced from their ground, after four hours dispute, until we came to the town; into which four troops of my regiment first entered, and, being well seconded by Colonel Harrison's regiment, charged the enemy in the town and cleared the streets.

There came no bands[1] of your foot to fight that day but did

[1] ["hands" in the *Chetham* Book.]

it with incredible valour and resolution; among which Colonel Bright's, my Lord General's, Lieutenant-Colonel Read's and Colonel Ashton's had the greatest work, they often coming to push of pike and to close firing, and always making the enemy to recoil. And indeed I must needs say, God was as much seen in the valour of the officers and soldiers of these before-mentioned as in any action that hath been performed; the Enemy making, though he was still worsted, very stiff and sturdy resistance. Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's, outwinging the enemy, could not come to so much share of the action; the enemy shogging[1] down towards the Bridge, and keeping almost all in reserve, that so he might bring fresh hands[2] often to fight, which we not knowing, but lest we should be outwinged, 'we' placed those two regiments to enlarge our right wing, which was the cause they had not at that time so great a share in that action.

At the last the enemy was put into disorder, many men slain, many prisoners taken; the Duke, with most of the Scots horse and foot, retreated over the bridge, where, after a very hot dispute betwixt the Lancashire regiments, part of my Lord General's, and them, being at push of pike, they were beaten from the bridge, and our horse and foot, following them, killed many and took divers prisoners, and we possessed the bridge over Darwent 'also,' and a few houses there; the enemy being driven up within musket-shot of us where we lay that night,[3] we not being able to attempt farther upon the enemy, the night preventing us. In this posture did the enemy and we lie the most part of that night. Upon entering the town, many of the enemy's horse fled towards Lancaster, in the chase of whom went divers of our horse, who pursued them near ten miles, and had

[1] *Shog* is from the same root as *shock;* 'shogging,' a word of Oliver's in such cases, signifies moving by pulses, intermittently. Ribble Bridge lay on the Scotch right; Dean and Pride, therefore, who fought on the English right, got gradually less and less to do. [Cromwell uses the term "shogging down" also in his account of the battle of Dunbar. See ii., 105, below. The *Chetham* Book has 'shaging.']

[2] [Perhaps this also should be "bands."]

[3] The Darwen between us and them.

execution of them, and took about five-hundred horse and many prisoners. We possessed in this fight very much of the enemy's ammunition, I believe they lost four or five thousand arms. The number of slain we judge to be about a thousand; the prisoners we took were about four-thousand.

In the night the Duke was drawing off his Army towards Wiggon; we were so wearied with the dispute that we did not so well attend the enemy's going off as might have been, by means whereof the enemy was gotten at least three miles with his rear, before ours got to them. I ordered Colonel Thornhaugh to command two or three regiments of horse to follow the enemy, if it were possible to make him stand till we could bring up the Army. The enemy marched away seven or eight thousand foot and about four-thousand horse; we followed him with about three-thousand foot and two-thousand five-hundred horse and dragoons, and, in this prosecution, that worthy gentleman, Colonel Thornhaugh, pressing too boldly, was slain, being run into the body and thigh and head by the enemy's lancers.[1] And give me leave to say, he was a man as faithful and gallant in your service as any, and one who often heretofore lost blood in your quarrel, and now his last. He hath left some behind him to inherit a father's honour, and a sad widow; both now the interest of the Commonwealth.

Our horse still prosecuted the enemy, killing and taking divers all the way. At last the enemy drew up within three miles of Wiggon, and by that time our Army was come up, they drew off again, and recovered Wiggon before we could attempt any thing upon them. We lay that night in the field close by the enemy, being very dirty and weary, and having marched twelve miles of such ground as I never rode in all my life, the day being very wet. We had some skirmishing, that night, with the enemy, near the town, where we took General Van Druske

[1] 'Run through with a lancier in Chorley, he wanting his arms,' say Hodgson. For 'arms' read 'armour,' corslet, &c. This is the Colonel Thornhaugh so often mentioned, praised and mourned for, by Mrs. Hutchinson.

and a Colonel, and killed some principal Officers, and took about a hundred prisoners; where I also received a Letter from Duke Hamilton, for civil usage towards his kinsman Colonel Hamilton,[1] whom he left wounded there. We took also Colonel Hurrey and Lieutenant-Colonel Ennis [Innes], sometimes in your service. The next morning the enemy marched towards Warrington, and we at the heels of them. The town of Wiggon, a great and poor town, and very malignant, were plundered almost to their skins by them.

We could not engage the enemy until we came within three miles of Warrington, and there the enemy made a stand, at a pass near Winwicke. We held them in some dispute till our Army came up, they maintaining the pass with great resolution for many hours; ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges, and forced us to give ground; but our men, by the blessing of God, quickly recovered it, and charging very home upon them, beat them from their standing, where we killed about a thousand of them, and took (as we believe) about two-thousand prisoners, and prosecuted them home to Warrington Town, where they possessed the bridge, which had a strong barricado and a work upon it, formerly made very defensive. As soon as we came thither, I received a message from Lieut.-General Bailly, desiring some capitulation; to which I yielded. Considering the strength of the pass, and that I could not go over the River 'Mersey' within ten miles of Warrington with the Army, I gave him these terms: That he should surrender himself and all his officers and soldiers prisoners of war, with all his arms and ammunition and horses, to me, I giving quarter for life, and promising civil usage. Which accordingly is done: and

[1] Claud Hamilton; see Turner *supra*. Who 'Van Druske' is, none knows. 'Colonel Hurry' is the ever-changing Sir John Hurry, sometimes called Urry and Hurrey, who whisks like a most rapid actor of all work, ever on a new side, ever charging in the van, through this Civil-War Drama. The notablest feat he ever did was leading Prince Rupert on that marauding party, from Oxford to High Wycombe, on the return from which Hampden met his death (Clarendon, ii. 351). Hurry had been on the Parliament-side before. He was taken, at last, when Montrose was taken; and hanged out of the way. Of Innes ('Ennis') I know nothing at present.

the Commissioners deputed by me have received, and are receiving, all the arms and ammunition, which will be, as they tell me, about four-thousand complete arms, and as many prisoners: and thus you have their Infantry totally ruined. What colonels and officers are with Lieut.-General Bailly, I have not yet received the list.

The Duke is marching with his remaining Horse, which are about three-thousand, towards Namptwich, where the gentlemen of the county have taken about five-hundred of them, of which they sent me word this day. The country will scarce suffer any of my men to pass, except they have my hand-'writing;' telling them, They are Scots. They bring in and kill divers of them, as they light upon them. Most of the nobility of Scotland are with the Duke. If I had a thousand horse that could but trot thirty miles, I should not doubt but to give a very good account of them, but truly we are so harassed and haggled out in this business, that we are not able to do more than walk 'at' an easy pace after them. I have sent post to my Lord Grey, to Sir Henry Cholmely and Sir Edward Roads [Rodes] to gather all together, with speed, for their prosecution; as likewise to acquaint the Governor of Stafford therewith.

I hear Munroe is about Cumberland with the horse that ran away,[1] and his 'own' Irish horse and foot, which are a considerable body. I have left Colonel Ashton's three regiments of foot, with seven troops of horse (six of Lancashire and one of Cumberland), at Preston; and ordered Colonel Scroop with five troops of horse and two troops of dragoons, 'and' with two regiments of foot (Colonel Lassalls' and Colonel Wastal's), to embody with them, by which I hope he will be able to make a resistance till we can come up to them, and have ordered them to put their prisoners to the sword if the Scots shall presume to advance upon them, because they cannot bring them off with security.[2]

[1] Northward from Preston on the evening of the 17th, the Battle-day.

[2] It is to be hoped the Scots under Monro will not presume to advance, for the prisoners here in Preston are about four-thousand! These are not Baillie's Warrington men 'who surrendered on quarter for life:' these are 'at discretion.'

Thus you have a narrative of the particulars of the success which God hath given you: which I could hardly at this time have done, considering the multiplicity of business, but truly, when I was once engaged in it, I could hardly tell how to say less, there being so much of God 'in it'; and I am not willing to say more, lest there should seem to be any of man. Only give me leave to add one word, showing the disparity of forces on both sides; that so you may see, and all the world acknowledge, the great hand of God in this business. The Scots Army could not be less than twelve-thousand effective foot, well armed, and five-thousand horse; Langdale not less than two-thousand five hundred foot, and fifteen-hundred horse: in all twenty-one-thousand; and truly very few of their foot but were as well armed if not better than yours, and at divers disputes did fight two or three hours before they would quit their ground. Yours were about two-thousand five-hundred horse and dragoons of your old Army; about four-thousand foot of your old Army; also about sixteen-hundred Lancashire foot, and about five-hundred Lancashire horse: in all, about eight-thousand six-hundred. You see by computation about two-thousand of the enemy slain; betwixt eight and nine thousand prisoners, besides what are lurking in hedges and private places, which the country daily bring in or destroy. Where Langdale and his broken forces are, I know not, but they are exceedingly shattered.

Surely, Sir, this is nothing but the hand of God, and whereever anything in this world is exalted, or exalts itself, God will pull it down, for this is the day wherein He alone will be exalted. It is not fit for me to give advice, nor to say a word what use should be made of this, more than to pray you, and all that acknowledge God, that they would exalt Him, and not hate His people, who are as the apple of His eye, and for whom even Kings shall be reproved; and that you would take courage to do the work of the Lord, in fulfilling the end of your magistracy, in seeking the peace and welfare of the people of this Land, that all that will live quietly and peaceably may have

countenance from you, and they that are implacable and will not leave troubling the Land may speedily be destroyed out of the land. And if you take courage in this, God will bless you, and good men will stand by you, and God will have glory, and the Land will have happiness by you in despite of all your enemies. Which shall be the prayer of,

Your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Postscript. We have not, in all this, lost a considerable officer but Colonel Thornhaugh, and not many soldiers, considering the service: but many are wounded, and our horse much wearied. I humbly crave that some course may be taken to dispose of the prisoners. The trouble, and extreme charge of the country where they lie, is more than the danger of their escape. I think they would not go home if they might, without a convoy, they are so fearful of the country, from whom they have deserved so ill. Ten men will keep a thousand from running away.*

Commons Journals, Wednesday 23d August 1648: '*Ordered*, 'That the sum of Two-hundred Pounds be bestowed upon 'Major Berry, and the sum of One-hundred Pounds upon Edward 'Sexby, who brought the very good news of the very great 'Success obtained, by the great mercy of God, against the whole 'Scots Army in Lancashire, and That the said respective sums 'shall be'—in short, paid directly. Of Major Berry, Richard Baxter's friend, we have already heard. Captain Edward Sexby, here known to us as Captain for the first time,—did we not once see him in another character? One of Three Troopers with a Letter, in the Honourable House, in the time of the Army Troubles?[1] He will again turn up, little to his advantage, by and by. A Day of universal Thanksgiving for this 'wonderful great Success' is likewise ordered; and a printed schedule of items to be thankful for, is despatched, 'to the number of 10,000,' into all places.[2]

* *Chetham-Society* Book, *ut supra*, pp. 259-267.

[1] *Antea*, p. 260; and Ludlow i. 189. [2] *Commons Journals*, v. 685.

LETTER LXV

LET the following hasty Letter, of the same date with that more deliberate one to Lenthall, followed by another as hasty, terminate the Preston Business. Letters of hot Haste, of Hue-and-Cry; two remaining out of many such, written 'to all the Countries,' in that posture of affairs;—the fruit of which we shall soon see. Colonels 'Cholmely, White, Hatcher, Rhodes,' Country Colonels of more or less celebrity, need not detain us at present.[1]

To the Honourable Sir Henry Cholmley and Sir Edward Rodes: near Pontefract. Haste, haste.

Warrington, 20th August 1648.

'GENTLEMEN,'

We have quite tired our horse in pursuit of the enemy: we have killed, taken and dissipated all his foot, and left him only some horse, with whom the Duke is fled into Delamere Forest, having neither foot nor dragoons. They have taken five-hundred of them there, I mean the country forces 'have,' as they send me word this day.

They[2] are so tired, and in such confusion, that if my Horse could but trot after them, I could take them all, but we are so weary, we shall scarce be able to do more than walk after them. I beseech you therefore, let Sir Henry Cholmley, Sir Edward Rodes, Colonel Hacker, and Colonel White, and all the countries about you, be sent to, to rise with you and follow them. For they are the miserablest party that ever was: I durst engage myself with five-hundred fresh horse, and five-

[1] [Sir Henry Cholmely was in command of some of the Yorkshire militia forces. Sir Edward Rodes was county commissioner and afterwards High Sheriff for Yorkshire. Colonel White is the Colonel Charles White mentioned in Mrs. Hutchinson's life of her husband. He was in command of some horse from Nottinghamshire. In 1659 he headed the revolt in Derbyshire in connexion with Sir George Booth's insurrection. Colonel Hatcher was a misprint. It is Colonel Fras. Hacker, best known to the world from having been on guard at the King's execution. At this time he commanded the Leicester, Notts and Derby horse. He had a regiment under Cromwell in the Scotch war; see letter to him, No. clxii. and Carlyle's note thereon. His life is in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.]

[2] The Scots.

hundred nimble foot, to destroy them all. My horse are miserably beaten out, and I have ten-thousand of them prisoners.

We have killed we know not what, but a very great number, having done execution upon them at the least thirty miles together, besides what we killed in the two great fights, the one at Preston and the other at Warrington 'or Winwick Pass.' The enemy was four and twenty thousand horse and foot in the day of the fight, whereof eighteen-thousand foot and six-thousand horse: and our number about six-thousand foot and three-thousand horse at the utmost.

This is a glorious day: God help England to answer His minds! I have no more, but beseech you in all your parts to gather into bodies, and pursue them. I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' The greatest part, by far, of the Nobility of Scotland are with Duke Hamilton.*

Underwritten. The address, as above, and order that it be shown to the Committee of York, Col. Bethel and Capt. Crackinthorp, again signed by Cromwell.

LETTER LXVI

'For the Honourable the Committee at York: These'

Wigan, 23d August 1648.

GENTLEMEN,

I have intelligence even now [come] to my hands, That Duke Hamilton with a wearied body of Horse is drawing towards Pomfret; where probably he may lodge himself, and rest his horse, as not daring to continue in these Countries where we have driven him, the Country-people rising in such numbers, and stop[ping] his passage at every bridge.

Major-General Lambert, with a considerable force, pursues

* Copy in the possession of W. Beaumont, Esq., Warrington. [But now corrected from the signed original, in the possession of Sir Richard Tangye.]

him at the heels. I desire you that you would get together what force you can, to put a stop to any further designs he may have, and to be ready to join with Major-General Lambert, if there shall be need. I am marching Northward with the greatest part of the Army, where I shall be glad to hear from you. I rest, gentlemen,

Your very affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I could wish you would draw out whatever force you have; either to be in his rear or to impede his march. For I am persuaded if he, or the greatest part of those that be with him be taken, it would make an end of the Business of Scotland.

O. CROMWELL *

This Letter, carelessly printed in the old Newspaper, is without address; but we learn that it 'came to my hands this present afternoon,' 'at York,' 26th August 1648;—whither also truer rumours, truer news, as to Hamilton and his affairs, are on the road.

On Friday 25th, at Uttoxeter in Staffordshire, the poor Duke of Hamilton, begirt with enemies, distracted with mutinies and internal discords, surrenders and ceases; 'very ill, and unable to march.' 'My Lord Duke and Calendar,' says Dalgetty, 'fell out and were at very high words at supper, where I was,' the night before; 'each blaming the other for the misfortune and miscarriage of our affairs:' a sad employment! Dalgetty himself went prisoner to Hull; lay long with Colonel Robert Overton, an acquaintance of ours there. 'As we rode from Uttoxeter, we 'made a stand at the Duke's window; and he looking out with 'some kind words, we took our eternal farewell of him,'—never saw him more. He died on the scaffold for this business;[1] being

*Newspaper, *Packets of Letters from Scotland and the North*, no. 24 (London, printed by Robert Ibbitson in Smithfield, 29th August 1648). [E. 461, No. 29.] ——See in Appendix, no. 12, Letter of same date to Derby-House Committee, requesting supplies (*Note of* 1857). [The letter is now printed from a contemporary MS. copy, in the possession of Sir Richard Tangye.]

[1] [At his trial he spoke gratefully of Cromwell's courtesy and civility, and of his favour to the "poor wounded gentlemen" who were left behind, saying that "truly he performed more than he did capitulate for." (See Gardiner's *Great Civil War*, vol. iv. p. 206.)]

Earl of Cambridge, and an *English* Peer as well as Scotch:—the unhappiest of men; one of those 'singularly able men' who, with all their 'ability,' have never succeeded in any enterprise whatever!—

Colchester Siege, one of the most desperate defences, being now plainly without object, terminates, on Monday next.[1] Surrender, 'on quarter' for the inferior parties, 'at discretion' for the superior. Two of the latter, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, gallant Officers both, are sentenced and shot on the place. 'By Ireton's instigation,' say some:[2] yes, or without any special instigation; merely by the nature of the case! They who, contrary to Law and Treaty, have again involved this Nation in blood, do they deserve nothing?—Two more, Goring[3] and Lord Capel, stood trial at Westminster; of whom Lord Capel lost his head. He was 'the first man that rose to complain of Grievances' in November 1640; being then Mr. Capel, and Member for Hertfordshire.

The Prince with his Fleet in the Downs, too, so soon as these Lancashire tidings reached him, made off for Holland; 'entered the Hague in thirty coaches,' and gave up his military pursuits. The Second Civil War, its back once broken here at Preston, rapidly dies everywhere; is already as good as dead.

In Scotland itself there is no farther resistance. The oppressed Kirk Party rise rather, and almost thank the conquerors. 'Sir George Monro,' says Turner, 'following constantly a whole day's march to the rear of us,' finding himself, by this unhappy Battle, cut asunder from my Lord Duke, and brought into contact with Cromwell instead,—'marched straight back to Scotland and joined with Earl Lanark's forces,' my Lord Duke's brother. '*Straight* back,' as we shall find, is not the word for this march.

'But so soon as the news of our Defeat came to Scotland,' continues Turner, 'Argyle and the Kirk Party rose in arms; every

[1] 28th August, Rushworth, vii. 1242.

[2] [See the curious wrangle between Lucas and Ireton, given in the *Clarke Papers*, vol. ii. pp. 31-39. To Sir Charles' demand to know by whom he was condemned, whether by Fairfax alone or by a Council of War, Ireton replied "You were condemned by the Parliament, upon your own actions. [The War] wherein you have so voluntarily a second time engaged, hath rendered you in their judgment in general your whole party deserving death, and yourself in some particular exceptions." He goes on to argue that Parliament having declared all engaging in the second war to be traitors and rebels, the General and his Council have not to pass judgment, but only to decide who come under the judgment already pronounced.]

[3] [*i.e.* the Earl of Norwich.]

mother's son; and this was called the "*Whiggamore* Raid:"' 1648,—first appearance of the Whig Party on the page of History, I think! 'David Lesley was at their head, and old Leven,' the Fieldmarshal of 1639, 'in the Castle of Edinburgh; who '*cannonaded* the Royal' Hamilton 'troops whenever they came in 'view of him!'[1]

Cromwell proceeds northward, goes at last to Edinburgh itself, to compose this strange state of matters.

LETTERS LXVII—LXXIX

Monro with the rearward of Hamilton's beaten Army did not march '*straight* back' to Scotland as Turner told us, but very obliquely back; lingering for several weeks on the South side of the Border; collecting remnants of English, Scotch, and even Irish Malignants, not without hopes of raising a new Army from them,—cruelly spoiling those Northern Counties in the interim. Cromwell, waiting first till Lambert with the forces sent in pursuit of Hamilton can rejoin the main Army, moves Northward, to deal with these broken parties, and with broken Scotland generally. The following Thirteen Letters bring him as far as Edinburgh: whither let us now attend him with such lights as they yield.

LETTER LXVII.

Oliver St. John, a private friend, and always officially an important man, always on the Committee of Both Kingdoms, Derby-House Committee, or whatever the governing Authority might be,—finds here a private Note for himself; one part of which is very strange to us. Does the reader look with any intelligence into that poor old prophetic, symbolic Deathbed-scene at Preston? Any intelligence of Prophecy and Symbol, in general; of the symbolic Man-child *Mahershalal-hashbaz* at Jerusalem, or the handful of Cut Grass at Preston;—of the opening Portals of Eternity, and what last departing gleams there

[1] Turner, *ubi supra;* Guthry's *Memoirs* (Glasgow, 1748), p. 285.

are in the Soul of the pure and just?—Mahershalal-hashbaz ('Hasten-to-the-spoil,' so called), and the bundle of Cut Grass are grown somewhat strange to us! Read; and having sneered duly,—consider:

For my worthy Friend Oliver St. John, Esquire, Solicitor-General: These, at Lincoln's Inn

Knaresborough, 1st Sept. '1648.'

DEAR SIR,

I can say nothing but surely the Lord our God is a great and glorious God. He only is worthy to be feared and trusted, and His appearances patiently to be waited for. He will not fail His people. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

Remember my love to my dear brother H. V[ane] I pray he make not too little, nor I too much, of outward dispensations:[1] God preserve us all, that we, in simplicity of our spirits, may patiently attend upon them; let us all not be careful what use men will make of these actings. They shall, will they, nill they, fulfil the good pleasure of God, and so shall serve our generations. Our rest we expect elsewhere: that will be durable. Care we not for tomorrow, nor for anything. This Scripture has been of great stay to me: read it; *Isaiah* eighth, 10, 11, 14;—read all the chapter.[2]

[1] [When, in 1656, the Protector proceeded against Sir Harry Vane for his "*Healing Question*," Vane wrote a letter in which he alludes to this. "The message which in former times you sent me is in my memory still. It was immediately after the Lord had appeared with you against Duke Hamilton's army, when you bid a friend of mine tell your brother Vane (for so you then thought fit to call me), that you were as much unsatisfied with his passive and suffering principles as he was with your active. And indeed I must crave leave to make you this reply at this time; that I am as little satisfied with your active and self-establishing principles, in the lively colours wherein daily they show themselves, as you are or can be with my passive ones, and am willing in this to join issue with you and to beg of the Lord to judge between us and to give the decision according to truth and righteousness." See letter printed at the end of *The Proceeds of the Protector . . . against Sir Henry Vane* in 1656. E. 889, 11.]

[2] Yes, the indignant symbolic 'Chapter,' about Mahershalal-hashbaz, and the vain desires of the wicked, is all worth reading; here are the Three Verses referred to, more especially: 'Take council together,' ye unjust, 'and it shall come to 'naught; speak the word, and it shall not stand. For God is with us.—Sanctify the 'Lord of Hosts; and let Him be your fear, and let Him be your dread. And He 'shall be for a sanctuary:—but for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence to

I am informed from good hands, that a poor godly man died in Preston, the day before the fight, and being sick, near the hour of his death, he desired the woman that looked to him, To fetch him a handful of grass. She did so, and when he received it, he asked Whether it would wither or not, now it was cut? The woman said, Yea. He replied, So should this Army of the Scots do, and come to nothing, so soon as ours did but appear, or words to this effect; and so immediately died.

My service to Mr. W. P., Sir J. E., and the rest of our good friends. I hope I do often remember you.

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to Frank Russell and honest Pickering.*

'Sir J. E.,' when he received this salutation, was palpable enough; but has now melted away to the Outline of a Shadow! I guess him to be Sir John Evelyn of Wilts; and, with greater confidence, 'Mr. W. P.' to be William Pierpoint, Earl of Kingston's Son, a man of superior faculty, of various destiny and business, 'called in the Family traditions, *Wise William;*' Ancestor of the Dukes of Kingston (Great-grandfather of that *Lady Mary*, whom as *Wortley Montagu* all readers still know); and much a friend of Oliver, as we shall transiently see.

LETTER LXVIII

ANOTHER private Letter: to my Lord Wharton; to congratulate him on some 'particular mercy,' seemingly the birth of an heir, and to pour out his sense of these great general mercies. This Philip Lord Wharton is also of the Committee of Derby House, the Executive in those months; it is probable,[1] Cromwell had been sending despatches to them, and had hastily enclosed these private Letters in the Packet.

'both the Houses of Israel; for a gin and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jeru-'salem! And many among them shall stumble and fall, and be broken, and be 'snared, and be taken.' This last verse, we find, is often in the thoughts of Oliver.

* *Ayscough MSS.* 4107, f. 94 [13]; a copy by Birch.

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 6, 5th September.

Philip Lord Wharton seems to have been a zealous Puritan, much concerned with Preachers, Chaplains &c. in his domestic establishment; and full of Parliamentary and Politico-religious business in public. He had a regiment of his own raising at Edgehill Fight; but it was one of those that ran away; whereupon the unhappy Colonel took refuge 'in a sawpit,'—says Royalism confidently, crowing over it without end.[1] A quarrel between him and Sir Henry Mildmay, Member for Malden, about Sir Henry's saying, "He Wharton had made his peace at Oxford" in November 1643, is noted in the Commons Journals, iii. 300. It was to him, about the time of this Cromwell Letter, that one Osborne, a distracted King's flunkey, had written, accusing Major Rolf, a soldier under Hammond, of attempting to poison Charles in the Isle of Wight.[2]—This Philip's patrimonial estate, *Wharton*, still a Manor-house of somebody, lies among the Hills on the southwest side of Westmoreland; near the sources of the Eden, the Swale rising on the other watershed not far off. He seems, however, to have dwelt at Upper Winchington, Bucks, 'a seat near Great Wycomb.' He lived to be a Privy Councillor to William of Orange.[3] He died in 1696. Take this other anecdote, once a very famous one:

'James Stewart of Blantyre in Scotland, son of a Treasurer 'Stewart, and himself a great favourite of King James, was a 'gallant youth; came up to London with great hopes: but a 'discord falling out between him and the young Lord Wharton, 'they went out to single combat each against the other; and at 'the first thrust each of them killed the other, and they fell dead 'in one another's arms on the place.'[4] The 'place' was Islington fields; the date 8th November 1609. The tragedy gave rise to much balladsinging and other rumour.[5] Our Philip is that slain Wharton's Nephew.

This Letter has been preserved by Thurloe; four blank spaces ornamented with due asterisks occur in it,—Editor Birch does not inform us whether from tearing off the Seal, or why. In these blank spaces the conjectural sense, which I distinguish here as usual by commas, is occasionally somewhat questionable.

[1] Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 177, and in all manner of Pamphlets elsewhere.
[2] Wood, iii. 501; Pamphlets; *Commons Journals*, &c.
[3] Wood, iv. 407, 542; Fasti, i. 325; Nicolas's *Synopsis of the Peerage*.
[4] *Scotstarvet's Staggering State* (Edinburgh, 1754, a very curious little Book), p. 32.
[5] *Bibliotheca Topographica*, no. xlix.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These

'Knaresborough,' 2d Sept. 1648.

My Lord,

You know how untoward I am at this business of writing, yet a word. I beseech the Lord make us sensible of this great mercy here, which surely was much more than 'the sense of it' the House expresseth.[1] I trust 'to have, through' the goodness of our God, time and opportunity to speak of it to you face to face. When we think of our God, what are we. Oh, His mercy to the whole society of saints, despised, jeered saints! Let them mock on. Would we were all saints. The best of us are (God knows) poor weak saints, yet saints; if not sheep, yet lambs, and must be fed. We have daily bread,[2] and shall have it, in despite of all enemies. There's enough in our Father's house, and He dispenseth it.[3] I think, through these outward mercies (as we call them), Faith, Patience, Love, Hope, all are exercised and perfected, yea, Christ formed, and grows to a perfect man within us. I know not how well to distinguish, the difference is only in the subject, 'not in the object;' to a worldly man they are outward, to a saint Christian, but I dispute not.

My Lord, I rejoice in your particular mercy. I hope that 'it' is so to you. If so, it shall not hurt you; not make you plot or shift for the young Baron to make him great. You will say, He is God's to dispose of, and guide for; and there you will leave him.

My love to the dear little Lady,[4] better 'to me' than the child. The Lord bless you both. My love and service to all friends

[1] The House calls it 'a wonderful great mercy and success,' this Preston victory (*Commons Journals*, v. 680);—and then passes on to other matters, not quite adequately conscious that its life had been saved hereby! What fire was blazing, and how high, in Wales, and then in Lancashire, is known only in perfection to those that trampled it out.

[2] Spiritual food, encouragement of merciful Providence, from day to day.

[3] There follows here in the Birch edition: 'As our eyes' [seven stars] 'behinde, then wee can' [seven stars] 'we for him:' words totally unintelligible; and not worth guessing at, the original not being here, but only Birch's questionable reading of it.

[4] [The "little lady" was Jane, daughter of Arthur Goodwyn of Upper Winchenden, who sat for his county, together with John Hampden, at the beginning of the Long Parliament. She was Lord Wharton's second wife.]

high and low; if you will, 'to' my Lord and Lady Mulgrave and Will Hill. I am truly,

Your faithful friend and humblest servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

During these very days, perhaps it was exactly two days after, 'on Monday last,' if that mean 4th September,[1]—Monro, lying about Appleby, has a party of horse 'sent into the Bishopric;' firing 'divers houses' thereabouts, and not forgetting to plunder 'the Lord Wharton's tenants' by the road: Cromwell penetrating towards Berwick, yet still at a good distance, scatters this and other predatory parties rapidly enough to Appleby,—as it were by the very wind of him; like a coming mastiff smelt in the gale by vermin. They are swifter than he, and get to Scotland, by their dexterity and quick scent, unscathed. 'Across to Kelso' about September 8th.[2]

Mulgrave in those years is a young Edmund Sheffield, of whom, except that he came afterwards to sit in the Council of State, and died a few days before the Proctector, History knows not much. —'Will Hill' is perhaps William Hill, a Puritan Merchant in London,[3] ruined out of 'a large estate' by lending for the public service; who, this Summer, and still in this very month, is dunning the Lords and Commons, the Lords with rather more effect, to try if they cannot give him some kind of payment, or shadow of an attempt at payment,—he having long lain in jail for want of his money. A zealous religious, and now destitute and insolvent man; known to Oliver;—and suggests himself along with the Mulgraves by the contrast of 'Friends high and low.' Poor Hill did, after infinite struggling, get some kind of snack at the Bishops' Lands by and by.[4]

The 'young Baron' now born is father, I suppose,—he or his brother is father,[5]—of the far-famed high-gifted half-delirious Duke of Wharton.

* Thurloe, i. 99.

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 45. [2] Rushworth, vii. 1250, 3. 9, 60.

[3] [There was, however, a William Hill, a Justice of the Peace for Buckinghamshire (see *Calendar of Committee for Compounding*, p. 631) whom it is more likely that Cromwell means.]

[4] *Commons Journals*, vi. 29, 243.

[5] He, Thomas, the one now born; subsequently Marquis, and a man otherwise of distinction; who 'died, 12th April 1715, in the 67th year of his age:' Boyer's *Political State of Great Britain* (April 1715, London), p. 305. (*Note to Third Edition: communicated by Mr. T. Watts of the British Museum.*)

On the 8th of September, Cromwell is at Durham,[1] scaring the Monro fraternity before him; and publishes the following

DECLARATION

WHEREAS the Scottish Army, under the command of James Duke of Hamilton, which lately invaded this nation of England, is, by the blessing of God upon the Parliament forces, defeated and overthrown, and some thousands of their soldiers and officers are now prisoners in our hands, so that, by reason of their great number, and want of sufficient guards and watches to keep them so carefully as need requires (the Army being employed upon other duty and service of the Kingdom), divers may escape away, and many, both since and upon the pursuit, 'do' lie in private places in the country:

I thought it very just and necessary to give notice to all, and accordingly do declare, That if any Scottishmen (officers or soldiers) lately members of the said Scottish Army, and taken or escaped in or since the late fight and pursuit, shall be found straggling in the countries, or running away from the places assigned them to remain in till the pleasure of the Parliament, or 'of' his Excellency the Lord General be known,—It will be accounted a very good and acceptable service to the country and Kingdom of England, for any person or persons to take and apprehend all such Scottishmen, and to carry them to any officer having the charge of such prisoners; or, for want of such officer, to the Committee or Governor of the next Garrison for the Parliament within the county where they shall be so taken; to be secured and kept in prison, as they shall find most convenient.

And the said Committee, Officer, or Governor respectively, are desired to secure such of the said prisoners as shall be so apprehended and brought unto them, accordingly. And if any of the said Scottish officers or soldiers shall make any resistance, and

[1] *Commons Journals*, vii. 1260. [He reached it on or before the 7th. See *Supplement* No. 32.]

refuse to be taken or render themselves, all such persons well-affected to the service of the Parliament and Kingdom of England, may and are desired to fall upon, fight with, and slay such refusers: but if the said prisoners shall continue and remain within the places and guards assigned for the keeping of them, that then no violence, wrong, nor injury be offered to them by any means.

Provided also, and special care is to be taken, That no Scottish-man residing within this kingdom, and not having been a member of the said Army, or such of the said Scottish prisoners as shall have liberty given them, and sufficient passes to go to any place appointed, may not be interrupted or troubled hereby.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'Durham,' 8th September 1648.

LETTER LXIX

FAIRFAX is still at Colchester, arranging the 'ransoms,' and confused wrecks of the Siege there; Cromwell has now reached Berwick,[1] at least his outposts have,—all the Monroes now fairly across the Tweed. 'Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell,' I conclude, was mortally wounded at Preston Battle; and here has the poor Widow been, soliciting and lamenting.[2]

For his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of all the Parliament's Armies: These

'Alnwick,' 11th September 1648.

MY LORD,

Since we lost Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell, his Wife came to me near Northallerton, much lamenting her loss, and the sad condition she and her children were left in.

He was an honest worthy man. He spent himself in your and the kingdom's service. He being a great trader in London,

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 46).

[1] Rushworth, vii. 125.

[2] [Lieut.-Colonel William Cowell, of Fairfax's regiment of foot, previously Major of the regiment. He probably *was* wounded at Preston, as we know from Letter LXIV. that Fairfax's foot regiment was engaged there. No record of any payment to his widow is to be found amongst the papers of the Committee for Advance of Money, or of the Committee for Compounding. Perhaps Cromwell's letter of the 7th (Supplement No. 32) had relation to this same matter.]

deserted it to serve the kingdom. He lent[1] much moneys to the State; and I believe few outdid him. He hath a great arrear due to him. He left a wife and three small children but meanly provided for. Upon his deathbed, he commended this desire to me, That I should befriend his to the Parliament or to your Excellency. His wife will attend you for letters to the Parliament, which I beseech you to take into a tender consideration.

I beseech you to pardon this boldness to,

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On the 19th June 1649, 'Widow Cowell' is ordered to be paid her Husband's Arrears by the Committee at Haberdashers' Hall.[2] One hopes she received payment, poor woman! 'Upon his deathbed her Husband commended this desire to *me*.'

In the very hours while this Letter is a-writing, 'Monday 11th September 1648,' Monro, now joined with the Earl of Lanark, presents himself at Edinburgh: but the Whiggamore Raid, all the force of the West Country, 6,000 strong, is already there; 'draws out on the crags be-east the Town,' old Leven in the Castle ready to fire withal; and will not let him enter. Lanark and Monro, after sad survey of the inaccessible armed crags, bend westward, keeping well out of the range of Leven's guns,—to Stirling; meet Argyle and the Whiggamores, make some Treaty or Armistice, and admit *them* to be the real 'Committee of Estates,' the Hamilton Faction having ended.[3] Here are Three Letters, Two of one date, directly on the back of these occurrences.

LETTER LXX

For the Governor of Berwick: These

Alnwick, 15th September 1648.

SIR,

Being come thus near, I thought fit to demand the town of Berwick to be delivered into my hands, to the use

[1] [Carlyle printed "lost".] [2] *Commons Journals*, VI. 237.
[3] Guthry, pp. 288-97.

* *Lansdowne MSS.* 1236, fol. 89.

of the Parliament and kingdom of England, to whom of right it belongeth.

I need not use any arguments to convince you of the justice hereof. The witness that God hath borne against your Army, in their Invasion of those who desired to sit in peace by you, doth at once manifest His dislike of the injury done to a Nation that meant you no harm, but hath been all along desirous to keep amity and brotherly affection and agreement with you.

If you deny me in this, we must make a second appeal to God, putting ourselves upon Him, in endeavouring to obtain our rights, and let Him be judge between us. And if our aim be anything beyond what we profess, He will requite it. If further trouble ensue upon your denial, we trust He will make our innocency to appear.

I expect your answer to this summons, this day, and rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Ludovic Lesley, the Scotch Governor of Berwick, returns 'a dilatory answer,' not necessary for us to read. Here is a more important message:

LETTER LXXI

For the Right Honourable the Lord Marquis of Argyle, and the rest of the well-affected Lords, Gentlemen, Ministers, and People now in arms in the Kingdom of Scotland: Present

'Near Berwick,' 16th September 1648.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Being (in prosecution of the common enemy) advanced, with the Army under my command, to the borders of Scotland, I thought fit, to prevent any misapprehension or prejudice that might be raised thereupon, to send your Lordships

* *Lords Journals* (in *Parliamentary History*, xvii. 485).

these Gentlemen, Colonel Bright, Scoutmaster-General Rowe, and Mr Stapylton, to acquaint you with the reasons thereof: concerning which I desire your Lordships to give them credence.

I remain,

My Lords,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Colonel Bright and Scoutmaster Rowe are persons that often occur, though somewhat undistinguishably, in the Old Pamphlets.[1] Bright in the end of this month, was sent over, 'from Berwick' apparently, to take possession of Carlisle, now ready to surrender to us.[2] 'Scoutmaster' is the Chief of the Corps of 'Guides,' as soldiers now call them. As to Stapylton or Stapleton, we have to remark that, besides Sir Philip Stapleton, the noted Member for Boroughbridge, and one of the Eleven, who is now banished and dead, there is a Bryan Stapleton now Member for Aldborough; he in January last[3] was Commissioner to Scotland: but this present Stapylton is still another. Apparently, one Robert Stapylton; a favourite Chaplain of Cromwell's; an Army-Preacher, a man of weight and eminence in that character. From his following in the rear of Colonel and Scoutmaster, instead of taking precedence in the Lieutenant-General's Letter, as an M.P. would have done, we may infer that this Reverend Robert Stapylton is the Cromwell Messenger,—sent to speak a word to the Clergy in particular.

Scoutmaster Rowe, William Rowe, appears with an enlarged sphere of influence, presiding over the Cromwell spy-world in a very diligent, expert and almost respectable manner, some years afterwards, in the *Milton State-Papers*. His counsel might be useful with Argyle; his experienced eye, at any rate, might take a glance of the Scottish Country, with advantage to an invading General.

* Thurloe, i. 100.

[1] [Col. John Bright commanded a regiment in Lord Fairfax's Army. When these northern regiments passed under Sir Thomas Fairfax's command in the summer of 1647, his regiment was added to the New Model Army, of which he remained a member until 1650. (See his life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.) William Rowe succeeded Leonard Watson as Scout-Master General. Many of his letters are printed in Nickoll's *Letters and Papers of State, i.e.*, the *Milton State-Papers*.]

[2] *Cromwelliana*, p. 48.
Commons Journals, v. 442; Whitlocke, p. 290.

Of the Reverend Mr. Stapylton's proceedings on this occasion we have no notice: but he will occur afterwards in these Letters; and two years hence, on Cromwell's second visit to those Northern parts, we find this recorded: 'Last Lord's Day,' 29th September 1650, 'Mr. Stapylton preached in the High Church,' of Edinburgh, while we were mining the Castle!—'forenoon and afternoon, 'before his Excellency with his Officers; where was a great 'concourse of people; many Scots expressing much affection at 'the doctrine, in their usual way of groans.'[1] In their usual way of groans, while Mr. Stapylton held forth: consider that!—Mr. Robert, 'at 10 o'clock at night on the 3d September' next year, writes, 'from the other side of Severn,' a copious despatch concerning the Battle of Worcester,[2] and then disappears from History.

The following Letter, of the same date, was brought by the same Messengers for the Committee of Estates.

LETTER LXXII

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These

'Near Berwick,' 16th September 1648.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Being upon my approach to the borders of the kingdom of Scotland, I thought fit to acquaint you of the reason thereof.

It is well known how injuriously the kingdom of England was lately invaded by the Army under Duke Hamilton, contrary to the Covenant and 'to' our leagues of amity, and against all the engagements of love and brotherhood between the two nations. And notwithstanding the pretence of your late Declaration,[3] published to take with the people of this kingdom, the Commons of England in Parliament assembled declared the said Army so entering as enemies to the kingdom; and those of England who

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 92. [This is not an exact quotation.]
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 112, 113. [3] To be found in Rushworth; read it not!

should adhere to them, as traitors. And having[1] received command to march with a considerable part of their Army, to oppose so great a violation of faith and justice; what a witness God, being appealed to,[2] hath borne, upon the engagement of the two Armies, against the unrighteousness of man, not only yourselves, but this kingdom, yea and a great part of the known world will, I trust, acknowledge. How dangerous a thing is it to wage an unjust war; much more, to appeal to God the Righteous Judge therein. We trust He will persuade you better by this manifest token of His displeasure, lest His hand be stretched out yet more against you, and your poor people also, if they will be deceived.

That which I am to demand of you is, The restitution of the garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle into my hands, for the use of the Parliament and kingdom of England. If you deny me herein, I must make our appeal to God, and call upon Him for assistance, in what way He shall direct us; wherein we are, and shall be, so far from seeking the harm of the well-affected people of the kingdom of Scotland, that we profess as before the Lord, that (what difference an Army, necessitated in a hostile way to recover the ancient rights and inheritance of the kingdom under which they serve, can make[3]) we shall use our endeavours to the utmost that the trouble may fall upon the contrivers and authors of this breach, and not upon the poor innocent people, who have been led and compelled into this action, as many poor souls now prisoners to us confess.

We thought ourselves bound in duty thus to expostulate with you, and thus to profess, to the end we may bear our integrity

[1] The grammar requires 'I having,' but the physiognomy of the sentence requires nothing.

[2] on Preston Moor.

[3] Means: 'so far as an army, necessitated to vindicate its country by War, can make a discrimination.' The 'ancient rights and inheritance' are the right to choose our own King or No-King, and so forth. [Cromwell was simply demanding the restitution of Berwick and Carlisle, "the ancient rights and inheritance of the Kingdom of England." Dr. Gardiner says "Carlyle is certainly wrong in interpreting these words to imply 'the right to choose our own King or No-King, and so forth.'" *Great Civil War*, iv. 229.]

out before the world, and may have comfort in God, whatever the event be. Desiring your answer, I rest,

Your Lordships' humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The troubles of Scotland are coming thick. The 'Engagers,' those that 'engaged' with Hamilton, are to be condemned; then, before long, come 'Resolutioners' and 'Protesters;' and in the wreck of the Hamilton-Argyle discussions, and general cunctations,—all men desiring to say Yes *and* No instead of Yes *or* No,—Royalism and Presbyterianism alike are disastrously sinking.

The Lordships here addressed as 'Committee of Estates' can make no answer, for they do not now exist as *Committee of Estates;*—Argyle and Company are now assuming that character: the shifting of the dresses, which occasions some complexity in those old Letters, is just going on. From Argyle and Company, however, who see in Cromwell their one sure stay, there are already on the road conciliatory congratulatory messages, by Lairds and Majors, 'from Falkirk,' where the Whiggamore Raid and Lanark are making their Armistice or Treaty. Whereupon follows, with suitably vague Superscription, for Argyle and Company:

LETTER LXXIII

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Loudon, Chancellor of the Kingdom of Scotland;

To be communicated to the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Burgesses now in arms,[1] *who dissented in Parliament from the late Engagement against the Kingdom of England.*

Cheswick,[2] 18th Sept. 1648.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

We received yours from Falkirk of the 15th September instant. We have had also a sight of your Instructions

* Thurloe, i. 100.

[1] 'The Whiggamore Raid,' as Turner calls it, now making a Treaty with Lanark, Monro, and the other Assignees of the bankrupt Hamilton concern. Expressly addressed, in the next Letter, as 'Committee of Estates,' *they* now.

[2] Cheswick, still a Manorhouse 'of the Family of Strangeways,' lies three or four miles south of Berwick, on the great road to Newcastle and London.

given to the Laird of Greenhead and Major Strahan, as also other two papers concerning the treaty between your Lordships and the enemy, wherein your care of the interest of the kingdom of England, for the delivery of their towns[1] unjustly taken from them, and 'your' desire to preserve the unity of both nations, appears. By which also we understand the posture you are in to oppose the enemies of the welfare and the peace of both the kingdoms, for which we bless God for His goodness to you, and rejoice to see the power of the kingdom of Scotland in a hopeful way to be invested in the hands of those who, we trust, are taught of God to seek His honour, and the comfort of His people.

And give us leave to say, as before the Lord, who knows the secrets of all hearts, that, as we think one especial end of Providence in permitting the enemies of God and goodness in both kingdoms to rise to that height, and exercise such tyranny over His people, was to show the necessity of unity amongst those of both nations, so we hope and pray that the late glorious dispensation, in giving so happy success against your and our enemies in our victories, may be the foundation of union of the people of God in love and amity. Unto that end we shall, God assisting, to the utmost of our power endeavour to perform what may be behind on our part, and when we shall, through any wilfulness, fail therein, let this profession rise up in judgment against us, as having been made in hypocrisy, a severe avenger of which God hath lately appeared, in His most righteous witnessing against the Army under Duke Hamilton, invading us under specious pretences of piety and justice. We may humbly say, we rejoice with more trembling[2] than to dare to do so wicked a thing.

Upon our advance to Alnwick, we thought fit to send a good body of our horse to the borders of Scotland, and thereby a summons to the Garrison of Berwick;[3] to which having received

[1] Berwick and Carlisle, which by agreement in 1646-7 were not to be garrisoned except by consent of *both* Kingdoms.

[2] 'Join trembling with your mirth' (Second Psalm). ["Rejoice with trembling," *Authorised Version.*]

[3] Letter LXX.

a dilatory answer, I desired a safe-convoy for Colonel Bright and the Scoutmaster[1]-General of this Army to go to the Committee of Estates in Scotland, who, I hope, will have the opportunity to be with your Lordships before this come to your hands, and, according as they are instructed, will let your Lordships in some measure (as well as we could in so much ignorance of your condition) know our affections to you. And understanding things more fully by yours, we now thought fit to make you this 'present' return.

The command we received, upon the defeat of Duke Hamilton, was, to prosecute this business until the enemy were put out of a condition or hope of growing into a new Army, and the garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle were reduced. Four regiments of our horse and some dragoons, who had followed the enemy into the south parts,[2] being now come up; and this country not able to bear us, the cattle and old corn thereof having been wasted by Monro and the forces with him; the Governor of Berwick also victualling his garrison from Scotland side; and the enemy yet in so considerable a posture as by these gentlemen and your papers we understand, still prosecuting their former design, having gotten the advantage of Stirling Bridge, and so much of Scotland at their backs to enable them thereunto, and your Lordships' condition not being such, at present, as may compel them to submit to the honest and necessary things you have proposed to them for the good of both the kingdoms: we have thought fit, out of the sense of our duty to the commands laid upon us by those who have sent us, and to the end we might be in a posture more ready to give you assistance (and not be wanting to what we have made so large professions of), to advance into Scotland with the Army.[3] And we trust, by the blessing of God, the common enemy will thereby the sooner be brought to a submission

[1] [Thurloe has "Lieutenant-General," probably a mistake of the transcriber.]

[2] Uttoxeter and thereabouts.

[3] Neither does the sentence end even here! It is dreadfully bad composition yet contains a vigorous clear sense in it.

to you: and we thereby shall do what becomes us in order to the obtaining of our garrisons, engaging ourselves that, so soon as we shall know from you that the enemy shall yield to the things you have proposed to them, and we have our garrisons delivered to us, we shall forthwith depart out of your kingdom, and in the meantime be 'even' more tender towards the Kingdom of Scotland, in the point of charge, than if we were in our own native kingdom.

If we shall receive from you any desire of a more speedy advance, we shall readily yield compliance therewith, desiring also to hear from you how affairs stand. This being the result of a Council of War, I present it to you as the expression of their affections and of my own, who am,

My Lords,
Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Cheswick, where Oliver now has his head-quarter, lies, as we said, some three or four miles south of Berwick, on the English side of Tweed. Part of his forces crossed the River, I find, next day; a stray regiment had without order gone across, the day before.—The 'Laird of Greenhead,' Sir Andrew Ker, is known in the old Scotch Books; still better, Major Strahan, who makes a figure on his own footing by and by. The Anti-Hamilton or Whiggamore Party are all inclined to Cromwell; inclined, and yet averse: wishing to say "Yes *and* No:" if that were possible!—

The answer to this Letter immediately follows in *Thurloe;* but it is not worth giving. The intricate longwindedness of mere Loudons, Argyles and the like, on such subjects at this time of day, is not tolerable to either gods or men. "We, Loudon, Argyle, and Company, are very sensible how righteously 'God who judgeth the Earth' has dealt with Hamilton and his followers; an intolerable, unconscionable race of men, tending towards mere ruin of religion, and 'grievously oppressive' to us. We hope all things from you, respectable Lieutenant-General. We have sent influential persons to order the giving up of Berwick and Carlisle instantly; and hope these Garrisons will obey them. We rest, —Humbly devoted,—Argyle, Loudon, and Company."

* Thurloe, i. 101.

Influential Persons: 'Friday last, the 22d September, the 'Marquis of Argyle, the Lord Elcho, Sir John Scot and others 'came as Commissioners from the Honest Party in Scotland to 'the Laird of Mordington's House at Mordington, to the Lieu-'tenant-General's quarters, two miles within Scotland. That night 'the Marquis of Argyle sent a trumpet to Berwick,'[1]—Berwick made delays, needed to send to the Earl of Lanark first. Lanark, it is to be hoped, will consent. Meanwhile the Lieutenant-General opens his parallels, diligently prepares to besiege, if necessary. Among these influential Persons, a quick reader notices 'Sir John Scot,'—and rejoices to recognise him, in that dim transient way, for the 'Director of the Chancery,' and Laird of *Scotstarvet* in Fife, himself in rather a *staggering state*[2] at present, worthy old gentleman!

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS we are marching with the Parliament's Army into the kingdom of Scotland, in pursuance of the remaining part of the enemy who lately invaded the kingdom of England, and for the recovery of the garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle:

These are to declare, that if any officer or soldier under my command shall take or demand any money, or shall violently take any horses, goods or victual, without order, or shall abuse the people in any sort, he shall be tried by a Council of War: and the said person so offending shall be punished, according to the Articles of War made for the government of the Army in the kingdom of England, which 'punishment' is death.

Each colonel, or other chief officer in every regiment, is to transcribe a copy of this, and to cause the same to be delivered to each captain of his regiment: and every said captain of each respective troop and company is to publish the same to his troop

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1282.

[2] *Scott of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen* is the strange Title of his strange little Book: not a Satire at all, but a Homily on Life's Nothingness, enforced by examples; gives in this brief compass, not without a rude Laconic geniality, the cream of Scotch Biographic History in that age, and unconsciously a curious self-portrait of the Writer withal.

or company, and to take a strict course that nothing be done contrary hereunto.

Given under my hand, this 20th September 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER LXXIV

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland, at Edinburgh; These

Norham, 21st Sept. 1648.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

We perceive that there was, upon our advance to the Borders, the last Lord's Day,[1] a very disorderly carriage by some horse, who, without order, did steal over the Tweed, and plundered some places in the kingdom of Scotland, and since that, some stragglers have been alike faulty, to the wrong of the inhabitants, and to our very great grief of heart.

I have been as diligent as I can to find out the men that have done the wrong, and I am still in the discovery thereof, and I trust it shall appear to you that there shall be nothing wanting on my part that may testify how much we abhor such things, and to the best of my information I cannot find the least guilt of the fact[2] to lie upon the regiments of this Army, but upon some of the Northern horse, who have not been under our discipline and government, until just that we came into these parts.

I have commanded those forces away back again into England, and I hope the exemplarity of justice will testify for us our great detestation of the fact.[2] For the remaining forces, which are of our old regiments, we may engage for them their officers will keep them from doing any such things, and we are confident that, saving victual, they shall not take anything from the inhabitants, and in that also they shall be so far from being their own carvers,

* Newspapers in *Cromwelliana*, p. 46.

[1] 21st Sept. 1648 is Thursday; last Sunday is 17th. [2] 'fait.'

as that they shall submit to have provisions ordered and proportioned by the consent, and with the direction, of the committees and gentlemen of the country, and not otherwise, if they [1] please to be assisting to us therein.

I thought fit, for the preventing of misunderstanding, to give your Lordships this account; and rest,

My Lords,
Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'Upon our entrance into Scotland, a regiment lately raised in the 'Bishopric of Durham, under Colonel Wren, behaved themselves 'rudely;[2] which as soon as the Lieutenant-General of this Army' Cromwell 'had notice of, he caused it to rendezvous upon Tweed 'banks; and the Scottish people having challenged several horses 'taken from them by that Regiment, the Lieutenant-General 'caused the said horses to be restored back, and the plunderers 'to be cashiered. A Lieutenant that countenanced such deeds 'was delivered into the Marshal's hands; and the Colonel himself, 'conniving at them, and not doing justice upon the offenders 'when complaints were brought in to him, was taken from the 'head of his Regiment, and suspended from executing his place, 'until he had answered at a Council of War for his negligence in 'the performance of his duty. This notable and impartial piece

[1] These Committees.

[2] [Col. Francis Wren, afterwards Commissioner and Treasurer for the county of Durham. His men do not seem to have confined their ill-conduct to the Scottish side of the Tweed, for an unfortunate dweller in Northumberland, near the border, lamented that his estate had been wasted by the Cavaliers, the Scottish Army, General Cromwell's Army coming and going, and especially by Col. Wren's regiment, which last plundered him of all he had. See *Calendar of Committee for Compounding*, p. 1048. These northern troops, who had never been under his "discipline and government," must have been a sore trial to Cromwell. Perhaps it is of the same regiment that a Lancashire letter complains so bitterly. "Within three days after that General Cromwell had left Preston to pursue the Duke, there came up to Preston to follow him a regiment of Northern men out of the Bishopric of Durham, carrying all black 'Curllers'. . . . These were the most thievish companies that ever the Country was pestered with during the war. Notwithstanding they had extraordinary allowances out of the parish [of Kirkham] so that at the least they had 100*l.* for three days' quarter, yet they went most of the parish over, plundering and stealing whatever they could conveniently carry away." *A Discourse of the War in Lancashire*, p. 67.]

* Thurloe, i. 103 (From the Public Records of Scotland, in the Laigh Parliament-House at Edinburgh).

'of justice did very much take with the people; and the Regiment 'is ordered back into Northumberland,'[1]—as we see.

The answer of 'Loudon *Cancellarius*' to this Letter from Norham is given in the old Newspapers.[2] The date is Edinburgh, 28th September 1648. Loudon of course is very thankful for such tenderness and kind civilities; thankful especially that the Honourable Lieutenant-General has come so near, and by the dread of him forced the Malignants at Stirling Bridge to come to terms, and leave the Well-affected at peace. A very great blessing to us 'the near distance of your forces at this time,'—though once (*you ken varry weel,* and Whitlocke kens,) we considered you an incendiary, and I, O honourable Lieutenant-General, would so fain have had you extinguished,—not knowing what I did!

Norham lies on the South shore of the Tweed, some seven miles above Berwick:

'Day set on Norham's castled steep.'[3]

Cromwell went across to Mordington, and met the 'Influential Persons,' on the morrow. As the following Letter, taking a comprehensive survey of the matter, will abundantly manifest.

LETTER LXXV

'To the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons: These'

Berwick, 2d October 1648.

SIR,

I have formerly represented to the Committee at Derby House,[4] how far I have prosecuted your business in relation to the commands I did receive from them, to wit: that I having sent a party of horse with a summons to Berwick, and a letter to the Committee of Estates, which I supposed did consist of the Earl of Lanerick and his participates, and a letter

[1] *Perfect Diurnal*, October 2d to 9th (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 47).
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 47. [3] Scott's *Marmion*.
[4] Long Letter, dated 20th September, recapitulating what is already known to us here. Appendix, No. 13.

of kindness and affection to the Marquis of Argyle and the well-affected party in arms at 'or about' Edinburgh, with credence to Colonel Bright and Mr. William Rowe, Scoutmaster of the Army, To let them know upon what grounds and with what intentions we came into their kingdom, and how that, in the mean time, the Marquis of Argyle and the rest at Edinburgh had sent Sir Andrew Carr, Laird of Greenhead, and Major Straughan to me, with a letter, and papers of instructions, expressing their good affection to the kingdom of England, and disclaiming the late Engagement; together with my answer to the said letters and papers, duplicates of all which I sent to the Committee at Derby House, and therefore forebear to trouble you with the things themselves. I think now fit to give you an account, what further progress has been made in your business.

The two 'Scotch' Armies being drawn up, the one under Lanerick and Munro at Stirling, and the other under the Earl of Leven and Lieutenant-General Lesley betwixt that and Edinburgh; the heads of the two Armies being upon treaties concerning their own affairs, and I having given (as I hoped) sufficient satisfaction concerning the justice of your cause, and the clearness of my intentions in entering that kingdom,—'I' did (upon Thursday being the one and twentieth of September, and two days before the Tweed being fordable), march over Tweed at Norham into Scotland, with four regiments of horse, and some dragoons, and six regiments of foot, and there quartered; my head-quarters being at the Lord Mordington's House.

Where hearing of the Marquis of Argyle, the Lord Elcho, and some others, were coming to me from the Committee of Estates assembled at Edinburgh,—I went, on Friday the two and twentieth of September, some part of the way to wait upon his Lordship. Who, when he was come to his quarters, delivered me a letter, of which this enclosed is a copy,[1] signed by the Lord Chancellor, by warrant of the Committee of Estates. And after

[1] Conceivable by us here.

some time spent in giving and receiving mutual satisfaction concerning each other's integrity and clearness (wherein I must be bold to testify for that noble Lord the Marquis, the Lord Elcho, and the other gentlemen with him, that I have found nothing in them but what becomes Christians and men of honour), the next day it was resolved, that the command of the Committee of Estates to the Governor of Berwick, for rendering the town, should be sent to him, by the Lord Elcho and Colonel Scott, which accordingly was done. But he, pretending that he had not received the command of that place from those that now demanded it of him, desired liberty to send to the Earl of Lanerick, engaging himself then to give his positive answer, and intimating it should be satisfactory.

Whilst these things were in transacting, I ordered Major-General Lambert to march towards Edinburgh, with six regiments of horse and a regiment of dragoons, who accordingly did so, and quartered in East Louthian, within six miles of Edinburgh; the foot lying in his rear at Coperspeth and thereabout.[1]

Upon Friday, the 29th of September, came an order from the Earl of Lanerick, and divers other Lords of his party, requiring the Governor of Berwick to march out of the town; which accordingly he did, on Saturday the last of September, at which time I entered; having placed a garrison there for your use. The Governor would fain have capitulated for the English 'who were with him,' but we, having this advantage upon him, would not hear of it: so that they are submitted to your mercy, and are under the consideration of Sir Arthur Heselrige, who (I believe) will give you a good account of them; and who has already turned out the malignant Mayor, and put an honest man in his room.

I have also received an order for Carlisle, and have sent Colonel Bright, with horse and foot to receive it, Sir Andrew Carr and Colonel Scott being gone with him to require an observance of

[1] What follows now, is published as a fragment in the Newspapers.

the order; there having been a treaty and an agreement betwixt the two parties in arms in Scotland, to disband all forces, except fifteen-hundred horse and foot under the Earl of Leven, which are to be kept up to see all remaining forces disbanded.

And having some other things to desire from the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh for your service, I am myself going thitherward this day; and so soon as I shall be able to give you a further account thereof, I shall do it. In the mean time, I make it my desire that the garrison of Berwick (into which I have placed a regiment of foot, and 'which' shall be attended also by a regiment of horse) may be provided for, and that Sir Arthur Heselrige may receive commands to supply it with guns and ammunition from Newcastle, and be otherwise enabled by you to furnish this garrison with all other necessaries, according as a place of that importance will require. Desiring that these mercies may beget trust and thankfulness to God the only author of them, and an improvement of them to His glory and the good of this poor kingdom, I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER LXXVI

FOLLOWS here a small Note, enclosing a duplicate of the above Letter, for Fairfax; written chiefly to enforce the request as to Haselrig and Berwick,—'Hasleridge' and 'Barwick,' as Oliver here spells. Haselrig is Governor of Newcastle, a man of chief authority in those Northern regions.—Fairfax, who has been surveying, regulating, and extensively dining in Townhalls, through the Eastern Counties, is now at St. Albans,[1]—the Army's head-quarters for some time to come.

* *Tanner MS.* [lvii. 330, Signed.] (in Cary's *Memorials* ii. 18); Newspapers (*Cromwelliana*, p. 48).

[1] Since 16th September, Rushworth, vii. 1271.

For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax, at St. Albans: These

Berwick, 2d October 1648.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

I received your late directions with your Commissions, how they shall be disposed, which I hope I shall pursue to your satisfaction.

I having sent an account to the House of Commons, concerning affairs here, am bold (being straitened in time) to present you with a duplicate thereof, which I trust will give you satisfaction. I hope there is a very good understanding between the honest party of Scotland and us here, and better than some would have. Sir, I beg of your Excellency to write to Sir A. Haselrige to take care of Berwick; he having all things necessary for the Garrison 'here,' at Newcastle; which is left destitute of all, and may be lost if this be not 'done.' I beg of your Lordship a commission to be speeded to him. I have no more at present; but rest,

My Lord,
Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

In these weeks, once more, there is an intensely interesting Treaty going on in the Isle of Wight; Treaty of Forty days with the King; solemn Parliamentary Commissioners on one hand, Majesty with due Assistants on the other, very solemnly debating and negotiating day after day, for forty days and longer, in the Town of Newport there.[1] The last hope of Presbyterian Royalism in this world. Not yet the last hope of his Majesty; who still, after all the sanguinary ruin of this year, feels himself a tower of strength; inexpugnable in his divine right, which no sane man can question; settlement of the Nation impossible without him. Happily, at any rate, it is the last of the Treaties with Charles Stuart,—for History begins to be weary of them. Treaty which

* *Sloane MSS.* 1519, p. 92. [f. 183. Holograph.]

[1] Warwick, pp. 321-9; Rushworth, vii. &c. &c. Began 18th September; was lengthened out by successive permissions to the 18th, 25th, and even 27th of November.

came to nothing, as all the others had done. Which indeed could come only to nothing; his Majesty not having the smallest design to abide by it; his Majesty eagerly consulting about 'escape' all the while,—escape to Ormond who is now in Ireland again, escape somewhither, anywhither;—and considering the Treaty mainly as a piece of Dramaturgy, which must be handsomely done in the interim, and leave a good impression on the Public.[1] Such is the Treaty of Forty Days; a mere torpor on the page of History; which the reader shall conceive for himself *ad libitum*. The Army, from head-quarters at St. Albans, regards him and it with a sternly watchful eye; not participating in the hopes of Presbyterian Royalism at all;—and there begin to be Army Councils held again.

As for Cromwell, he is gone forward to Edinburgh; reaches Seaton, the Earl of Winton's House, which is the head-quarters of the horse, a few miles east of Edinburgh, on Tuesday evening. Next day, Wednesday 4th October 1648, come certain Dignitaries of the Argyle or Whiggamore Party, and escort him honourably into Edinburgh; 'to the Earl of Murrie's House in the Cannigate' (so, in good Edinburgh Scotch, do the old Pamphlets spell it); 'where a strong guard,' an English Guard, 'is appointed to keep constant watch at the Gate;' and all manner of Earls and persons of Whiggamore quality come to visit the Lieutenant-General; and even certain Clergy come, who have a leaning that way.[2]—The Earl of Moray's House, Moray House, still stands in the Canongate of Edinburgh, well known to the inhabitants there. A solid spacious mansion, which, when all bright and new two-hundred years ago, must have been a very adequate lodging. There are remains of noble gardens; one of the noble state-rooms, when I last saw it, was an extensive Paper Warehouse. There is no doubt but the Lieutenant-General did lodge here; Guthry seeming to contradict this old Pamphlet, turns out to confirm it.[3]

The Lieutenant-General has received certain Votes of Parliament,[4] sanctioning what he has done in reference to these Scotch

[1] His own Letters (in Wagstaff's *Vindication of the Royal Martyr*, in Carte's *Ormond*, &c.); see Godwin, ii. 608-23.

[2] True Account of the great Expressions of Love from the Noblemen &c. of Scotland unto Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his Officers; In a Letter to a Friend (London, 1648; *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 392, § 26 [E. 468], dated with the pen 23d October); Abridged in Rushworth, vii. 1295.

[3] Guthry's *Memoirs*, p. 297. For a description of the place, see *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 21st January 1837.

[4] *Commons Journals*, 28th September 1648.

Parties, and encouraging and authorising him to do more. Of which circumstance, in the following official Document, he fails not to avail himself, on the morrow after his arrival.

LETTER LXXVII

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These

Edinburgh, 5th October 1648.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I shall ever be ready to bear witness of your Lordships' forwardness to do right to the kingdom of England, in restoring the garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle; and having received so good a pledge of your resolutions to maintain amity and a good understanding between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, it makes me not to doubt but that your Lordships will further grant what in justice and reason may be demanded.

I can assure your Lordships, that the kingdom of England did foresee that wicked design of the malignants in Scotland to break all engagements of faith and honesty between the nations, and to take from the kingdom of England the towns of Berwick and Carlisle. And although they could have prevented the loss of those considerable towns, without breach of the treaty, by laying forces near unto them, yet such was the tenderness of the Parliament of England not to give the least suspicion of a breach with the kingdom of Scotland, that they did forbear to do anything therein. And it is not unknown to your Lordships, when the malignants had gotten the power of your kingdom, how they protected and employed our English malignants, though demanded by our Parliament, and possessed themselves of those towns, and with what violence and unheard-of cruelties they raised an Army, and began a war, and invaded the kingdom of England, and endeavoured, to the uttermost of their power, to

engage both kingdoms in a perpetual quarrel, and what blood they have spilt in our kingdom, and what great loss and prejudice was brought upon our nation, even to the endangering the total ruin thereof.

And although God did, by a most mighty and strong hand, and that in a wonderful manner, destroy their designs, yet it is apparent that the same ill-affected spirit still remains; and that divers Persons of great quality and power, who were either the contrivers, actors, or abettors of the late unjust war made upon the kingdom of England, are now in Scotland, who undoubtedly do watch for all advantages and opportunities to raise dissensions and divisions between the Nations.

Now forasmuch as I am commanded to prosecute the remaining part of the Army that invaded the kingdom of England, wheresoever it should go, to prevent the like miseries: And considering that divers of that Army are retired into Scotland, and that some of the heads of those malignants were raising new forces in Scotland to carry on the same design, and that they will certainly be ready to do the like upon all occasions of advantage: And forasmuch as the kingdom of England hath lately received so great damage by the failing of the kingdom of Scotland in not suppressing malignants and incendiaries as they ought to have done, and by suffering such persons to be put in places of great trust in the kingdom, who by their interest in the Parliament and the countries, brought the kingdom of Scotland so far as they could, by unjust Engagement, to invade and make war upon their brethren of England:

'Therefore,' my Lords, I hold myself obliged, in prosecution of my duty and instructions, to demand, that your Lordships will give assurance in the name of the kingdom of Scotland, that you will not admit or suffer any that have been active in, or consenting to, the said Engagement against England, or have lately been in Arms at Stirling or elsewhere in the maintenance of that Engagement, to be employed in any public place or trust whatsoever. And this is the least security I can demand. I have received an

order from both Houses of the Parliament of England,[1] which I hold fit to communicate to your Lordships, whereby you will understand the readiness of the kingdom of England to assist you who were dissenters from the Invasion, and I doubt not but your Lordships will be as ready to give such further satisfaction as they in their wisdoms shall find cause to desire.

Your Lordships' most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

This was presented on Thursday to the Dignitaries sitting in the Laigh Parliament-House in the City of Edinburgh. During which same day came 'the Lord Provost to pay his respects' at Moray House; came 'old Sir William Dick,' an old Provost nearly ruined by his well-affected Loans of Money in these Wars, 'and made an oration in name of the rest;'—came many persons, and quality carriages, making Moray House a busy place that day; 'of which I hope a good fruit will appear.'

Loudon Cancellarius and Company, from the Laigh Parliament-House, respond with the amplest assent next day:[2] and on the morrow, Saturday, all business being adjusted, and Lambert left with two horse-regiments to protect the Laigh Parliament-House from Lanarks and Malignants,—'when we were about to come 'away, several coaches were sent to bring up the Lieutenant-'General, the Earl of Leven' Governor of the Castle and Scotch Commander-in-Chief, 'with Sir Arthur Haselrig and the rest of 'the Officers, to Edinburgh Castle; where was provided a very 'sumptuous Banquet,' old Leven doing the honours, 'my Lord 'Marquis of Argyle and divers other Lords being present to grace 'the entertainment. At our departure, many pieces of ordnance 'and a volley of small shot was given us from the Castle; and 'some Lords convoying us out of the City, we there parted.' The Lord Provost had defrayed us, all the while, in the handsomest manner. We proceeded to Dalhousie, the Seat of the Ramsays, near Dalkeith: on the road towards Carlisle and home,—by Selkirk and Hawick, I conclude. Here we stay till Monday morning, and leave orders, and write Letters.

[1] Votes of September 28th; *Commons Journals*, vi. 37: 'received the day we entered Edinburgh' (Rushworth, *ubi supra*).

[2] *Ibid.*

* *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 392, § 19 [E. 468, 19]. Printed by Order of Parliament.

LETTER LXXVIII

A PRIVATE Note in behalf of 'this Bearer, Colonel Robert Montgomery,' now hastening up to Town; with whom we shall make some farther acquaintance, in another quarter, by and by. Doubtless the request was complied with.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons: These

Dalhousie, near Edinburgh, 8th October, 1648.

SIR,

Upon the desire of divers noblemen and others of the kingdom of Scotland, I am bold to become a suitor to you on the behalf of this gentleman, the bearer, Colonel Robert Montgomery, son [1] of the Earl of Eglinton, whose faithfulness to you in the late troubles may render him worthy of a far greater favour than I shall, at this time, desire for him: for I can assure you, that there is not a gentleman of that kingdom that appeared more active against the late invaders of England than himself.

Sir, it's desired that you would please to grant him an order for two-thousand of the common prisoners that were of Duke Hamilton's Army.[2] You will have very good security that they shall not for the future trouble you: he will ease you of the charge of keeping them, as speedily as any other way you can dispose of them; besides their being in a friend's hands, so as there need be no fear of their being ever employed against you.

Sir, what favour you shall please to afford the gentleman will very much oblige many of your friends of the Scottish nation; and particularly

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[1] [Carlyle, following Cary, printed "son in law," adding the note, "Mistake of the Lieutenant-General's for 'son;'—'youngest son,' say the Peerage Books." But Cromwell simply wrote "son."]

[2] [Montgomery's intention was to sell them to the King of Spain for service in the Low Countries. He had difficulty in getting his number, and more difficulty with the Spanish government, which delayed so long that he ultimately transferred his offer to France. The negotiations were still proceeding when the King's death was followed by the recall of the French ambassador from St. James's. (See *Great Civil War*, iv. 231.)]

* *Tanner MSS.* [lvii. 346, Signed.] (in Cary, ii. 32).

LETTER LXXIX

THE next, of Monday, is on public business; deliberately looking before and after.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons: These

Dalhousie, 9th October 1648.

SIR,

In my last, wherein I gave you an account of my despatch of Colonel Bright to Carlisle, after the rendition of Berwick, I acquainted you with my intentions to go to the headquarters of my horse at the Earl of Wynton's, within six miles of Edinburgh; that from thence I might represent to the Committee of Estates what I had further to desire in your behalf.

The next day after I came thither, I received an invitation from the Committee of Estates to come to Edinburgh, they sending to me the Lord Kirkcudbright and Major-General Holborn[1] for that purpose; with whom I went the same day, being Wednesday 4th of this instant October. We fell into consideration, what was fit further to insist upon. And being sensible that the late agreement between the Committee of Estates and the Earls of Crawford, Glencarn, and Lanerick, did not sufficiently answer my instructions, which was, to disenable them from being in power to raise new troubles to England: therefore I held it my duty, not to be satisfied only with the disbanding of them, but considering their power and interest, I thought it necessary to demand concerning them and all their abettors, according to the contents of the paper[2] here enclosed.

Wherein (having received that very day your votes for giving them further assistance) I did in the close thereof acquaint them there with it; reserving such further satisfaction to be given by the kingdom of Scotland, as the Parliament of England should

[1] [James Holborne. He had had command of a regiment of foot in Essex's army.]

[2] Letter LXXVII.

in their wisdom see cause to desire. The Committee of Estates sent the Earl of Cassilis, Lord Warriston, and two gentlemen more to me, to receive what I had to offer unto them, which upon Thursday I delivered. Upon Friday I received by the said persons this enclosed answer,[1] which is the original itself.

Having proceeded thus far as a soldier, and I trust, by the blessing of God, not to your disservice; and having laid the business before you, I pray God direct you to do further as may be for His glory, the good of the nation wherewith you are intrusted, and the comfort and encouragement of the saints of God in both kingdoms and all the world over. I do think the affairs of Scotland are in a thriving posture, as to the interest of honest men: and 'Scotland is' like to be a better neighbour to you now than when the great pretenders to Covenant, religion and treaties (I mean Duke Hamilton, the Earls of Lauderdale, Traquair, Carnegy, and their confederates), had the power in their hands. I dare say[2] that that party, with their pretences, had not only, through the treachery of some in England (who have cause to blush), endangered the whole State and kingdom of England; but also 'had' brought Scotland into such a condition, as that no honest man who had the fear of God, or a conscience of religion, the just ends of the covenant and treaties, could have a being in that kingdom. But God, who is not to be mocked or deceived, and is very jealous when His Name and religion are made use of to carry on impious designs, hath taken vengeance of such profanity, even to astonishment and admiration. And I wish from the bottom of my heart, it may cause all to tremble and repent, who have practised the like, to the blaspheming of His Name, and the destruction of His people; so as they may never presume to do the like again! And I think it is not unseasonable for me to take the humble boldness to say thus much at this time.

[1] Already referred to; *antea*, p. 377.

[2] [Carlyle printed "I dare be bold to say"; but "I dare say" in the 17th century had only its true meaning of "I venture to say".]

All the enemy's forces in Scotland are now disbanded. The Committee of Estates have declared against all of that party's sitting in Parliament.[1] Good elections are 'already' made in divers places, of such as dissented from and opposed the late wicked Engagement: and they are now raising a force of about 4,000 Horse and Foot, which until they can complete, they have desired me to leave them two regiments of Horse, and two troops of Dragoons. Which accordingly I have resolved, conceiving I had warrant by your late votes so to do, and have left Major-General Lambert to command them.

I have received, and so have the officers with me, many honours and civilities from the Committee of Estates, the City of Edinburgh, and ministers; with a noble entertainment, which we may not own as done to us, but as your servants. I am now marching towards Carlisle, and I shall give you such further accounts of your affairs as there shall be occasion.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Cromwell, at Carlisle on the 14th, has received delivery of the Castle there, for which good news let the Messenger have 100*l.*[2] Leaving all in tolerable order in those regions, the Lieutenant-General hastens into Yorkshire to Pontefract or Pomfret Castle;[3] a strong place which had been surprised in the beginning of the year, and is stubbornly defended;—surrender being a very serious matter now; the War itself being contrary to Law and Treaty, and as good as treason, think some.

[1] The Scotch Parliament, which is now getting itself elected.

[2] *Commons Journals*, 20th October 1648. [On Oct. 25, he was at Barnard Castle, arranging for the service of Carlisle garrison; and on Nov. 2, at Byron. See Supplement, Nos. 33, 34.]

[3] Appendix, No. 14.

**King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 392, § 19 [E. 468]; see *Commons Journals*, vi. 54. [Printed by order of the House by Edward Husbands, printer to the House of Commons.]

LETTERS LXXX—LXXXVI

THE Governor of Pontefract Castle is one Morris, once the Earl of Strafford's servant; a desperate man: this is the Lieutenant-General's summons to him.

LETTER LXXX

For the Governor of Pontefract Castle

'Pontefract,'[1] 9th November, 1648.

SIR,

Being come hither for the reduction of this place, I thought fit to summon you to deliver your garrison to me, for the use of the Parliament. Those gentlemen and soldiers with you may have better terms than if you should hold it to extremity. I expect your answer this day, and rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Governor Morris stiffly refuses;[2] holds out yet a good while,—and at last loses his head at York assizes by the business.[3] Royalism is getting desperate; has taken to highway robbery; is assassinating, and extensively attempting to assassinate.[4] Two weeks ago, Sunday 29th October, a Party sallied from this very Castle of Pontefract; rode into Doncaster in disguise, and there, about five in the afternoon, getting into Colonel Rainsborough's lodging, stabbed him dead:—murder, or a very questionable kind of homicide!

[1] [This letter would probably be dated from Knottingley, as were others at this time. See a long letter to Hammond written on Nov. 6, and other letters dated Nov. 6-11; Supplement, Nos. 35, 36 (1-5).]

[2] [Governor Morris's reply was as follows: "I am confident you do not expect that I should pass my answer before I be satisfied that the summoner has power to perform my conditions, which must be confirmed by Parliament, beside, the dispute betwixt yourself and Sir Henry Cholmley, commander-in-chief by commission of the militia of Yorkshire [see note on p. 385 below], which, as I am informed, denies all subordination to your authority. When my understanding is cleared in this concerning [*i.e.* important] scruple, I shall endeavour to be as modest in my reply as I have read you in your summons." *Moderate Intelligencer*, Nov. 9-16, E. 472, ii.]

[3] State Trials. [4] Rushworth, vii. 1279 &c., 1315.

* Newspapers (*Cromwelliana*, p. 48); [*Moderate Intelligencer*, Nov. 9-16] Rushworth, vii. 1325.

LETTER LXXXI

As to Pontefract and Governor Morris, here are some pertinent suggestions, 'propositions,' the old Pamphlet calls them, sent 'in a Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his Officers;' which are 'read in the House,' and straightway acted upon, to a certain extent:—had they been acted upon in full, that business might have ended sooner.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Lords and Commons sitting at Derby House: These present

Knottingley, near Pontefract,
15th November 1648.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

So soon as I came into these parts, I met with an earnest desire from the Committee of this county to take upon me the charge here, for the reducing of the garrison of Pomfret. I received also commands from my Lord General to the same effect. I have had the sight of a letter to the House of Commons, wherein things are so represented, as if this siege were at such a pass that the prize were already gained. In consideration whereof, I thought fit to let you know what the true state of this garrison is, as also the condition of the country, that so you may not think my desire[1] for such things as would be necessary to carry on this work unreasonable.

My Lords, the Castle hath been victualled with two-hundred and twenty or forty fat cattle, within these three weeks, and they have also gotten in (as I am credibly informed) salt enough for them and more, so that I apprehend they are victualled for a twelvemonth. The men within are resolved to endure to the utmost extremity, expecting no mercy, as indeed they deserve none. The place is very well known to be one of the strongest inland garrisons in the kingdom, well watered, situated upon a rock in every part of it, and therefore difficult to mine. The walls very thick and high, with strong towers, and if battered, very difficult of access, by reason of the depth and steepness

[1] [Carlyle printed "demands," and omitted "to carry on this work."]

of the graft. The country is exceedingly impoverished, not able to bear free-quarter, nor well able to furnish provisions, if we had moneys. The work is like to be long, if materials be not furnished answerable. I therefore think it my duty to represent unto you as followeth: viz.—

1. That moneys be provided for three complete regiments of Foot, and two of Horse; 2. That money be provided for all contingencies which are in view, too many to enumerate. 3. That five-hundred barrels of powder, 'and' six good battering-guns, with three-hundred shot to each gun, be speedily sent down to Hull: 4. We desire none may be sent less than demi-cannon. 5. We desire also some match and bullet. And if it may be, we should be glad that two or three of the biggest mortar-pieces with shells may likewise be sent.

And although the desires of such proportions may seem costly, yet I hope you will judge it good thrift; especially if you consider that this place hath cost the kingdom some hundred-thousands of pounds already. And for aught I know, it may cost you one more, if it be trifled withal, besides the dishonour of it, and what other danger may be emergent, by its being in such hands. It's true, here are some two or three great guns in Hull, and hereabouts, but they are unserviceable, and your garrisons in Yorkshire are very much unsupplied at this time.

I have not as yet drawn any of our Foot to this place[1] only I make use of Colonel Fairfax's and Colonel Maleverie's Foot regiments and keep the rest of the guards with the Horse, purposing to bring-on some of our Foot to-morrow, the rest being a little dispersed in Lincoln and Nottingham Shires (these parts being not well able to bear them) for some refreshment; which after so much duty they need, and a little expect.

And indeed I would not satisfy myself nor my duty to you and them, to put the poor men, at this season of the year, to lie in the field, before we be furnished with shoes, stockings and

[1] [*i.e.*, not any of the regular foot of the army; Fairfax's and Mauleverer's being Yorkshire militia regiments.]

clothes, for them to cover their nakedness (which we hear are in preparation, and would[1] be speeded) and until we have deal-boards to make them courts-of-guard, and tools to cast up works to secure them.[2]

These things I have humbly represented to you; and waiting for your resolution and command, I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Due *Orders* of the House in consequence, dated Saturday 18th November, can be read in the same old Pamphlet;[3] most prompt *Orders*, giving if not 'Five-hundred Barrels of powder,' yet 'Two-hundred-and-fifty;' a middle term, or compliance halfway, which perhaps is as much as one could expect! Pontefract did not surrender till the end of March next.[4]

Meanwhile, the Royal Treaty in Newport comes to no good issue, and the Forty Days are now done; the Parliament by small and smaller instalments prolongs it, still hoping beyond hope for a good issue. The Army, sternly watchful of it from St. Albans, is presenting a Remonstrance, That a good issue lies not in it; that a good issue must be sought elsewhere than in *it*. By bringing Delinquents to justice; and the CHIEF DELINQUENT, who has again involved this Nation in blood! To which doctrine, various petitioning Counties and Parties, and a definite minority in Parliament and England generally, testify their stern adherence, at all risks and hazards whatsoever.

[1] Old for 'should.'

[2] [Concerning the want of necessaries, compare the letter from Col. Rainborowe to Fairfax, written on October 15, preserved amongst the *Clarke MSS.* at Littlecote. Also, a letter from Robert Spavin, Cromwell's secretary, dated November 2. Both speak of the cordiality of the Yorkshire colonels, Charles Fairfax and Mauleverer, and both complain of Sir Henry Cholmley's animosity. "Cholmley," writes Spavin, "a very knave, hates us to the death; leapt at the news of Col. Rainborowe being killed." (See *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on Mr. Leyborne-Popham's MSS.*, pp. 7, 8.). Cromwell's men seem to have thought that three weeks would end the siege. Their chief apparently knew better.]

[3] See also *Commons Journals*, vi. 81.

[4] '22d March' (*Commons Journals*, vi. 174).

* *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 397, § 12. [*Packets of letters, etc.* E. 473].

LETTER LXXXII

JENNER Member for Cricklade, and Ashe Member for Westbury; these two, sitting I think in the Delinquents' Committee at Goldsmiths' Hall,[1]—seem inclined for a milder course. Wherein the Lieutenant-General does by no means agree with the said Jenner and Ashe; having had a somewhat closer experience of the matter than they!

'Colonel Owen' is a Welsh Delinquent; I find he is a Sir John Owen,[2]—the same Sir John who seized my Lord Archbishop's Castle of Conway, in that violent manner long since.[3] A violent man, now got into trouble enough; of whom there arises life-and-death question by and by. 'The Governor of Nottingham' is Colonel Hutchinson, whom we know.[4] Sir Marmaduke Langdale we also know,—and 'presume you have heard what is become of him?' Sir Marmaduke, it was rigorously voted on the 6th of this month, is one of the 'Seven that shall be excepted from pardon;' whom the King himself, if he bargain with us, shall never forgive.[5] He escaped afterwards from Nottingham Castle, by industry of his own.

For my honoured Friends Robert Jenner and John Ashe, Esquires, 'at London:' These

Knottingley, near Pontefract,
20th November 1648.

GENTLEMEN,

I received an order from the Governor of Nottingham, directed to him from you, To bring up Colonel Owen,

[1] [John Ashe was chairman of the Committee of Compounding until its reconstruction in the spring of 1650, and Jenner was one of its most active members. These two were usually deputed by the Committee to report matters to the House of Commons.]

[2] [It is not Sir John Owen who is here referred to, but another (*vide Mrs. Hutchinson's Life of her Husband*, ed. Firth, ii. 385-7). Sir John was taken on June 5, and imprisoned in Denbigh Castle (*vide* J. R. Phillips' *Civil War in Wales*, i. 410, and *Rushworth*, vii. 1146, 1204). Sir John moreover had compounded in May, 1647, and so could not now be petitioning to do so. This is Col. William Owen, of Shropshire, whose case will be found in the *Calendar of Committee for Compounding*, p. 1861. If the Committee had received Cromwell's letter on the 23rd, as is possible, they took no notice of it, for on that day they issued a fresh order to the Governor to "yield conformity" and send up Owen "in pursuance of an Act of Parliament of November 9."]

[3] *Antea*, p. 274.

[4] [The Governor of Nottingham here alluded to was more probably Thomas Poulton, deputy for Col. Hutchinson. See *Calendar of Committee for Compounding*, p. 1856].

[5] *Commons Journals*, vi. 70.

or take bail for his coming up to make his composition, he having made an humble petition to you[1] for the same. I must profess to you, I was not a little astonished at the thing.

If I be not mistaken, the House of Commons did vote all those traitors that did adhere to, or bring in, the Scots in their late invading of this kingdom under Duke Hamilton, and not without very clear justice, this being a more prodigious Treason than any that had been perpetrated before; because the former quarrel on their part was that Englishmen might rule over one another; this to vassalise us to a foreign nation.[2] And their fault who have appeared in this summer's business is certainly double to theirs who were in the first, because it is the repetition of the same offence against all the witnesses that God has borne,[3] by making and abetting to a second war.

And if this was their justice,[4] and upon so good grounds, I wonder how it comes to pass that so eminent actors should so easily be received to compound. You will pardon me if I tell you that, if it were contrary to some of your judgments that at the rendition of Oxford, though we had the town in consideration,[5] and blood saved to boot, yet two years purchase was thought too little to expiate their offence;[6] but now, when you have such men

[1] [Carlyle altered this to "petition to the Parliament" but Cromwell was right. The petitions to compound were usually addressed to the Committee.]

[2] ["Here was the sting, for we have never to forget that Oliver, like Milton, was ever English of the English." Morley's *Cromwell*, p. 266.]

[3] From Naseby downwards, God, in the battle-whirlwind, seemed to speak and witness very audibly.

[4] House of Commons. [5] Town as some recompense.

[6] Oxford was surrendered 20th-24th June 1646 (*antea*, p. 199); the Malignants found there were to have a composition, not exceeding Two Years revenue for estates of inheritance (Rushworth, vi. 280, 5),—which the victorious Presbyterian Party, belike Jenner and Ashe amongst the rest, had exclaimed against as too lenient a procedure. Very different now when the new Malignants, though a *doubly* criminal set, are bone of their own bone! [Carlyle—saying that this sentence is "unintelligible to the careless reader, so hasty is it and overcrowded with meaning in the original"—altered it to "you will pardon me if I tell you how contrary this is to some of your judgments at the rendition of Oxford, though we had the town in consideration and 'our' blood saved to boot; yet two years perhaps was thought too little to expiate their offence;" but as we have the original of the letter we know that the text as printed above is what Cromwell really wrote, and although the sentence will not construe, the meaning is quite clear. There were several other alterations (or mistakes) in Carlyle's version of this letter. Besides some unimportant errors, and printing "petition to the Parliament" in line 4, instead of "petition to you," he left out the next phrase altogether. He had "perfected" instead

in your hands, and it will cost you nothing to do justice; now after all this trouble and the hazard of a second war, for a little more money[1] all offences shall be pardoned!

This gentleman was taken with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, in their flight together: I presume you have heard what is become of him. Let me remember you that out of this garrison was fetched not long since (I believe whilst we were in heat of action) Colonel Humphrey Mathews, than whom this cause we have fought for has not had a more dangerous enemy; and he not guilty only of being an enemy, but he apostatised from your cause and quarrel; having been a colonel, if not more, under you, and 'then' the desperatest promoter of the Welsh rebellion amongst them all. And how near you were brought to ruin thereby, all men that know anything can tell;[2] and this man was taken away to composition, by what order I know not.[3]

Gentlemen, though my sense does appear more severe than perhaps you would have it, yet give me leave to tell you I find a sense amongst the officers concerning such things as these, even to amazement; which truly is not so much to see their blood made so cheap, as to see such manifest witnessings of God (so terrible and so just) no more reverenced.

I have directed the Governor to acquaint the Lord-General herewith, and rest,

Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Endorsed, "Lieutenant-General Cromwell about prisoners."

of "perpetrated" in line 10; "perhaps" instead of "purchase" in line 22, and "those men" instead of "these, even" in line 41, which last misreading involved the insertion of "the treatment of" before the word "those" in order to make sense.]

[1] Goldsmiths' Hall has a true feeling for Money; a dimmer one for Justice, it seems!
[2] Witness Chepstow, St. Fagan's, Pembroke:—'this man' is Mathews.
[3] [The order was made by the Committee for Compounding itself (as Cromwell probably knew very well) on September 26, that he might prosecute his composition, bail being taken of two sureties in 2,500*l.* apiece. His fine, fixed at a third, was 1,397*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* and was paid the following spring. An interesting point about his case is that 500*l.* of his fine was to be paid "to Mr. Thomason, for the library of MSS. bought from him." See *Calendar of Committee for Compounding*, p. 1855.]

* *Sloane MS.* 1519, fol. 94 [f. 186. Signed only].

Here is a sour morsel for Jenner and Ashe; different from what they were expecting! It is to be hoped they will digest this piece of admonition, and come forth on the morrow two sadder and two wiser men. For Colonel Owen, at all events, there is clearly no outlook, at present, but sitting reflective in the strong-room of Nottingham Castle, whither his bad Genius had led him. May escape beheading on this occasion; but very narrowly. He 'was taken with Sir Marmaduke in their flight together:' one of the confused Welshmen discomfited in June and July last, who had fled to join Hamilton, and be worse discomfited a second time. The House some days ago had voted that 'Sir John Owen,'[1] our 'Colonel Owen,' should get off with 'banishment;' likewise that Lord Capel, the Earl of Holland, and other capital Delinquents should be 'banished;' and even that James Earl of Cambridge (James Duke of Hamilton) should be '*fined* 100,000*l*.' Such votes are not unlikely to produce 'a sense amongst the Officers,' who had to grapple with these men, as with devouring dragons lately, life to life. Such votes—will need to be rescinded.[2] Such, and some others! For indeed the Presbyterian Party has rallied in the House during the late high blaze of Royalism; and got a Treaty set on foot as we saw, and even got the Eleven brought back again.—

Jenner and Ashe are old stagers, having entered Parliament at the beginning. They are frequently seen in public business; assiduous subalterns. Ashe sat afterwards in Oliver's Parliaments.[3] Of this Ashe I will remember another thing: once, some years ago, when the House was about thanking some Monthly-fast Preacher, Ashe said pertinently, "What is the use of thanking a Preacher who spoke so low that nobody could hear him?"[4]

Colonel Humphrey Mathews, we are glad to discover,[5] was one of the persons taken in Pembroke Castle by Oliver himself in July last: brought along with him, on the march towards Preston, and left, as the other Welsh Prisoners were, at Nottingham;—out of which most just durance some pragmatical official, Ashe, Jenner, or another, 'by what order I know not,' has seen good to deliver him; him, 'the desperatest promoter of the Welsh Rebellion amongst them all.' Such is red-tape even in a Heroic

[1] [This *is* Sir John Owen; not "our Colonel Owen" of Nottingham Castle.] Passed, 10th November 1648 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 3); repealed, 13th December (with a Declaration; *Somers Tracts*, v. 167).

[3] *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 3.

[4] *D'Ewes MSS.* p. 414.

[5] *Cromwelliana*, pp. 41, 42.

Puritanic Age! No wonder 'the Officers have a sense of it,' amounting even 'to amazement.' Our blood that we have shed in the Quarrel, this you shall account as nothing, since you so please; but these 'manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just,'—are they not witnessings of God; are they mere sports of chance? Ye wretched infidel red-tape mortals, what will or can become of you? By and by, if this course hold, it will appear that 'you are no Parliament;' that you are a nameless unbelieving rabble, with the mere title of Parliament, who must go about your business elsewhither, with soldiers' pikes in your rearward!—

This Lieutenant-General is not without temper, says Mr. Maidston: 'temper exceeding fiery, as I have known; yet the flame 'of it kept down for most part, or soon allayed;—and naturally 'compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate 'measure. Though God had made him a heart wherein was left 'little room for any fear but what was due to God Himself, yet 'did he exceed in tenderness towards sufferers,'[1]—yes, and in rigour against infidel quacks and godless detestable persons, which is the opposite phasis of that, he was by no means wanting!

LETTER LXXXIII

'All the Regiments here have petitioned my Lord General 'against the Treaty' at Newport, 'and for Justice and a Settle-'ment of the Kingdom. They desired the Lieutenant-General 'to recommend their Petition; which he hath done in the Letter 'following;'—which is of the same date, and goes in the same bag with that to Jenner and Ashe, just given.[2]

For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax, 'at St Albans: These'

Knottingley, 20th November 1648.

My Lord,

I find a very great sense in the officers of the regiments of the sufferings and the ruin of this poor kingdom, and

[1] Maidston's Letter to Winthrop (Thurloe, i. 766).

[2] [The petition from Cromwell's own regiment to himself, sent to him along with that for presentation to the Lord General, is amongst the Clarke papers at Littlecote. It is signed by seventeen of his officers (See *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on Mr. Leyborne-Popham's MSS.*, p. 9). The troops in Yorkshire were following the lead of Ireton's regiment, whose petition was published on October 19.]

in them all a very great zeal to have impartial justice done upon Offenders; and I must confess, I do in all, from my heart, concur with them; and I verily think and am persuaded they are things which God puts into our hearts.

I shall not need to offer anything to your Excellency: I know God teaches you, and that He hath manifested His presence so to you as that you will give glory to Him in the eyes of all the world. I held it my duty, having received these petitions and letters, and being 'so' desired by the framers thereof, to present them to you. The good Lord work His will upon your heart, enabling you to it; and the presence of Almighty God go along with you. Thus prays,

My Lord,
Your most humble and faithful servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

This same day, Monday 20th November 1648, the Army from St. Albans, by Colonel Ewer and a Deputation, presents its humble unanimous 'Remonstrance' to the House; craving that the same be taken 'into speedy and serious consideration.'[1] It is indeed a most serious Document; tending to the dread Unknown! Whereupon ensue 'high debates,' Whether we shall take it into consideration? Debates to be resumed this day week. The Army, before this day week, moves up to Windsor; will see a little what consideration there is. Newport Treaty is just expiring; Presbyterian Royalism, on the brink of desperate crisis, adds still two days of life to it.

LETTER LXXXIV

THE Army came to Windsor on Saturday the 25th; on which same day Oliver, from Knottingley, is writing a remarkable Letter, the last of the series, to Hammond in the Isle of Wight,

* Rushworth, vii. 1339.

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 81; Remonstrance itself in Rushworth, vii. 1330. [Rushworth gives only an abstract, but there is a copy amongst the *King's Pamphlets*, E. 473 (11).]

who seems to be in much strait about 'that Person' and futile Treaty now under his keeping there.[1]

First, however, read this Note, of like date, on a local matter: one of many Notes which a vigilant Lieutenant-General, be where he may, has to importune the Governing Powers with. Hull Garrison and Governor Overton, like most garrisons and persons, are short of pay. Grocers' Hall, Haberdashers' Hall, or some section of the Finance Department, ought absolutely to take thought of it.

For my noble Friend Thomas St. Nicholas, Esquire: 'These, at London'[2]

Knottingley, 25th November 1648.

SIR,

I suppose it's not unknown to you how much the country is in arrear to the garrison of Hull; as likewise how probable it is that the garrison will break, unless some speedy course be taken to get them money; the soldiers at the present being ready to mutiny, as not having money to buy them bread, and without money the stubborn townspeople will not trust them for the worth of a penny.

Sir, I must beg of you that, as you tender the good of the country, so far as the security of that garrison is motioned, you would give your assistance to the helping of them to their money which the country owes them. The Governor[3] will apply himself to you, either in person or by letter. I pray you do for him herein as in a business of very high consequence. I am the more earnest with you, as having a very deep sense how dangerous the event may be, of their being neglected in the matter of their pay. I rest upon your favour herein, and subscribe myself,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[1] [And, two or three days later, a letter to Fairfax concerning the "Remonstrance." See Supplement, No. 37.]

[2] [Certainly not London. Probably York; possibly Wakefield.]

[3] [Col. Robert Overton.]

* Kimber's (anonymous) *Life of Cromwell* (4th edition, London, 1741), p. 92: Not given in the 1st edition; no notice whence.

Hull Garrison does not 'break:' doubtless St. Nicholas, a chief Clerk, of weight in his department, did what he could. A Kentish man this St. Nicholas,[1] if any one could be supposed to care what he was; came to be Recorder of Canterbury, and even refractory Member for Canterbury;[2] has his seat, for the present, in the Grocers'-Hall region, among the budgets or 'bottomless bags,' as Independency Walker calls them. And now for the remarkable Letter contemporaneous with this:

LETTER LXXXV

To Colonel Robert Hammond: These

'Knottingley, near Pontefract,'
25th November 1648.

DEAR ROBIN,

No man rejoiceth more to see a line from thee than myself. I know thou hast long been under trial. Thou shalt be no loser by it. All 'things' must work for the best.

Thou desirest to hear of my experiences. I can tell thee: I am such a one as thou didst formerly know, having a body of sin and death, but I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord there is no condemnation, though much infirmity, and I wait for the redemption. And in this poor condition I obtain mercy, and sweet consolation through the Spirit, and find abundant cause every day to exalt the Lord, and abase flesh, and herein[3] I have some exercise.

As to outward dispensations, if we may so call them, we have not been without our share of beholding some remarkable

[1] [Of Yorkshire, in the first instance. At this time he was Treasurer or Receiver of the County Committee of the West Riding. Hence Cromwell's application to him. He removed into Kent in 1649 or 1650. See *Calendar of Committee for Compounding*, pp. 379, 380. After his removal to Kent, he was made one of the counsel to the Committee for Compounding, Clerk of the Parliament and, in 1659, Recorder of Canterbury. It is unlikely that he ever had anything to do with Grocers' Hall, but Carlyle more than once speaks of that committee as if it were connected with the Committee for Compounding.]

[2] Whitlocke, September 1656 (2d edition, p. 642); *Old Parliamentary History*, xxi. 8; and *Commons Journals*, vii. 650, 730.

[3] 'and in the latter respect at least.'

providences, and appearances of the Lord. His presence hath been amongst us, and by the light of His countenance we have prevailed.[1] We are sure, the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush has shined upon us, and we can humbly say, We know in whom we have believed, who is able and will perfect what remaineth, and us also in doing what is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

I find some trouble in your spirit; occasioned first, not only by the continuance of your sad and heavy burden, as you call it, upon you, but 'also' by the dissatisfaction you take at the ways of some good men whom you love with your heart, who through this principle, That it is lawful for a lesser part, if in the right, to force 'a numerical majority' &c.

To the first: call not your burden sad or heavy. If your Father laid it upon you, He intended neither. He is the Father of lights, from whom comes every good and perfect gift, who of His own will begot us, and bade us count it all joy when such things befall us; they being for the exercise of faith and patience, whereby in the end we shall be made perfect (James i.).

Dear Robin, our fleshly reasonings ensnare us. These make us say, heavy, sad, pleasant, easy. Was there not a little of this when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction too, desired retirement from the Army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight?[2] Did not God find him out there? I believe he will never forget this. And now I perceive he is to seek again; partly through his sad and heavy burden, and partly through his dissatisfaction with friends' actings.

Dear Robin, thou and I were never worthy to be door-keepers in this service. If thou wilt seek, seek to know the mind of God in all that chain of Providence, whereby God brought thee thither, and that person to thee; how, before and since, God has ordered him, and affairs concerning him: and then tell me, whether there be not some glorious and high meaning in all this,

[1] At Preston, &c. [2] 6th September of the foregoing Year.

above what thou hast yet attained? And, laying aside thy fleshly reason, seek of the Lord to teach thee what that is; and He will do it. I dare be positive to say, it is not that the wicked should be exalted, that God should so appear as indeed He hath done.[1] For there is no peace to them. No, it is set upon the hearts of such as fear the Lord, and we have witness upon witness, That it shall go ill with them and their partakers. I say again, seek that spirit to teach thee; which is the spirit of knowledge and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, of wisdom and of the fear of the Lord. That spirit will close thine eyes and stop thine ears, so that thou shalt not judge by them, but thou shalt judge for the meek of the earth, and thou shalt be made able to do accordingly. The Lord direct thee to that which is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

As to thy dissatisfaction with friends' actings upon that supposed principle, I wonder not at that. If a man take not his own burden well, he shall hardly others', especially if involved by so near a relation of love and Christian brotherhood as thou art. I shall not take upon me to satisfy, but I hold myself bound to lay my thoughts before so dear a friend. The Lord do His own will.

You say: "God hath appointed authorities among the nations, "to which active or passive obedience is to be yielded. This "resides in England in the Parliament. Therefore active or "passive" &c.[2]

Authorities and powers are the ordinance of God. This or that species is of human institution, and limited, some with larger, others with stricter bands, each one according to its constitution. 'But' I do not therefore think the authorities may do anything,[3] and yet such obedience 'be' due, but all agree there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. If so, your ground fails,

[1] For other purposes that God has so manifested Himself as, in these transactions of ours, He has done.

[2] [Carlyle added the word "resistance," but the syllogism would rather require "obedience."]

[3] Whatsoever they like.

and so likewise the inference. Indeed, dear Robin, not to multiply words, the query is, Whether ours be such a case? This ingenuously is the true question.

To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart as to two or three plain considerations. First, whether *Salus Populi* be a sound position?[1] Secondly, whether in the way in hand,[2] really and before the Lord, before whom conscience must stand, this be provided for, or the whole fruit of the war like to be frustrated, and all most like to turn to what it was, and worse? And this, contrary to engagements, declarations, implicit covenants with those[3] who ventured their lives upon those covenants and engagements, without whom perhaps, in equity, relaxation ought not to be? Thirdly, Whether this Army be not a lawful power, called by God to oppose and fight against the King upon some stated grounds; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose one name of authority, for those ends, as well as another, the outward authority that called them, not by their power making the quarrel lawful, but it being so in itself?[4] If so it may be acting will be justified *in foro humano*.—But truly these kinds of reasonings may be but fleshly, either with or against: only it is good to try what truth may be in them. And the Lord teach us.

My dear friend, let us look into providences; surely they mean somewhat. They hang so together; have been so constant, so clear and unclouded. Malice, swoln malice against God's people, now called Saints, to root out their name; and yet they, 'these poor Saints,' by providence, having arms, and therein blessed with defence and more. I desire, he that is for a principle of suffering[5] would not too much slight this. I slight not him who is so minded: but let us beware lest fleshly reason-

[1] 'The safety of the people the supreme law:' is that a true doctrine or a false one?

[2] By this Parliamentary Treaty with the King. [3] Us soldiers.

[4] [Carlyle altered this to: "for those ends, as well as another Name,—since it was not the outward Authority summoning them that by *its* power made the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself?"]

[5] Passive obedience.

ing see more safety in making use of this principle than in acting. Who acts, and resolves not through God to be willing to part with all? Our hearts are very deceitful, on the right and on the left.

What think you of Providence disposing the hearts of so many of God's people this way, especially in this poor Army, wherein the great God has vouchsafed to appear. I know not one officer among us but is on the increasing hand.[1] And let me say it is here in the North, after much patience, we trust the same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings, is with us in this also. And this contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts our hearts could wish to enjoy with others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies, not few, even all that is glorious in this world, with appearance of united names, titles and authorities, and yet not terrified,[2] only desiring to fear our great God, that we do nothing against His will. Truly this is our condition.[3]

And to conclude. We in this Northern Army were in a waiting posture, desiring to see what the Lord would lead us to. And a Declaration[4] is put out, at which many are shaken: although we

[1] Come or coming over to this opinion.

[2] [Carlyle altered this paragraph, but gave the original in a footnote, with the observation "The incorrect original, rushing on in an eager, ungrammatical manner, were it not that common readers might miss the meaning of it, would please me better; at any rate, I subjoin it here as somewhat characteristic." As it does not seem to need a very uncommon reader to grasp Cromwell's meaning, what he did say has now been given in the text. This is what Carlyle thinks he ought to have said, "And let me say, it is after much patience—here in the North. We trust, the same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings is with us in this also. And all contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts *our* hearts could wish to enjoy as well as others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies:—not few; even all that is glorious in this world. Appearance of united names, titles and authorities 'all against us;'—and yet not terrified, 'we;'.]

[3] ["Briefly stated, Cromwell's argument was that the victories of the army, and the convictions of the godly, were external and internal evidence of God's will, to be obeyed as a duty. It was dangerous reasoning, and not less dangerous that secular and political motives coincided with the dictates of religious enthusiasm. Similar arguments might be held to justify not merely the temporary intervention of the army, but its permanent assumption of the government of England. Practical good sense and conservative instincts prevented Cromwell from adopting the extreme consequences of his theory; with most of his comrades the logic of fanaticism was qualified by no such considerations." Firth's *Cromwell*, p. 213.]

[4] Remonstrance of the Army, presented by Ewer on Monday last.

could perhaps have wished the stay of it till after the treaty, yet seeing it is come out, we trust to rejoice in the will of the Lord, waiting His further pleasure. Dear Robin, beware of men, look up to the Lord. Let Him be free to speak and command in thy heart. Take heed of the things I fear thou hast reasoned thyself into, and thou shalt be able through Him, without consulting flesh and blood, to do valiantly for Him and for His people.

Thou mentionest somewhat as if, by acting against such opposition as is like to be, there will be a tempting of God. Dear Robin, tempting of God ordinarily is either by acting presumptuously in carnal confidence, or in unbelief through diffidence: both these ways Israel tempted God in the wilderness, and He was grieved by them. The encountering 'of' difficulties, therefore, makes us not to tempt God; but acting before and without faith.[1] If the Lord have in any measure persuaded His people, as generally He hath, of the lawfulness, nay of the duty, this persuasion prevailing upon the heart is faith, and acting thereupon is acting in faith, and the more the difficulties are, the more faith. And it is most sweet that he that is not persuaded have patience towards them that are, and judge not: and this will free thee from the trouble of others' actings, which, thou sayest, adds to thy grief. Only let me offer two or three things, and I have done.

Dost thou not think this fear of the Levellers (of whom there is no fear) that they would destroy nobility, had caused some to rake up corruption; to find it lawful to make this ruining hypocritical agreement, on one part?[2] Hath not this biased even some good men? I will not say, their fear will come upon them; but if it do, they will themselves bring it upon themselves. Have not some of our friends, by their passive principle (which I judge not, only I think it liable to temptation as well as the active, and neither good but as we are led into them by God,—neither to be reasoned into, because the heart is deceitful), been occasioned to overlook what is just and honest, and 'to' think the people of

[1] Very true, my Lord General,—then, now, and always!
[2] Hollow Treaty at Newport,

God may have as much or more good the one way than the other? Good by this Man, against whom the Lord hath witnessed; and whom thou knowest. Is this so in their hearts; or is it reasoned, forced in?[1]

Robin, I have done. Ask we our hearts, whether we think that, after all, these dispensations, the like to which many generations cannot afford, should end in so corrupt reasonings of good men, and should so hit the designings of bad? Thinkest thou, in thy heart, that the glorious dispensations of God point out to this? Or to teach His people to trust in Him, and to wait for better things, when, it may be, better are sealed to many of their spirits?[2] And as a poor looker-on, I had rather live in the hope of that spirit 'which believes that God doth so teach us,' and take my share with them, expecting a good issue, than be led away with the other.[3]

[1] I think it is 'reasoned' in, and by bad arguments too, my Lord General! The inner heart of the men, in real contact with the inner heart of the matter, had little to do with all that:—alas, *was* there ever any such 'contact' with the real truth of any matter, on the part of such men, your Excellency! ["Surely we have here laid bare before us Cromwellian opinion in the making. As in other men, the wish was father to the thought. The desire, whether for private or for public ends, shapes the thoughts, and, in Cromwell's case, as the desires swept a wider compass than with most men, the thoughts took a larger scope, and, to some extent, jostled with one another. The cloudy mixture would clear itself soon enough." Gardiner's *Cromwell*, p. 101.]

[2] Already indubitably sure to many of them.

[3] [Mr. Morley says that Cromwell in this—"one of the most remarkable letters he ever wrote"—produces three arguments. "First, is it sound to stand on safety of the people as the supreme law? Second, will the treaty between King and Parliament secure the safety of the people, or will it not frustrate the whole fruit of the war and bring back all to what it was and worse? Third, is it not possible that the army too may be a lawful power, ordained by God to fight the King on stated grounds, and that the army may resist on the same grounds one name of authority, the Parliament, as well as the other authority, the King. Then he suddenly is dissatisfied with his three arguments. . . . Cromwell's understanding was far too powerful not to perceive that *salus populi* and the rest of it would serve just as well for Strafford or for Charles as it served for Ireton and the army, and that usurpation by troopers must be neither more nor less hard to justify in principle than usurpation by a King. So he falls back on the simpler ground of 'providences,' always his favourite stronghold. . . . From the point of a modern's carnal reasoning all this has a thoroughly sophistic flavour, and it leaves a doubt of its actual weight in Oliver's own mind. . . . In concluding the letter he denounces the Treaty of Newport as a 'ruining hypocritical agreement' and remonstrates with those of their friends who expect good from Charles. . . . A writer of a hostile school has remarked in this memorable letter 'its cautious obscurity, shadowy significance; its suavity, tenderness, subtlety; the way in which he alludes to more than he mentions, suggests more than pronounces his own argumentative intention, and opens an indefinite view, all

This trouble I have been at, because my soul loves thee, and I would not have thee swerve, nor lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into thy hand. The Lord be thy counsellor. Dear Robin, I rest thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Colonel Hammond, the ingenuous young man whom Oliver much loves, did not receive this Letter at the Isle of Wight whither it was directed; young Colonel Hammond is no longer there. On Monday the 27th, there came to him Colonel Ewer, he of the Remonstrance; Colonel Ewer with new force, with an Order from the Lord General and Army-Council that Colonel Hammond do straightway repair to Windsor, being wanted at head-quarters there. A young Colonel, with dubitations such as those of Hammond's, will not suit in that Isle at present.[1] Ewer, on the Tuesday night, a night of storm and pouring rain, besets his Majesty's lodgings in the Town of Newport (for his Majesty is still on parole there), with strange soldiers, in a strange state of readiness, the smoke of their gun-matches poisoning the air of his Majesty's apartment itself;—and on the morrow morning at eight of the clock, calls out his Majesty's coach; moves off with his Majesty in grim reticence and rigorous military order, to Hurst Castle, a small solitary stronghold on the opposite beacl yonder.[2]

For, at London, matters are coming rapidly to a crisis.[3] The resumed Debate, "Shall the Army Remonstrance be taken into

the hard features of which he softly puts aside.' [J. B. Mozley]. Quite true; but what if this be the real Cromwell, and represents the literal working of his own habit and temper." Morley's *Cromwell*, p. 268.]

* Birch, p. 101; ends the Volume.

[1] [Hammond evidently wrote to the army authorities what he had said to Cromwell; that his obedience was due to Parliament. He refused to imprison the King, and renewed this refusal when Ewer arrived with orders to that effect on November 27. But Ewer did not himself remove the King. He left the island with Hammond, next day; Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbet and Captain Merriman were sent over by Fairfax and the Council of Officers, took the King out of the hands of Hammond's deputies on the morning of Friday, December 1, and conveyed him to Hurst Castle. The warrant to Cobbett and Merriman is printed in the *Clarke Papers*, ii. 63. The Governor of Hurst Castle was Captain Thomas Eyre, and to this similarity of name is due the confusion in the contemporaneous accounts which led Carlyle to believe that Ewer had carried Charles to the mainland.]

[2] Colonel Cooke's Narrative, in Rushworth, vii. 1344.

[3] [See Cromwell's letter to Fairfax, Supplement 37.]

consideration?" does not come out affirmative; on the contrary, on Thursday the 30th, it comes out negative by a Majority of Ninety: "No, we will not take it into consideration."—"No?" The Army at Windsor, thereupon, spends again 'a day in Prayer.' The Army at Windsor has decided on the morrow that it will march to London:—marches, arrives accordingly, on Saturday December 2d; quarters itself in Whitehall, in St. James's; 'and 'other great vacant Houses in the skirts of the City and Villages 'about, no offence being given anywhere.'[1] In the drama of Modern History one knows not any graver, more noteworthy scene;—earnest as very Death and Judgment. They have decided to have Justice, these men; to see God's Justice done, and His judgments executed on this Earth. The abysses where the thunders and the splendours are bred,—the reader sees them again laid bare; and black Madness lying close to the Wisdom which is brightest and highest:—and owls and godless men who hate the lightning and the light, and love the mephitic dusk and darkness, are no judges of the actions of heroes! 'Shedders of blood?' Yes, blood is occasionally shed. The healing Surgeon, the sacrificial Priest, the august Judge pronouncer of God's oracles to men, these and the atrocious Murderer, are alike shedders of blood; and it is an owl's eye that, except for the *dresses* they wear, discerns no difference in these!—Let us leave the owl to his hootings; let us get on with our Chronology and swift course of events.

On *Monday 4th December*, the House, for the last time, takes 'into farther debate' the desperate question, Whether his Majesty's concessions in that Treaty of Newport are a ground of settlement?—debates it all Monday; has debated it all Friday and Saturday before. Debates it all Monday, 'till five o'clock next morning;' at five o'clock next morning, decides it, Yea. By a Majority of Forty-six. One-hundred-and-twenty-nine to Eighty-three, it is at five o'clock on Tuesday morning decided, Yea, they are a ground of settlement. The Army Chiefs and the Minority consult together, in deep and deepest deliberation, through that day and night; not, I suppose, without Prayer; and on the morrow morning this is what we see:

Wednesday 6th December 1648, 'Colonel Rich's regiment of 'horse and Colonel Pride's regiment of foot were a guard to the 'Parliament; and the City Trainbands were discharged' from

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1350.

that employment.[1] Yes, they were! Colonel Rich's horse stand ranked in Palaceyard, Colonel Pride's foot in Westminster Hall and at all entrances to the Commons House, this day: and in Colonel Pride's hand is a written list of names, names of the chief among the Hundred-and-twenty-nine; and at his side is my Lord Grey of Groby, who, as this Member after that comes up, whispers or beckons, "He is one of them: he cannot enter!" And Pride gives the word, "To the Queen's Court;" and Member after Member is marched thither, Forty-one of them this day: and kept there in a state bordering on rabidity, asking, By what Law? and ever again, By what Law? Is there a colour or faintest shadow of Law, to be found in any of the Books, Yearbooks, Rolls of Parliament, Bractons, Fletas, Cokes upon Lyttleton, for this? Hugh Peters visits them; has little comfort, no light as to the Law; confesses, "It is by the Law of Necessity; truly, by the Power of the Sword."

It must be owned the Constable's baton is fairly down, this day; overborne by the Power of the Sword, and a Law not to be found in any of the Books. At evening the distracted Forty-one are marched to Mr. Duke's Tavern hard-by, a 'Tavern called Hell;' and very imperfectly accommodated for the night. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who has ceased taking notes long since; Mr. William Prynne, louder than any in the question of Law; Waller, Massey, Harley, and other remnants of the old Eleven, are of this unlucky Forty-one; among whom too we count little Clement Walker 'in his gray suit with his little stick,'[2]—asking in the voice of the indomitablest terrier or Blenheim cocker, "By what Law? I ask again, By what Law?" Whom no mortal will ever be able to answer. Such is the far-famed Purging of the House by Colonel Pride.

This evening, while the Forty-one are getting lodged in Mr. Duke's, Lieutenant-General Cromwell came to Town.[3] Pontefract Castle is not taken; he has left Lambert looking after that, and come up hither to look after more important things.

The Commons on Wednesday did send out to demand 'the

[1] Rushworth, vii. 1353:—see Whitlocke (2d edition, p. 360), Walker's *Independency*, &c.

[2] List in Rushworth, p. 1355.

[3] ["Lieutenant-General Cromwell, the night after the interruption of the House, arrived from Scotland and lay at Whitehall, where, and at other places, he declared that he had not been acquainted with this design; yet since it was done, he was glad of it, and would endeavour to maintain it." Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 211, ed. Firth.]

Members of this House' from Colonel Pride; but Pride made respectful evasive answer;—could not, for the moment, comply with the desires of the Honourable House. On the Thursday Lieutenant-General Cromwell is thanked; and *Pride's Purge* continues: new men of the Majority are seized; others scared away need no seizing;—above a Hundred in all;[1] who are sent into their countries, sent into the Tower; sent out of our way, and trouble us no farther. The Minority has now become Majority; there is now clear course for it, clear resolution there has for some time back been in it. What its resolution was, and its action that it did in pursuance thereof, 'an action not done in a corner, but in sight of all the Nations,' and of God who made the Nations, we know, and the whole world knows!—

LETTER LXXXVI

DUTCH DORISLAUS, the learned Doctor, late Judge-Advocate, employed in many weighty things, and soon to be employed in the weightiest, wants now a very small accommodation which is in the gift of certain Cambridge people. A busy Lieutenant-General, while the world-whirlwind is piping loud, has to write for him this small Note withal:

To the Right Worshipful the Master and Fellows of Trinity Hall in Cambridge: These

'London,' 18th December 1648.

GENTLEMEN,

I am given to understand that by the late decease of Dr. Duck, his chamber is become vacant in the Doctors Commons, to which Dr. Dorislaus now desireth to be your tenant: who hath done service unto the Parliament from the beginning of these wars, and hath been constantly employed by the Parliament in many weighty affairs, and especially of late, beyond the seas, with the States General of the United Provinces.

If you please to prefer him before any other, paying rent and

[1] List in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 37; very incorrect, as all the Lists are.

fine to your College, I shall take it as a courtesy at your hands whereby you will oblige,

Your assured friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Whether Dorislaus got Duck's Chamber, we shall not ask; being, some three weeks hence, employed as Advocate in the King's Trial, and shortly after assassinated at the Hague for that work,[1] it proved to be of no importance to Dorislaus. The loud world-whirlwind pipes as before.[2]

DEATH-WARRANT

THE Trial of Charles Stuart falls not to be described in this place; the deep meanings that lie in it cannot be so much as glanced at here. Oliver Cromwell attends in the High Court of Justice at every session except one; Fairfax sits only in the first. Ludlow, Whalley, Walton, names known to us, are also constant attendants in that High Court, during that long-memorable Month of January 1649. The King is thrice brought to the Bar; refuses to plead, comports himself with royal dignity, with royal haughtiness, strong in his divine right; 'smiles' contemptuously, 'looks with an austere countenance;'—does not seem, till the very last, to have fairly believed that they would dare to sentence him. But they were men sufficiently provided with daring; men, we are bound to see, who sat there as in the Presence of the Maker of all men, as executing the judgments of Heaven above, and had not the fear of any man or thing on the Earth below. Bradshaw said to the King, "Sir, you are not "permitted to issue out in these discoursings. This Court is "satisfied of its authority. No Court will bear to hear its "authority questioned in that manner."—"Clerk, read the "sentence!"[3]—

* *Trinity-Hall MSS.*; in Cambridge Portfolio (London, 1840), ii. 390.

[1] *Antea*, p. 279; Wood, iii. 666-8.

[2] [Under date Dec. 22, are two letters from Cromwell to the Governor of Windsor Castle and to Col. Harrison concerning the safe guarding of the King. See Supplement, Nos. 38, 39.]

[3] ["By what authority. . . . This was indeed the question that the King put and would never let drop. . . . The authority of the tribunal was founded on nothing more valid than a mere resolution, called an ordinance, of some fifty members—what

And so, under date, Monday 29th January 1648-9, there is this stern Document to be introduced; not specifically of Oliver's composition; but expressing in every letter of it the conviction of Oliver's heart, in this, one of his most important appearances on the stage of earthly life.[1]

To Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Huncks, and Lieutenant-Colonel Phayr, and to every of them

At the High Court of Justice for the Trying and Judging of Charles Stuart, King of England, 29th January 1648.

WHEREAS Charles Stuart, King of England, is and standeth convicted, attainted and condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes; and Sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced against him by this Court, To be put to death by the severing of his head from his body; of which Sentence execution yet remaineth to be done:

These are therefore to will and require you to see the said Sentence executed, in the open Street before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the Thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of Ten in the morning and Five in the after-

was in truth little more than a bare quorum of a single branch of parliament, originally composed of nearly ten times as many, and deliberately reduced for the express purpose of such a resolution by the violent exclusion of one hundred and forty three of its members. If the legal authority was null, the moral authority for the act creating the high court was no stronger. It might be well enough to say that the people are the origin of power, but as a matter of fact, the handful who erected the high court of justice notoriously did not represent the people in any sense of that conjurer's word. They were never chosen by the people to make laws apart from king and lords, and they were now picked out by the soldiers to do the behest of soldiers." Morley's *Cromwell*, p. 280.]

[1] [But the conviction was arrived at very slowly. "Ireton," says Bishop Burnet, "was the person that drove it on; for Cromwell was all the while in some suspense about it." Cromwell "approved of the seizure of Charles, and had no doubt of the justice of bringing him to trial, but he doubted the policy of the King's trial and condemnation if any other satisfactory expedient could be devised. . . . We get glimpses of Cromwell negotiating with lawyers and judges about the settlement of the nation, inspiring a final attempt to come to terms with Charles, and arguing that it would be safe to spare the King's life if he would accept the conditions now offered him. All these attempted compromises failed. The King preferred to part with his life rather than with his regal power. . . . So the military revolution, for a moment arrested in its progress, moved inevitably forward, and Cromwell went with it." Firth's *Cromwell*, p. 215. See also Dr. Gardiner, *Great Civil War*, iv. pp. 281-286.]

noon of the same day, with full effect. And for so doing, this shall be your sufficient warrant.

And these are to require all Officers, Soldiers, and others the good People of this Nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service.

Given under our hands and seals,

JOHN BRADSHAW.
THOMAS GREY, 'LORD GREY OF GROBY.'
OLIVER CROMWELL.
('and Fifty-six others.')*

"*Tetræ belluæ, ac molossis suis ferociores,* Hideous monsters, more ferocious than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise;[1] shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction,—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead Pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay to be preferred think some, in point of horror, to 'The Crucifixion of Christ.' Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the Kings of Europe were cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret's Churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English Regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any Body of Men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread Phantoms, glaring supernal on you,—when once they are quelled and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the Phantom! The Phantom is a poor paper-lantern with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

A certain Queen in some South-Sea Island, I have read in Missionary Books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, "My faithful People, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning-mountain in the centre of our Isle. That is not God;

* Rushworth, vii. 1426; Nalson's *Trial of King Charles* (London, 1684); Phelpes's *Trial of* &c. &c.

[1] Salmasii *Defensio Regia* (Sumptibus regiis, 1650), p. 6.

no, that is a common burning-mountain,—mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning-mountain; will empty my wash-bowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!"—She walked accordingly, this South-Sea Heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy: she did her experiment;—and, I am told, they have truer notions of the gods in that Island ever since! Experiment which it is now very easy to *repeat*, and very needless. Honour to the Brave who deliver us from Phantom-dynasties, in South-Sea Islands and in North!

This action of the English Regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkeyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying.[1] The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas—not till a new genuine Hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a Flunkeyism and Cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.

Thus ends the Second Civil War. In Regicide, in a Commonwealth and Keepers of the Liberties of England. In punishment of Delinquents, in abolition of Cobwebs;—if it be possible, in a Government of Heroism and Veracity; at lowest, of Anti-Flunkeyism, Anti-Cant, and the *endeavour* after Heroism and Veracity.

[1] ["This is not the tone in which the terrible but high-souled fanatics who did it would have spoken of their own deed. . . . Nothing, unhappily, can be less true than that the act of the regicides struck a damp through the heart of flunkeyism, or that flunkeyism has gone about incurably sick of it ever since. It is liberty, if anything, that has gone about sick of it." Goldwin Smith's *Three English Statesmen*, pp. 70, 73.

"Cant, alas, is not slain on any such easy terms by a single stroke of the republican headsman's axe. As if, for that matter, force, violence, sword and axe, never conceal a cant and an unveracity of their own, viler and crueller than any other." Morley's *Cromwell*, p. 285.]

PART V

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND

1649

LETTERS LXXXVII—XCVI

On *Tuesday 30th January* 1648-9, it is ordered in the Commons House, 'That the Post be stayed until tomorrow morning, ten of the clock;' and the same afternoon, the King's Execution having now taken place, Edward Dendy, Sergeant-at-Arms, with due trumpeters, pursuivants, and horse-troops, notifies, loud as he can blow, at Cheapside and elsewhere, openly to all men, That whosoever shall proclaim a new King, Charles Second or another, without authority of Parliament, in this Nation of England, shall be a Traitor and suffer death. For which service, on the morrow, each trumpeter receives 'ten shillings' of the public money, and Sergeant Dendy himself—shall see what he will receive.[1] And all Sheriffs, Mayors of Towns and such like are to do the same in their respective localities, that the fact be known to every one.

After which follow, in Parliament and out of it, such debatings, committee-ings, consultings towards a Settlement of this Nation, as the reader can in a dim way sufficiently fancy for himself on considering the two following facts.

First, That on *February 13th*, Major Thomas Scott, an honourable Member whom we shall afterwards know better, brings in his Report or Ordinance for a Council of State, to be henceforth the Executive among us; which Council, to the number of Forty-one Persons, is thereupon nominated by Parliament; and begins its

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 126; Scobell's *Acts and Ordinances* (London, 1658, 1657), ii. 3.

Sessions at Derby House on the 17th. Bradshaw, Fairfax, Cromwell, Whitlocke, Harry Marten, Ludlow, Vane the Younger, and others whom we know, are of this Council.

Second, That, after much adjustment and new-modelling, new Great Seals, new Judges, Sergeants-maces, there comes out, on *May 19th*, an emphatic Act, brief as Sparta, in these words: 'Be 'it declared and enacted by this present Parliament, and by the 'authority of the same: That the People of England, and of all 'the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, are and shall 'be, and are hereby constituted, made, established and confirmed 'to be, A COMMONWEALTH OR FREE-STATE; and shall from hence-'forth be governed as a Commonwealth and Free-State,—by the 'Supreme Authority of this Nation the Representatives of the 'People in Parliament,[1] and by such as they shall appoint and 'constitute officers and ministers under them for the good of the 'People; and that without any King or House of Lords.'[2]—What modelling and consulting has been needed in the interim, the reader shall conceive.

Strangely enough, among which great national transactions the following small family-matters again turn up; asserting that they too had right to happen in this world, and keep memory of themselves,—and show how a Lieutenant-General's mind, busy pulling down Idolatrous Kingships, and setting up Religious Commonwealths, has withal an idle eldest Son to marry!—

There occurred 'a stick,' as we saw some time ago,[3] in this Marriage-treaty: but now it gathers life again;—and, not to agitate the reader's sympathies overmuch, we will say at once that it took effect this time; that Richard Cromwell was actually wedded to Dorothy Mayor, at Hursley, on May day 1649;[4] and, one point fairly settled at last!—But now mark farther how

[1] [Yet never was the Parliament less representative of the people than now. "By the expulsion of royalist members during the war, and of Presbyterians in 1648, it had been, as Cromwell said, 'winnowed and sifted and brought to a handful.' When the Long Parliament met in November 1640, it consisted of about 490 members. In January 1649, those sitting or at liberty to sit in the House were not more than ninety. Whole districts were unrepresented. In the list of sitting members given in a contemporary pamphlet, there are none from the counties of Herefordshire, Hertfordshire, Cumberland and Lancashire, or from any borough within their limits. Wales was represented by three persons, and London by but a single citizen." Firth's *Cromwell*, p. 235.]

[2] Scobell, ii. 30; *Commons Journals*, 19th May.

[3] Letter LVI.

[4] Noble ii. 188.

Anne, second daughter of the House of Hursley, came to be married not long after to 'John Dunch of Pusey in Berkshire;'[1] which Dunch of Pusey had a turn for collecting Letters. How Dunch, groping about Hursley in subsequent years, found 'Seventeen Letters of Cromwell,' and collected them, and laid them up at Pusey; how, after a century or so, Horace Walpole, likewise a collector of Letters, got his eye upon them; transscribed them, imparted them to dull Harris.[2] From whom, accordingly, here they still are and continue. This present fascicle of Ten is drawn principally from the Pusey stock; the remainder will introduce themselves in due course.[3]

LETTER LXXXVII

Colonel Norton, 'dear Dick,' was purged out by Pride; lazy Dick and lazy Frank Russel were both purged out, or scared away, and are in the lists of the Excluded. Dick, we infer, is now somewhat estranged from Cromwell; probably both Dick and Frank: Frank returned; Dick too, though in a fitful manner. And so, there being now no 'dear Norton' on the spot, the Lieutenant-General applies to Mr. Robinson, the pious Preacher at Southampton, of whom we transiently heard already;—a priest and counsellor, and acting as such, to all parties.

For my very loving Friend Mr. Robinson, Preacher at Southampton: These

'London,' 1st February 1648.

Sir,

I thank you for your kind letter. As to the business you mention, I desire to use this plainness with you.

[1] [Dunch himself was related to Cromwell, whose youngest aunt, Mary, had married Sir William Dunch, of Little Wittenham, Berkshire. John Dunch was their grandson, and therefore Oliver's first cousin once removed.]

[2] Harris, p. 504.

[3] [At some time, the letter to Barrington, Supplement, No. 5, and the two letters to Norton (of March 28, and April 3, 1648) stated by Harris to be "in the possession of Robert Symmer Esq., of Mount St. Grosvenor Square," must have been with these Pusey letters, as they are numbered, 1-3, and the Pusey letters 4-21, in the same hand. Number 9 is missing, but the rest are now all in the Morrison Collection, a fine series of holographs, mostly in excellent condition. As they are numbered chronologically, the missing one should be dated between March 14 and 25, 1648-9. Those to Mr. Mayor are endorsed by himself, and have shorthand notes jotted on the back, apparently of his replies.]

When the last overture was, between me and Mr. Mayor, by the mediation of Colonel Norton, after the meeting I had with Mr. Mayor at Farnham, I desired the Colonel (finding, as I thought, some scruples and hesitation in Mr. Mayor), to know of him whether his mind was free to the thing or not. Colonel Norton gave me this account, that Mr. Mayor, by reason of some matters as they then stood, was not very free thereunto, whereupon I did acquiesce, submitting to the providence of God.

Upon your reviving of the business to me, and your letter, I think fit to return you this answer, and to say in plainness of spirit to you: that, upon your testimony of the gentlewoman's worth, and the common report of the piety of the family, I shall be willing to entertain the renewing of the motion, upon such considerations as may be to mutual satisfaction; only I think that a speedy resolution will be very convenient to both parties. The Lord direct all to His glory.

I desire your prayers therein; and rest,

Your very affectionate friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'February 1st,'—it is Thursday; the King was executed on Tuesday: Robinson at Southampton, I think, must have been writing at the very time.

On Tuesday night last, a few hours after the King's Execution, Marquis Hamilton had escaped from Windsor, and been retaken in Southwark next morning, Wednesday morning. 'Knocking at a door,' he was noticed by three troopers; who questioned him, detected him;[1] and bringing him to the Parliament Authorities, made 40*l.* apiece by him. He will be tried speedily, by a new High Court of Justice; he and others.

* Harris, p. 504; one of the seventeen Letters found at Pusey. [Now printed from the holograph original in the Morrison Collection. Endorsed No. 4.]

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 51.

PASS

To all Officers and Soldiers, and all Persons whom these may concern

WHEREAS John Stanley of Dalegarth, in the county of Cumberland, Esquire, hath subscribed to his composition, and paid and secured his fine, according to the direction of Parliament:

These are to require you to permit and suffer him and his servants quietly to pass into Dalegarth above-said, with their horses and swords, and to forbear to molest or trouble him or any of his family there; without seizing or taking away any of his horses, or other goods or estate whatsoever; and to permit and suffer him or any of his family, at any time, to pass to any place, about his or their occasions; without offering any injury to him or any of his family, either at Dalegarth, or in his or their travels: As you will answer your contempt at your utmost perils.

Given under my hand and seal this 2d of February 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Oliver's seal of 'six quarterings' is at the top. Of course only the seal and signature are specially his: but this one Pass may stand here as the sample of many that were then circulating,—[1] emblem of a time of war, distress, uncertainty and danger, which then was.

The 2d of February is Friday. Yesterday, Thursday, there was question in the House of 'many Gentlemen from the Northern Counties, who do attend about Town to make their compositions,' and of what is to be done with them.[2] The late business that ended in Preston Fight had made many new delinquents in those

* Jefferson's *History and Antiquities of Allerdale Ward*, Cumberland (Carlisle, 1842), p. 284.

[1] [Some were circulating which had not been issued by Cromwell at all. One Capt. Mitchell, a Leveller, but also a solicitor for Delinquents' Causes at Goldsmiths' Hall, had been accustomed to procure such passes from Robert Spavin, Cromwell's secretary, and had also received from that treacherous person a large number, either blanks, with Cromwell's genuine signature, or forgeries of Spavin's, by means of which the confederates had made considerable sums. Spavin was found out and dismissed, but they had a counterfeit seal made, and continued their operations some time longer.]

[2] *Commons Journals, in die.*

parts; whom now we see painfully with pale faces dancing attendance in Goldsmiths' Hall,—not to say knocking importunately at doors in the gray of the morning, in danger of their life! Stanley of Dalegarth has happily got his composition finished, his Pass signed by the Lieutenant-General; and may go home, with subdued thankfulness, in a whole skin.[1] Dalegarth Hall is still an estate or farm, in the southern extremity of Cumberland; on the Esk river, in the Ravenglass district: not far from that small Lake which Tourists go to see under the name of *Devock Water*. Quiet life to Stanley there!

LETTER LXXXVIII

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These

'London,' 12th February 1648.

SIR,

I received some intimations formerly, and by the last return from Southampton a letter from Mr. Robinson, concerning the reviving the last year's motion touching my son and your daughter. Mr. Robinson was also pleased to send me

[1] [There are, however, very few traces of the Preston campaign amongst the papers of the Committee for Compounding. In the first place, excepting Langdale's troops and Sir Philip Musgrave's men at Carlisle, there were next to no Englishmen engaged in the business. Secondly, most of the North Country gentlemen who were allowed to compound, had already done so. Thirdly, those taken actually in arms and not protected by articles, would only under special circumstances be admitted to composition at all. Fourthly, the march of the Scottish army was too "outside" a thing to rouse the enthusiasm of the border English, always jealous of their Scotch neighbours, and in this case irritated by the plundering of Hamilton's men. It is not at all likely that Stanley had been concerned in the Preston business at all, as he compounded in April 1647, and his fine, set on January 27, 1649, was only a tenth, far too low for any one who had been lately actively engaged against Parliament. Cromwell speaks of his having "paid and secured his fine." Probably he paid part, and asked permission to go home and find the rest, as the payment and discharge of the estate are not entered until the following June. Even then he was not left to a quiet life, further demands being made upon him the next year, after his father's death. See *Calendar of Committee for Compounding*, p. 1719. In the Supplement (No. 41) will be found a kind letter written a few days later in favour of another compounder who had "come in more than four years before this, but whose business was not yet settled. The special activity at this time was due to the fact that the Committee for Compounding had just been re-modelled, and that Parliament had issued strict orders for giving in of accounts, and for sequestration of those delinquents who were in arrears.]

enclosed in his a letter from you to him, bearing date the 5th of this instant February, wherein I find your willingness to entertain any good means for the completing of that business.

From whence I take encouragement to send my son to wait upon you, and by him to let you know, that my desires are (if Providence so dispose), very full and free to the thing, if, upon an interview, there prove also a freedom in the young persons thereunto. What liberty you will give herein, I wholly submit to you.

I thought fit, in my letter to Mr. Robinson, to mention somewhat of expedition, because indeed I know not how soon I may be called into the field, or other occasions may remove me from hence; having for the present some liberty of stay in London. The Lord direct all to His glory. I rest,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Thomas Scott is big with the Council of State at present, he produces it in the House tomorrow morning, 13th February; and the List of actual Councillors, as we say, is voted the next day.

There is also frequent debate about Ireland[1] in these days, and what is to be done for relief of it; the Marquis of Ormond, furnished with a commission from the Prince, who now calls himself Charles II., reappeared there last year; has, with endless patience and difficulty, patched up some kind of alliance with the Papists, Nuncio Papists and Papists of the Pale; and so far as numbers go, looks very formidable.[2] One does not know how soon one 'may be called into the field.' However, there will several things turn up to be settled first.

* Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen. [No. 5. Holograph. In the Morrison Collection.]

[1] *Cromwelliana*, 14th February, &c.

[2] [It is hardly necessary to say that Ormond's alliance was not with the party of he Nuncio.]

ORDER

On the Saturday 17th February 1648-9, more properly on Monday 19th, the Council of State first met, to constitute itself and begin despatch of business.[1] Cromwell seems to have been their first President. At first it had been decided that they should have no constant President; but after a time, the inconveniences of such a method were seen into, and Bradshaw was appointed to the office.

The Minute-book of this Council of State, written in the clear old hand of Walter Frost, still lies complete in the State-Paper Office; as do the whole Records of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, of the Committee of Sequestrations in Goldsmiths' Hall, and many other Committees and officialities of the Period. By the long labour of Mr. Lemon, these waste Documents, now gathered into volumes, classed, indexed, methodised, have become singularly accessible. Well read, the thousandth or perhaps ten-thousandth part of them well excerpted, and the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine parts well forgotten, much light for what is really English History might still be gathered there. Alas, if the Half million of money, or but the twentieth part of it, wasted in mere stupidities upon the old-parchment Record Commission, had been expended upon wise labours here![2]—But to our '*Order*.'

Sir Oliver Fleming, a most gaseous but indisputable historical Figure, of uncertain genesis, uncertain habitat, glides through the old Books as 'Master of the Ceremonies,'—master of one knows not well what. In the end of 1643 he clearly is nominated

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 146.

[2] [The records and papers of the Council of State, known as Interregnum I., are now calendared amongst the general State Papers of their period. So are those of the Committee of Both Kingdoms (Interregnum E.). The Goldsmiths' Hall Committee is always known as the Committee for Compounding, although in later years its official title was Committee for Sequestrations, this later name being already appropriated by the original Sequestration Committee, one of the earliest of all, sitting at Armourers' Hall.

The Committee for Compounding Calendar, already often quoted, was compiled by Mrs. Everett Green, and she also arranged the Sequestration Committee's papers, which, however, have not been calendared.

Mr. Lemon's labours—most helpful to his successors—did not extend quite so far as Carlyle's words would lead us to suppose. Even yet, these Committee papers are only partially "gathered into volumes," and until they were calendared, it was impossible to index them at all adequately.

Our archæologists would hardly endorse Carlyle's views on the Record Commission!]

'Master of the Ceremonies' by Parliament itself;[1] and glides out and in ever after, presiding over 'Dutch Ambassadors,' 'Swedish Ambassadors' and such like, to the very end of the Protectorate.[2] A Blessed Restoration, of course, relieved him from his labours. He, for the present, wants to see some Books in the late Royal Library of St. James's. This scrap of paper still lies in the British Museum.

To the Keeper of the Library of St. James's

THESE are to will and require you, upon sight hereof, to deliver unto Sir Oliver Fleming, or to whom he shall appoint, two or three such books as he shall choose, of which there is a double copy in the Library: to be by him disposed 'of' as there shall be direction given him by the Council. Of which you are not to fail, and for which this shall be your warrant.

Given at the Council of State, this 22d day of February 1648.

Signed in the name, and by order of, the Council of State appointed by authority of Parliament,

OLIVER CROMWELL,

(*Præses pro tempore*).*

There is already question of selling the late King's goods, crown-jewels, plate, and 'hangings,'[3] under which latter title, we suppose, are included his Pictures,[4] much regretted by the British

* *Additional Ayscough MSS.* 12,098 [f. 1].

[1] 2d November 1643, *Commons Journals*, iii. 299.

[2] [See his *Humble Narrative*, *Somers Tracts* vii., 499, ed. Scott. Amongst the State Papers is a long letter from Sir Oliver to the Council of State, written in April, 1649, in relation to the titles to be given to the Commonwealth and the Council of State when conversing with foreign ministers, &c., it being to be expected "that we must wrestle with many difficulties incidental to a new government." Also offering suggestions as to the reception of foreign ministers, one of which is that "before the wardrobe stuff (of the King) be put up for sale, a sufficient proportion of hangings and other furniture be kept" for the use of ambassadors extraordinary. See *Calendar S. P. Dom.; Commonwealth*, 1649, 1650, p. 113.]

[3] ["They might have reserved the *hangings* for themselves," a Royalist newspaper observed.]

[4] [It is not at all likely that the "hangings" (always a very important item in the inventories of those days) included the pictures. Indeed these last, with the statues and books, were not handed over to the Trustees for the sale of the King's goods, but were reserved to be disposed of by the Council of State. On July 20, Somerset House was assigned to the Trustees, in order "to sell the goods to most advan-

connoisseur at present. They did not come actually to market till July next.[1]

LETTER LXXXIX

REVEREND Mr. Stapylton, of whom we heard once before in Edinburgh, has been down at Hursley with Mr. Richard; Miss Dorothy received them with her blushes, with her smiles; the elder Mayors with 'many civilities:' and the Marriage-treaty, as Mr. Stapylton reports, promises well.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These

'London,' 26th February 1648.

SIR,

I received yours by Mr. Stapleton, together with an account of the kind reception and the many civilities afforded especially to my Son, in the liberty given him to wait upon your worthy Daughter, the report of whose virtue and godliness has so great a place in my heart, that I think fit not to neglect anything, on my part, which may conduce to consummate a close of the business, if God please to dispose the young ones' hearts thereunto, and other suitable ordering 'of' affairs towards mutual satisfaction appear in the dispensation of Providence.

For which purpose, and to the end matters may be brought to as near an issue as they are capable of (not being at liberty, by reason of public occasions, to wait upon you, nor, as I understand, your health permitting), I thought fit to send this Gentleman, Mr. Stapleton, instructed with my mind, to see how near we may come to an understanding one of another therein. And although I could have wished the consideration of things had been between

tage," and on August 31, the Lord General and his officers could not yet be accommodated there, there being need to use the rooms to show the said goods. The actual sale does not seem to have begun before October 2. See *Calendar of State Papers*, 1649, 1650, under the above dates. The pictures were not sold and dispersed until 1651.]

[1] Scobell, Part ii. 46, the immense Act of Parliament for sale of them.

us two, it being of so near concernment, yet Providence for the present not allowing, I desire you to give him credence on my behalf.

Sir, all things which yourself and I had in conference at Farnham do not occur to my memory, through multiplicity of business intervening. I hope I shall with a very free heart testify my readiness to that which may be expected from me.

I have no more at present, but desiring the Lord to order this affair to His glory and the comfort of His servants, I rest,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER XC

THIS Thursday 8th March 1648-9, they are voting and debating in a thin House, hardly above 60 there, Whether Duke Hamilton, Earl Holland, Lords Capel, Goring, and Sir John Owen,—our old friend 'Colonel Owen' of Nottingham Castle, Jenner and Ashe's old friend,[1]—are to die or to live?[2]

They have been tried in a new High Court of Justice, and all found guilty of treason, of levying war against the Supreme Authority of this Nation. Shall they be executed; shall they be respited? The House by small Majorities decides *against* the first three; decides in favour of the last; and as to Goring, the votes are equal,—the balance-tongue trembles, "Life or Death!" Speaker Lenthall says, Life.[3]

Meanwhile, small private matters also must be attended to.

* Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen. Signature only is in Cromwell's hand. [No. 6. Holograph, Seal of Arms. In the Morrison Collection. Carlyle puts here Harris's statement about the signature, which belongs to the next letter.]

[1] Letter LXXXII.

[2] [Hamilton was, throughout these proceedings, spoken of by his English title, Earl of Cambridge. Lord Goring was the Earl of Norwich; his higher title, like all the others granted by the King after the breaking out of the war, not being recognised by Parliament. Sir John Owen, formerly Governor of Conway for the King, who was tried with them, was not "Colonel Owen of Nottingham Castle," as is shown on page 386 above.]

[3] *Commons Journals*, vi. 159.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These [1]

'London,' 8th March 1648.

SIR,

Yours I have received; and have given further instructions to this bearer, Mr. Stapylton, to treat with you about the business in agitation between your daughter and my son.

I am engaged [2] to you for all your civilities and respects already manifested. I trust there will be a right understanding between us, and a good conclusion: and though I cannot particularly remember the things spoken of at Farnham, to which your letter seems to refer me, yet I doubt not but I have sent the offer of such things now which give mutual satisfaction to us both. My attendance upon public affairs will not give me leave to come down unto you myself; I have sent unto you this gentleman with my mind.

I salute Mrs. Mayor, though unknown, with the rest of your family. I commit you, with the progress of the business, to the Lord; and rest,

Sir,

Your assured friend to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On the morrow morning, poor versatile Hamilton, poor versatile Holland, with the Lord Capel who the first of all in this Parliament rose to complain of Grievances, meet their death in Palaceyard. The High Court was still sitting in Westminster Hall as they passed through 'from Sir Robert Cotton's house.' Hamilton lingered a little, or seemed to linger, in the Hall; still hopeful of reprieve and fine of 100,000*l.*: but the Earl of Denbigh, his brother-in-law, a Member of the Council of State, stept up to him; whispered in his ear;—the poor Duke walked on. That is the end of all his diplomacies; his Scotch Army of

[1] [Headed by Harris, "No direction. In another hand, but signed by himself." Harris was mistaken, however. It is in Cromwell's hand throughout.]

[2] obliged.

* Harris, p. 506; one of the seventeen. [No. 7. Holograph. In the Morrison Collection.]

Forty-thousand, his painful ridings to Uttoxeter, and to many other places, have all issued here. The Earl of Lanark will now be Duke of Hamilton in Scotland: may a better fate await him!

The once gay Earl of Holland has been 'converted' some days ago, as it were for the nonce,—poor Earl! With regard to my Lord Capel again, who followed last in order, he behaved, says Bulstrode, 'much after the manner of a stout Roman. He had no 'Minister with him, nor showed any sense of death approaching; 'but carried himself all the time he was upon the scaffold with 'that boldness and resolution as was to be admired. He wore a 'sad-coloured suit, his hat cocked up, and his cloak thrown under 'one arm; he looked towards the people at his first coming up, 'and put off his hat in manner of a salute; he had a little dis-'course with some gentlemen, and passed up and down in a care-'less posture.'[1] Thus died Lord Capel, the first who complained of Grievances: in seven years time there are such changes for a man; and the first acts of his Drama little know what the last will be!—[2]

This new High Court of Justice is one of some Seven or Eight that sat in those years, and were greatly complained of by Constitutional persons. Nobody ever said that they decided contrary to evidence; but they were not the regular Judges. They took the Parliament's law as good, without consulting Fleta and Bracton about it. They consisted of learned Sergeants and other weighty persons nominated by the Parliament, usually in good numbers, for the occasion.

Some weeks hence, drunken Poyer of Pembroke and the confused Welsh Colonels are tried by Court Martial; Poyer, Powel, Laughern are found to merit death. Death however shall be executed only upon one of them; let the other two be pardoned: let them draw lots which two. 'In two of the lots was written, '*Life given by God;* the third lot was a blank. The Prisoners

[1] Whitlocke, p. 380 (the *first* of the *two* pages 380 which there are).

[2] [Capel's "frank and open nature, which had kept him unstained by the mire of political intrigue, had to the last attracted the admiration even of his enemies. Rejecting the services of a minister of a creed he detested, he stepped jauntily on to the scaffold with his hat cocked and his cloak under his arm. His religion, he said, was that of the Thirty-nine Articles, 'the best he knew of.' He was to die for his fidelity to the King and his obedience to the fifth commandment. His late master was 'the most religious of all princes of the world,' and his son was now the lawful King. Capel died nobly defiant, and in him English royalism could count one martyr more." Gardiner's *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 12.]

'were not willing to draw their own destiny; but a child drew 'the lots, and gave them: and the lot fell to Colonel Poyer to 'die.'[1] He was shot in Covent Garden; died like a soldier, poor confused Welshman; and so ended.[2]

And with these executions, the chief Delinquents are now got punished. The Parliament lays up its axe again; willing to pardon the smaller multitude, if they will keep quiet henceforth.

LETTER XCI

For my worthy Friend Dr. Love, Master of Bennett College, 'Cambridge:' These

'London,' 14th March 1648.

SIR,

I understand one Mrs. Nutting is a suitor unto you, on the right of her Son, about the renewing of a lease which holds of your College. The old interest I have had makes me presume upon your favour. I desire nothing but what is just; leaving that to your judgment; and beyond which I neither now nor at any time shall move. If I do, denial shall be most welcome and accepted by,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

This is not the Christopher Love who preached at Uxbridge, during the Treaty there in 1644; who is now a minister in London, and may again come before us; this is a Cambridge 'Dr. Love,' of whom I know nothing. Oliver, as we may gather, had befriended him in the old Cambridge days; nothing hard

[1] Whitlocke, 21st April, 1649.

[2] [This was on April 25, 1649. "It is observable," writes William Clarke, "that the lot should fall upon him, who was the first beginner of the second war." (*See Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on Mr. Leyborne-Popham's MSS.* p. 15.)]

* *Lansdown MSS.*, 1236, fol. 87. [Holograph. Sealed. "My Lord Pagett" written outside, in pencil.]

had befallen him during the reform of that University in 1644. Probably in Baker's Manuscripts it might be ascertained in what year he graduated, where he was born, where buried; but nothing substantial is ever likely to be known of him,—or is indeed necessary to be known.[1] 'Mrs. Nutting' and he were evidently children of Adam, breathing the vital air along with Oliver Cromwell; and Oliver, on occasion, endeavoured to promote justice and kindness between them; and they remain two 'shadows of small Names.'[2]

Yesterday, Tuesday 13th March, there was question in the Council of State about 'modelling of the forces that are to go to Ireland;' and a suggestion was made, by Fairfax probably, who had the modelling to do, that they would model much better if they knew first under what Commander they were to go.[3] It is thought Lieutenant-General Cromwell will be the man.

On which same evening, furthermore, one discerns in a faint but an authentic manner, certain dim gentlemen of the highest authority, young Sir Harry Vane to appearance one of them, repairing to the lodging of one Mr. Milton, 'a small house in Holborn which opens backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields;' to put an official question to him there! Not a doubt of it they saw Mr. John this evening. In the official Book this yet stands legible:

'*Die Martis*, 13° *Martii* 1648.' 'That it is referred to the same 'Committee,' Whitlocke, Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Harry Marten, Mr. Lisle, 'or any two of them, to speak with Mr. Milton, 'to know, Whether he will be employed as Secretary for the 'Foreign Languages? and to report to the Council.'[4] I have authority to say that Mr. Milton, thus unexpectedly applied to, consents; is formally appointed on Thursday next; makes his

[1] [This much may perhaps be said: that he, Dr. Richard Love, had at one time been chaplain to the Earl of Newport; that he kept his mastership of "Bennett" College through all these troublous times and that he was made Dean of Ely in 1660, but apparently died only a few months after his appointment.]

[2] Cooper's *Annals*, iii. 491; Master's *History of Corpus-Christi College* (Cambridge, 1753), pp. 143-54.—Mrs. Nutting, it appears, succeeded (*Cambridge MS., penes me.*)

[3] *Order-Book of the Council of State* (in the State-Paper Office), i. 86. [Present reference, S. P. Interregnum, I. 62, pp. 82-87, at the Public Record Office. Calendared in the volume for 1649, 1650, p. 37. There had been reports flying about that, in consequence of the proclamation of the young King in Scotland, Cromwell meant to march thither, and that he had said that if he had 10,000 men, he could "crush them in the shell." The rumour probably arose from the preparations for Ireland; 10,000 men being the number voted for that service.]

[4] *Ibid.*; Todd's *Life of Milton* (London, 1826), p. 96, 108-123.

proof-shot, 'to the Senate of Hamburgh,'[1] about a week hence;—and gives, and continues to give, great satisfaction to that Council, to me, and to the whole Nation now, and to all Nations! Such romance lies in the State-Paper Office.

Here, however, is another Letter on the Hursley Business, of the same date as Letter XCI.; which must also be read. I do not expect many readers to take the trouble of representing before their minds the clear condition of 'Mr. Ludlow's lease,' of 'the 250*l.*,' 'the 150*l.*,' &c., in this abstruse affair: but such as please to do so, will find it all very straight at last. We observe, Mr. Mayor has a decided preference for 'my ould land;' land that I inherited, or bought by common contract, instead of getting it from Parliament for Public Services! In fact, Mr. Mayor seems somewhat of a sharp man: but neither has he a dull man to deal with,—though a much *bigger* one.

LETTER XCII

'For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These'[2]

'London,' 14th March 1648.

SIR,

I received your paper by the hands of Mr. Stapilton. I desire your leave to return my dissatisfaction therewith. I shall not need to premise how much I have desired (I hope upon the best grounds) to match with you. The same desire still continues in me, if Providence see it fit. But I may not be so much wanting to myself nor family as not to have some equality of consideration towards it.[3]

I have two young daughters to bestow, if God give them life

[1] *Senatus Populusque Anglicanus Amplissimo Civitatis Hamburgensis Senatui, Salutem.* (In Milton's *Literæ Senatus Anglicani*, this *first* Letter to the Hamburgers is not given.)

[2] [Headed by Harris, "No direction, but wrote on the back, 'L. G. Cromwell's letter of exceptions.'"]

[3] 'it' is not the family, but the match.

and opportunity. According to your offer, I have nothing for them; nothing at all in hand. If my son die, what consideration is there to me, and yet a jointure parted with. If she die, there is little; if you have an heir male, then but 3,000*l.*, without time ascertained.[1]

But for these things, I doubt not but, by one interview between you and myself, they might be accommodated to mutual satisfaction; and in relation to these, I think we should hardly part, or have many words, so much do I desire a closure with you. But to deal freely with you: the settling of the Manor of Hursley, as you propose it, sticks so much with me, that either I understand you not, or else it much fails my expectation. As you offer it, there is 400*l.* *per annum* charged upon it. For the 150*l.* to your Lady, for her life, as a jointure, I stick not at that: but the 250*l.* *per annum* until Mr. Ludlow's lease expire, the term whereof I know not, and so much of the 250*l.* *per annum* as exceeds that lease in annual value for some time also after the expiration of the said lease,[2] gives such a maim to the Manor of Hursley as indeed renders the rest of the Manor very inconsiderable.

Sir, if I concur to deny myself in point of present moneys, as also in the other things mentioned, as aforesaid, I may and I do expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled without any charge upon it, after your decease, saving your Lady's jointure of 150*l.* *per annum*, which if you should think it fit to increase, I should not stand upon it. Your own estate is best known to you: but surely your personal estate, being free for you to dispose, will, with some small matter of addition, beget a nearness of equality,

[1] See Letter LVI. [Carlyle added many words here, printing: "And yet a jointure parted with 'on my side.' If she die there is 'on your side' little 'money parted with, even' if you have an heir male, 'there is' but 3,000*l.*, 'and' without time ascertained."]

[2] 'Ludlow's Lease,' &c. is not very plain. The 'tenor of Ludlow's Lease' is still less known to us than it was to the Lieutenant-General! [Harris read "tenor" instead of term.] This much is clear: 250 + 150 = 400 pounds are to be paid off Hursley Manor by Richard and his Wife, which gives a sad 'maim' to it. When Ludlow's Lease falls in, there will be some increment of benefit to the Manor; but we are to derive no advantage from that, we are still to pay the surplus 'for some time after.'

if I hear well from others; and if the difference in that were not very considerable, I should not insist upon it.

What you demand of me is very high in all points. I am willing to settle as you desire in everything, saving for present maintenance 400*l.* *per annum*, 300*l.* *per annum*.[1] I would have somewhat free, to be thanked by them for. The 300*l.* *per annum* of my old land[2] for a jointure, after my wife's decease, I shall settle; and in the mean time out of other lands at your election; and truly, Sir, if that be not good, nor will any lands, I doubt. I do not much distrust your principles in other things have acted[3] you towards confidence. You demand in case my son have none issue male but only daughters, then the[4] lands in Hantshire, Monmouth and Gloucestershire to descend to the daughters, or 3,000*l.* apiece. The first would 'be' most unequal; the latter is too high. They will be well provided for by being inheritrixes of their mother; and I am willing to [for ?] 2,000*l.* apiece to be charged upon those lands 'for them.'

Sir, I cannot but with very many thanks acknowledge your good opinion of me and of my son; as also your great civilities towards him, and your daughter's good respects, whose goodness (though known to me only at such a distance by the report of others) I much value. And indeed that causeth me so cheerfully to deny myself as I do in the point of moneys, and so willingly to comply in other things. But if I should not insist as before, I should in a greater measure deny both my own reason and the advice of my friends than were meet; which I may not do. Indeed, Sir, I have not closed with a far greater offer of estate, but rather chose to fix here: I hope I have not been wanting to Providence in this.

[1] Means, in its desperate haste; 'except that instead of 400*l.* per annum for maintenance, we must say 300*l.*'

[2] Better than Parliament-land, thinks Mayor! Oliver too prefers it for his Wife; but thinks all land will have a chance to go, if that go.

[3] actuated or impelled.

[4] [Carlyle inserted "Cromwell" here, but the lands in the counties of Hants, Monmouth and Gloucester were just what were *not* his own but those of the Marquis of Winchester and of Worcester.]

I have made myself plain to you, desiring you will make my son the messenger of your pleasure and resolution herein as speedily as with conveniency you may. I take leave,

And rest,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and daughters.*

On the morrow, which is Thursday the 15th, day also of John Milton's nomination to be Secretary, Lieutenant-General Cromwell was nominated Commander for Ireland;[1] satisfactory appointments both.

LETTER XCIII

THE Lieutenant-General is in hot haste to-day; sends a brief Letter 'by your Kinsman,' consenting to almost everything.—Mayor, as we saw before, decidedly prefers 'my ould land' to uncertain Parliamentary land. Oliver (see last Letter) offered to settle the 300*l.* of jointure upon his old land, after his Wife's decease; he now agrees that half of it, 150*l.*, shall be settled directly out of the old land, and the other half out of what Parliamentary land Mayor may like best.—The Letter breathes haste in every line; but hits, with a firm knock, in Cromwell's way, the essential nails on their head, as it hurries on.

'Your Kinsman,' who carries this Letter, turns out by and by to be a Mr. Barton; a man somewhat particular in his ways of viewing matters; unknown otherwise to all men. The Lieutenant-General getting his Irish Appointment confirmed in Parliament, and the conditions of it settled,[2] is naturally very busy.

* Harris, p. 507; Dunch's Pusey seventeen. [No. 8. Holograph. In the Morrison Collection.]

[1] [For his speech on the subject of taking the command in Ireland, see Supplement, No. 42.]

[2] *Cromwelliana*, p. 54; *Commons Journals*, &c.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These

'London,' 25th March 1649.

SIR,

You will pardon the brevity of these lines; the haste I am in, by reason of business, occasions it. To testify the earnest desire I have to see a happy period to this treaty between us, I give you to understand, that I agree to 150*l. per annum* out of the 300*l. per annum* of my old land for your Daughter's jointure, over the 150*l.* where you please; 400*l.* for present maintenance where you shall choose; either in Hantshire, Gloucester- or Monmouthshire; those lands 'to be' settled upon my son and his heirs male by your daughter; and in case of daughters only, 2,000*l.* apiece charged upon those lands. 400*l. per annum* free,[1] to raise portions for my two daughters. I expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled upon your eldest daughter and her heirs.[2] Your Lady a jointure of 150*l. per annum* out of it. For compensation to your younger daughter, I agree to leave it in your power, after your decease, to charge it with as much as will buy in the lease of the term of Allington[3] by a just computation. I expect, so long as they live with you, their diet, as you expressed; or in case of voluntary parting 150*l. per annum*; 3,000*l.* in case you have a son,[4] to be paid in two years next

[1] Means, 'shall be settled on Richard and his Wife, that I may be left free.' [This meaning is at anyrate doubtful.]

[2] ["The heirs of her body" added in another hand.]

[3] 'Ludlow's Lease,' I fancy. [Harris printed this, "lease of the farm at Allington," but it is difficult to accept the word as "ferme," the first letter seeming to be clearly a *t*, also the following word is certainly not "at," but "of." If we read "term" the allusion must be to one of the leases for terms of lives of which Cromwell has spoken before, perhaps to Ludlow's, as Carlyle suggests.] Anne Mayor, 'your younger Daughter,' married Dunch of Pusey; John Dunch, to whom we owe these seventeen Letters. See also Letter, 27th August 1657.

[4] Grandson, *i.e.*: in the next sentence 'die' means more properly *live*. [Cromwell does not mean grandson; see letters LVI., XCII. Nor does die mean live. The point is that if Mayor has no son of his own, the manor house is to go to his eldest daughter and her heirs, but if he should have a son, he is to pay her 3,000*l.* within two years after the boy's birth. The time is now fixed for the first time; in letter XCII., Cromwell complained that it was left uncertain. And if his daughter die without issue, Richard is to have 1,000*l.* within six months of her death. Carlyle printed "within six months 'of the marriage,'" and inserted several other words, needlessly.]

following; in case your daughter die without issue, 1,000*l.* within six months.

Sir, if this satisfy, I desire a speedy resolution. I should the rather desire so because of what your kinsman can satisfy you in. The Lord bless you and your family, to whom I desire my affections and service may be presented. I rest,

Your humble servant,

O. CROMWELL.*

Your Kinsman can in part satisfy you what a multiplicity of business we are in: modelling the Army for Ireland;—which indeed is a most delicate dangerous operation, full of difficulties perhaps but partly known to your Kinsman!

For, in these days, John Lilburn is again growing very noisy; bringing out Pamphlets, *England's New Chains Discovered*, in several Parts. As likewise, *The Hunting of the Foxes from Triploe Heath to Whitehall by Five Small Beagles*,[1]—the tracking out of Oliver Cromwell and his Grandees, onward from their rendezvous at Royston or Triploe, all the way to their present lodgment in Whitehall and the seat of authority. 'Five small Beagles,' Five vociferous petitionary Troopers, of the Levelling species, who for their high carriage and mutinous ways have been set to 'ride the wooden horse' lately. Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded; and you ride him bare-backed, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet,—in a very uneasy manner! To Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and these small Beagles it is manifest we are getting into *New Chains*, not a jot better than the old; and certainly *Foxes* ought to be hunted and tracked. Three of the Beagles, the best-nosed and loudest-toned, by names Richard Overton, William Walwyn, Thomas Prince,—these, with Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn, huntsman of the pack, are shortly after this lodged in the Tower;[2] 'committed to the Lieutenant,' to be in mild but safe keeping with that officer.[3] There is, in fact, a

* Harris, p. 508; one of the seventeen. [No. 10. Holograph. Seal of arms, black. In the Morrison Collection.]

[1] Given in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 44-60.

[2] 27th March, 11th April 1649 (*Commons Journals, in diebus*).

[3] [Eight troopers were originally associated with Lilburne in drawing up *England's New Chains*, and all eight names are appended to the petition to the General

very dangerous leaven in the Army, and in the Levelling Public at present, which thinks with itself: God's enemies having been fought down, chief Delinquents all punished, and the Godly Party made triumphant, why does not some Millennium arrive?

LETTER XCIV

'COMPENSATION,' here touched upon, is the 'compensation to your younger Daughter' mentioned in last Letter; burden settled on Hursley Manor, 'after your decease,' 'to buy-in the Lease of Allington Farm.' Mayor wants it another way; which 'seems very inconvenient,' and in brief cannot be.

For my esteemed good Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, These: at Hursley

'London,' 30th March 1649.

SIR,

I received yours of the 28th instant. I desire the matter of compensation may be as in my last to you. You propose another way; which truly seems to me very inconvenient.

I have agreed to all other things, as you take me (and that rightly), repeating particulars in your paper. The Lord dispose this great business (great between you and me) for good.

You mention to send by the post on Tuesday.[1] I shall speed things here as I may. I am designed for Ireland, which will be

and Council of officers (demanding the re-establishment of the court of agitators) in the copy amongst the Clarke Papers; *viz.:* Robert Ward, Thomas Watson, William Sawyer, Simon Graunt, George Jellis, Richard Rumball, John Benger and Thomas Harbye. The first five names only are printed in the *Hunting of the Foxes*, and they are probably the "five small beagles." This pamphlet was published about a fortnight after they were cashiered. Dr. Gardiner seems to intimate that they were set on their own horses, but the expression in the *Diurnal* "sentenced to ride the horse, with their faces to the tail," would appear rather to mean what Carlyle supposes. Overton, Prince and Walwyn were not, properly speaking, "beagles" at all, but were imprisoned with Lilburne as having been associated with him in the composition of the *Second Part of England's New Chains.*]

[1] The 30th of March is Friday; Tuesday is the 3d of April.

speedy. I should be very glad to see things settled before I go, if the Lord will. My service to all your family. I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'*

LETTER XCV

WHO the Lawyer, or what the "arrest" of him is, which occasions new expense of time, I do not know. On the whole, one begins to wish Richard well wedded; but the settlements do still a little stick, and we must have patience.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These

'London,' 6th April 1649.

SIR,

I have received your papers enclosed in your Letter; although I know not how to make so good use of them as otherwise might have been, to have saved expense of time, if the arrest of your lawyer had not fallen out at this time.

I conceive a draught, to your satisfaction, by your own lawyer, would have saved much time; which to me is precious. I hope you will send some 'one' up, perfectly instructed. I shall endeavour to speed what is to be done on my part; not knowing how soon I may be sent down towards my charge for Ireland. And I hope to perform punctually with you.

Sir, my son had a great desire to come down and wait upon your daughter. I perceive he minds that more than to attend business here.[1] I should be glad to see him settled, and all things

* Harris, p. 508. ["Name torn off" as Harris says. No. 11. Holograph. In the Morrison Collection.]

[1] The dog!

finished before I go. I trust not to be wanting therein. The Lord direct all our hearts into His good pleasure. I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to your Lady and family.*

There is much to be settled before I can 'be sent down to my charge for Ireland.' The money is not yet got;—and the Army has ingredients difficult to model. Next week, a Parliamentary Committee, one of whom is the Lieutenant-General, and another is Sir Harry Vane, have to go to the City, and try if they will lend us 120,000*l.* for this business. Much speaking in the Guildhall there, in part by Cromwell.[1] The City will lend; and now if the Army were once modelled, and ready to march —— ?—

LETTER XCVI

HERE, at any rate, is the end of the Marriage-treaty,—not even Mr. Barton, with his peculiar ways of viewing matters, shall now delay it long.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These

'London,' 15th April 1649.

SIR,

Your kinsman Mr. Barton and myself, repairing to our counsel for the perfecting this business so much concerning us, did, upon Saturday this 15th of April, draw our counsel to a meeting: where, upon consideration had of my letter to yourself expressing my consent to particulars, which 'letter,' Mr. Barton brought to your counsel Mr. Hales of Lincoln's Inn;[2] —upon the reading that which expresseth the way of your settling Hursley, your kinsman expressed a sense of yours

* Harris, p. 509. [No. 12. Holograph. In the Morrison Collection.]

[1] 12th April 1649, Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 55).

[2] 'Hales' is the future Judge Hale.

contrary to the paper under my hand, as also to that under your hand of the 28th of March, which was the same with mine as to that particular.[1]

And indeed I know nothing of doubt, in that which I am to do, but do agree it all to your kinsman, his satisfaction. Nor is there much material difference save in this, wherein both my paper sent by you to your counsel, and yours of the 28th, do in literal and all equitable construction agree, *viz.:* To settle an estate in fee-simple upon your daughter, after your decease; which Mr. Barton affirms not to be your meaning, although he has not (as to me) formerly made this any objection; nor can the words bear it; nor have I anything more considerable in lieu of what I part with than this. And I dare appeal[2] to yours or any counsel in England, whether it be not just and equal that I insist thereupon.

And this misunderstanding (if it be yours, as it is your kinsman's), put a stop to the business; so that our counsel could not proceed, until your pleasure herein were known. Wherefore it was thought fit to desire Mr. Barton to have recourse to you to know your mind, he alleging he had no authority to understand that expression so, but the contrary, which was thought not a little strange, even by your own counsel.

I confess I did apprehend we should be incident to mistakes, treating at such a distance, although I may take the boldness to say, there is nothing expected from me but I agree 'to' it to your kinsman's sense to a tittle.

Sir, I desired to know what commission your kinsman had to help this doubt by an expedient, who denied to have any; but did think it were better for you to part with some money, and keep the power in your own hands as to the land, to dispose thereof as you should see cause. Whereupon an overture was

[1] A mere *comma* here, instead of new paragraph; greatly obscuring the sense:—'as to that particular, and I know nothing of doubt in that which I am to doe, but doe agree itt all,' &c.

[2] [Harris mis-read this "have appealed."]

made, and himself and your counsel desired to draw it up; the effect whereof this enclosed paper contains. And although I should not like change of agreements, yet to show how much I desire the perfecting of this business, if you like thereof (though this be far the worse bargain), I shall submit thereunto; your counsel also thinking that things may be settled this way with more clearness and less intricacy. There is mention made of 900*l.* *per annum* to be reserved: but it comes to but about 800*l.*; my lands in Glamorganshire being but little above 400*l.* *per annum;* and the 400*l.* *per annum* out of my manors in Gloucester- and Monmouth-shire. I wish a clear understanding may be between us; truly I would not willingly mistake, desiring to wait upon Providence in this business. I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and daughters.*

This is the last of the Marriage-treaty.[1] Mr. Barton, whom 'no Counsel in England' could back, was of course disowned in his over-zeal; the match was concluded; solemnised, 1st May 1649.[2]

Richard died 12th July 1712, at Cheshunt, age 86;[3] his Wife died 5th January 1675-6, at Hursley, and is buried there,—where, ever after Richard's Deposition, and while he travelled on the Continent, she had continued to reside. In pulling down the old Hursley House, above a century since, when the Estate had passed into other hands, there was found in some crevice of the old walls a rusty lump of metal, evidently an antiquity; which was carried to the new Proprietor at Winchester; who sold it as 'a Roman weight,' for what it would bring. When scoured, it turned out,—or is said by vague Noble, quoting vague 'Vertue,'

* Harris, p. 509. [No. 13. Holograph—Seal of arms. In the Morrison Collection.]

[1] [There is one letter more, written on April 28. See Supplement, No. 43.]
[2] Noble, i. 188.
[3] *Ibid.*, i. 176, 188.

'Hughes's Letters,' and '*Ant. Soc.*' (Antiquarian Society), to have turned out,—to be the Great Seal of the Commonwealth.[1] If the Antiquaries still have it, let them be chary of it.

THE LEVELLERS

WHILE Miss Dorothy Mayor is choosing her wedding-dresses, and Richard Cromwell is looking forward to a life of Arcadian felicity now near at hand, there has turned up for Richard's Father and other parties interested, on the public side of things, a matter of very different complexion, requiring to be instantly dealt with in the interim. The matter of the class called Levellers; concerning which we must now say a few words.

In 1647, as we saw, there were Army Adjutators; and among some of them wild notions afloat, as to the swift attainability of Perfect Freedom civil and religious, and a practical Millennium on this Earth; notions which required, in the Rendezvous at Corkbushfield, 'Rendezvous of Ware' as they oftenest call it, to be very resolutely trodden out. Eleven chief mutineers were ordered from the ranks in that Rendezvous; were condemned by swift Court-Martial to die; and Trooper Arnald, one of them, was accordingly shot there and then; which extinguished the mutiny for that time. War since, and Justice on Delinquents, England made a Free Commonwealth, and such like, have kept the Army busy: but a deep republican leaven, working all along among these men, breaks now again into very formidable development.[2] As the following brief glimpses and excerpts may satisfy an attentive reader who will spread them out, to the due expansion, in his mind. Take first this glimpse into the civil province; and discern, with amazement, a whole submarine world of Calvinistic Sansculottism, Five-point Charter and the Rights of Man, threatening to emerge almost two centuries before its time!

'The Council of State,' says Whitlocke,[3] just while Mr. Barton

[1] Noble, i. 195. Bewildered Biography of the Mayors, 'Majors or Maijors,' *ibid.*, ii. 436-40.

[2] [There is a curious account in a Royalist newspaper of a quarrel in the House between Cromwell and H. Marten, in February, 1649, when Cromwell is said to have drawn his dagger, and "clapping it on the seat by him, expressed great anger against Harry and his levelling crew." *Merc. Prag.*, Feb. 27-Mar. 5.]

[3] 17th April 1649, p. 384.

is boggling about the Hursley Marriage-settlements, 'has intelli-'gence of certain *Levellers* appearing at St. Margaret's Hill, near 'Cobham in Surrey, and at St. George's Hill,' in the same quarter: 'that they were digging the ground, and sowing it with roots and 'beans. One Everard, once of the Army, who terms himself a 'Prophet, is the chief of them:' one Winstanley is another chief. 'They were Thirty men, and said that they should be shortly 'Four-thousand. They invited all to come in and help them; and 'promised them meat, drink, and clothes. They threaten to pull 'down Park-pales, and to lay all open; and threaten the neigh-'bours that they will shortly make them all come up to the hills 'and work.' These infatuated persons, beginning a new era in this headlong manner on the chalk hills of Surrey, are laid hold of by certain Justices, 'by the country-people,' and also by 'two troops of horse;' and complain loudly of such treatment; appealing to all men whether it be fair.[1] This is the account they give of themselves when brought before the General some days afterwards:

'*April 20th*, 1649. Everard and Winstanley, the chief of those 'that digged at St. George's Hill in Surrey, came to the General 'and made a large declaration, to justify their proceedings. Eve-'rard said, He was of the race of the Jews,' as most men, called Saxon and other, properly are; 'That all the Liberties of the 'People were lost by the coming in of William the Conqueror; 'and that, ever since, the People of God had lived under tyranny 'and oppression worse than that of our Forefathers under the 'Egyptians. But now the time of deliverance was at hand; and 'God would bring His People out of this slavery, and restore 'them to their freedom in enjoying the fruits and benefits of the 'Earth. And that there had lately appeared to him, Everard, a 'vision; which bade him, Arise and dig and plough the Earth, 'and receive the fruits thereof. That their intent is to restore 'the Creation to its former condition. That as God had promised 'to make the barren land fruitful, so now what they did, was to 'restore the ancient Community of enjoying the Fruits of the 'Earth, and to distribute the benefit thereof to the poor and 'needy, and to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. That

[1] *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 427, § 6 (Declaration of the bloody and unchristian Acting of William Star, &c. in opposition to those that dig upon George-Hill in Surrey); *ib.* no. 418, § 5, &c. [A great deal of information about the Diggers, and the very curious *Diggers' song*, will be found in the *Clarke Papers*, ii. 210, *et seq.*]

'they intend not to meddle with any man's property, nor to break 'down any pales or enclosures,' in spite of reports to the contrary; 'but only to meddle with what is common and untilled, 'and to make it fruitful for the use of man. That the time will 'suddenly be, when all men shall willingly come in and give up 'their lands and estates, and submit to this Community of 'Goods.'

These are the principles of Everard, Winstanley, and the poor Brotherhood,seemingly Saxon, but properly of the race of the Jews, who were found dibbling beans on St. George's Hill, under the clear April skies in 1649, and hastily bringing in a new era in that manner. 'And for all such as will come in and work 'with them, they shall have meat, drink, and clothes, which is 'all that is necessary to the life of man: and as for money, there 'is not any need of it; nor of clothes more than to cover naked-'ness.' For the rest, 'That they will not defend themselves by 'arms, but will submit unto authority, and wait till the promised 'opportunity be offered, which they conceive to be at hand. And 'that as their forefathers lived in tents, so it would be suitable 'to their condition, now to live in the same.

'While they were before the General, they stood with their 'hats on; and being demanded the reason thereof, they said, 'Because he was but their fellow-creature. Being asked the 'meaning of that phrase, Give honour to whom honour is due,— 'they said, Your mouths shall be stopped that ask such a ques-'tion.'[1]

Dull Bulstrode hath 'set down this the more largely because it was the beginning of the appearance' of an extensive levelling doctrine, much to be 'avoided' by judicious persons, seeing it is 'a weak persuasion.' The germ of Quakerism and much else is curiously visible here. But let us look now at the military phasis of the matter; where 'a weak persuasion' mounted on cavalry horses, with sabres and fire-arms in its hand, may become a very perilous one.

Friday, 20th April 1649. The Lieutenant-General has consented to go to Ireland; the City also will lend money; and now this Friday the Council of the Army meets at Whitehall to decide what regiments shall go on that service. 'After a solemn seeking of God by prayer,' they agree that it shall be by lot: tickets are put into a hat, a child draws them: the regiments, fourteen

[1] Whitlocke, p. 384.

of foot and fourteen of horse, are decided on in this manner. 'The officers on whom the lot fell, in all the twenty-eight regi-'ments, expressed much cheerfulness at the decision.' The officers did:—but the common men are by no means all of that humour. The common men, blown upon by Lilburn and his five small Beagles, have notions about England's *new* Chains, about the Hunting of Foxes from Triploe Heath, and in fact ideas concerning the capability that lies in man and in a free Commonwealth, which are of the most alarming description.

Thursday 26th April. This night at the Bull in Bishopgate there has an alarming mutiny broken out in a troop of Whalley's regiment there. Whalley's men are not allotted for Ireland: but they refuse to quit London, as they are ordered; they want this and that first: they seize their colours from the Cornet, who is lodged at the Bull there:—the General and the Lieutenant-General have to hasten thither; quell them, pack them forth on their march; seizing fifteen of them first, to be tried by Court-Martial. Tried by instant Court-Martial, five of them were found guilty, doomed to die, but pardoned; and one of them, Trooper Lockyer, is doomed and not pardoned. Trooper Lockyer is shot, in Paul's Churchyard, on the morrow. A very brave young man, they say; though but three-and-twenty, 'he has served seven years in these Wars,' ever since the Wars began. 'Religious' too, 'of excellent parts and much beloved;'—but with hot notions as to human Freedom, and the rate at which the millenniums are attainable, poor Lockyer! He falls shot in Paul's Churchyard on Friday, amid the tears of men and women. Paul's Cathedral, we remark, is now a Horseguard; horses stamp in the Canon's stalls there: and Paul's Cross itself, as smacking of Popery, where in fact Alablaster once preached flat Popery, is swept altogether away, and its leaden roof melted into bullets, or mixed with tin for culinary pewter. Lockyer's corpse is watched and wept over, not without prayer, in the eastern regions of the City, till a new week come; and on Monday, this is what we see advancing westward by way of funeral to him.

'About one hundred went before the Corpse, five or six in a 'file; the Corpse was then brought, with six trumpets sounding 'a soldier's knell; then the Trooper's Horse came, clothed all 'over in mourning, and led by a footman. The Corpse was 'adorned with bundles of Rosemary, one half stained in blood; 'and the Sword of the deceased along with them. Some thou-'sands followed in rank and file: all had seagreen-and-black

'Ribbon tied on their hats,[1] and to their breasts: and the women 'brought up the rear. At the new Churchyard in Westminster, 'some thousands more of the better sort met them, who thought 'not fit to march through the City. Many looked upon this 'funeral as an affront to the Parliament and Army; others called 'these people "Levellers;" but they took no notice of any one's 'sayings.'[2]

That was the end of Trooper Lockyer: six trumpets wailing stern music through London streets; Rosemaries and Sword half-dipt in blood; funeral of many thousands in seagreen Ribbons and black:—testimony of a weak persuasion now looking somewhat perilous. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and his five small Beagles, now in a kind of loose arrest under the Lieutenant of the Tower, make haste to profit by the general emotion; publish on the 1st of May[3] *their* 'Agreement of the People,'—their Bentham-Sieyes Constitution; Annual very exquisite Parliament, and other Lilburn apparatus; whereby the Perfection of Human Nature will with a maximum of rapidity be secured, and a millennium straightway arrive, sings the Lilburn Oracle.[4]

May 9th. Richard Cromwell is safe wedded; Richard's Father is reviewing troops in Hyde Park, 'seagreen colours in some of their hats.' The Lieutenant-General speaks earnestly to them. Has not the Parliament been diligent, doing its best? It has punished Delinquents; it has voted, in these very days, resolutions for dissolving itself and assembling future Parliaments.[5] It has protected trade; got a good Navy afloat. You soldiers, there is exact payment provided for you. Martial Law? Death, or other punishment, of Mutineers? Well! Whoever cannot stand Martial Law is not fit to be a soldier: *his* best plan will be to lay down his arms; he shall have his ticket, and get his arrears as we others do,—we that still mean to fight against the enemies of England and this Cause.[6]—One trooper showed signs of insolence; the Lieutenant-General suppressed him by rigour and by clemency; the seagreen ribbons were torn from such hats as had them. The humour of the men is not the most perfect. This Review was on Wednesday: Lilburn and his five small Beagles

[1] [The sea-green ribbons first appeared at Rainborowe's funeral, perhaps, as Dr. Gardiner suggests, as being considered appropriate to a sea-man.]

[2] Whitlocke, p. 385. [3] Whitlocke's date, p. 385.

[4] [Under date April 28, is a short letter from Cromwell concerning the troops in Hampshire. See Supplement, No. 44.]

[5] 15th April 1649, *Commons Journals*.

[6] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 56).

are, on Saturday, committed close Prisoners to the Tower, each rigorously to a cell of his own.

It is high time. For now the flame has caught the ranks of the Army itself, in Oxfordshire, in Gloucestershire, at Salisbury where head-quarters are; and rapidly there is, on all hands, a dangerous conflagration blazing out. In Oxfordshire, one Captain Thompson, not known to us before, has burst from his quarters at Banbury, with a Party of Two-hundred, in these same days; has sent forth his *England's Standard Advanced;*[1] insisting passionately on the *New Chains* we are fettered with; indignantly demanding swift perfection of Human Freedom, justice on the murderers of Lockyer and Arnald;—threatening that if a hair of Lilburn and the five small Beagles be hurt, he will avenge it 'seventy-and-seven fold.' This Thompson's Party, swiftly attacked by his Colonel, is broken within the week; he himself escapes with a few, and still roves up and down. To join whom, or to communicate with Gloucestershire where help lies, there has, in the interim, open mutiny, 'above a Thousand strong,' with subalterns, with a Cornet Thompson brother of the Captain, but without any leader of mark, broken out at Salisbury: the General and Lieutenant-General, with what force can be raised, are hastening thitherward in all speed. Now were the time for Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn; now or never might noisy John do some considerable injury to the Cause he has at heart: but he sits, in these critical hours, fast within stone walls!

Monday 14th May. All Sunday the General and Lieutenant-General marched in full speed, by Alton, by Andover, towards Salisbury; the mutineers, hearing of them, start northward for Buckinghamshire, then for Berkshire; the General and Lieutenant-General turning also northward after them in hot chase. The mutineers arrive at Wantage; make for Oxfordshire by Newbridge; find the Bridge already seized; cross higher up by swimming; get to Burford, very weary, and 'turn out their horses to grass;'—Fairfax and Cromwell still following in hot speed, 'a march of near fifty miles' that Monday. What boots it; there is no leader, noisy John is sitting fast within stone walls! The mutineers lie asleep in Burford, their horses out at grass; the Lieutenant-General, having rested at a safe distance since dark, bursts into Burford as the clocks are striking midnight. He has beset some hundreds of the mutineers, 'who could only fire some

[1] Given in Walker's *History of Independency*, part ii. 168; dated 6th May.

shots out of windows;'—has dissipated the mutiny, trodden down the Levelling Principle out of English affairs once more. Here is the last scene of the business; the rigorous Court-Martial having now sat; the decimated doomed Mutineers being placed on the leads of the Church to see:

Thursday, 17th May. 'This day in Burford Churchyard, Cornet 'Thompson, brother to Thompson the chief leader, was brought 'to the place of execution; and expressed himself to this purpose, 'That it was just what did befall him; that God did not own the 'ways he went; that he had offended the General: he desired 'the prayers of the people; and told the soldiers who were ap-'pointed to shoot him, that when he held out his hands, they 'should do their duty. And accordingly he was immediately, 'after the sign given, shot to death. Next after him was a 'Corporal, brought to the same place of execution; where, look-'ing upon his fellow-mutineers, he set his back against the wall; 'and bade them who were appointed to shoot, "Shoot!" and 'died desperately. The third, being also a Corporal, was brought 'to the same place; and without the least acknowledgment of 'error, or show of fear, he pulled off his doublet, standing a pretty 'distance from the wall; and bade the soldiers do their duty; 'looking them in the face till they gave fire, not showing the 'least kind of terror or fearfulness of spirit.'—So die the Leveller Corporals; strong they, after their sort, for the Liberties of England; resolute to the very death. Misguided Corporals! But History, which has wept for a misguided Charles Stuart, and blubbered, in the most copious helpless manner, near two centuries now, whole floods of brine, enough to salt the Herringfishery,—will not refuse these poor Corporals also her tributary sigh. With Arnald of the Rendezvous at Ware, with Lockyer of the Bull in Bishopsgate, and other misguided martyrs to the Liberties of England then and since, may they sleep well!

Cornet Dean[1] who now came forward, as the next to be shot, 'expressed penitence;' got pardon from the General: and there was no more shooting. Lieutenant-General Cromwell went into the Church, called down the Decimated of the Mutineers; rebuked, admonished; said, The General in his mercy had forgiven them. Misguided men, would you ruin this Cause, which marvellous Providences have so confirmed to us to be the Cause of

[1] [Cornet Henry Denne, author of a pamphlet on the rising in question, called *The Levellers Designe Discovered.*]

God? Go, repent; and rebel no more, lest a worst thing befall you! 'They wept,' says the old Newspaper; they retired to the Devizes for a time; were then restored to their regiments, and marched cheerfully for Ireland.—Captain Thompson, the Cornet's brother, the first of all the Mutineers, he too, a few days afterwards, was fallen-in with in Northamptonshire, still mutinous: his men took quarter; he himself 'fled to a wood;' fired and fenced there, and again desperately fired, declaring he would never yield alive;—whereupon 'a Corporal with seven bullets in his carbine' ended Captain Thompson too; and this formidable conflagration, to the last glimmer of it, was extinct.

Sansculottism, as we said above, has to lie submerged for almost two centuries yet. Levelling, in the practical civil or military provinces of English things, is forbidden to be. In the spiritual provinces it cannot be forbidden; for there it everywhere already is. It ceases dibbling beans on St. George's Hill near Cobham; ceases galloping in mutiny across the Isis to Burford; —takes into Quakerisms, and kingdoms which are not of this world. My poor friend Dryasdust lamentably tears his hair over the 'intolerance' of that old Time to Quakerism and such like: if Dryasdust had seen the dibbling on St. George's Hill, the threatened fall of 'Park-pales,' and the gallop to Burford, he would reflect that Conviction in an earnest age means, not lengthy Spouting in Exeter-Hall, but rapid silent Practice on the face of the Earth; and would perhaps leave his poor hair alone.

On Thursday night, 17th of the month, the General, Lieutenant-General, and chief Officers arrive at Oxford; lodge in All-Souls College; head-quarters are to be there for some days. Solemnly welcomed by the reformed University; bedinnered, bespeeched; made Doctors, Masters, Bachelors, or what was suitable to their ranks, and to the faculties of this reformed University. Of which high doings, degrees and convocation-dinners, and eloquence by Proctor Zanchy, we say nothing,—being in haste for Ireland. This small benefit we have from the business: Anthony Wood, in his crabbed but authentic way, has given us biographical sketches of all these Graduates; biographies, very lean, very perverse, but better than are commonly going then, and in the fatal scarcity not quite without value.[1]

[1] Wood's *Athenæ*, iv, (*Fasti*, ii. 127-155): the Graduates of Saturday, 19th May 1649, are, *Fairfax*, p. 148; *Cromwell*, p. 152; Colonels *Scrope*, Grosvenor, *Sir Hardress Waller*, *Ingoldsby*, *Harrison*, *Goff*, *Okey*; Adjutant-General Sedascue, Scoutmaster Rowe: and of Monday, 21st, Lieutenant-Colonel *Cobbet*, p. 140; John

Neither do we speak of the thanking in the House of Commons;[1] or of the general Day of Thanksgiving for London, which is Thursday the 7th June (the day for England at large being Thursday 21st),[2]—and of the illustrious Dinner which the City gave the Parliament and Officers, and all the Dignitaries of England, when Sermon was done. It was at Grocers' Hall, this City dinner; really illustrious. Dull Bulstrode, Keeper, or one of the Keepers, of the Commonwealth Great Seal, was there,—Keeper of that lump of dignified metal, found since all rusty in the wall at Hursley: and my Lord of Pembroke, an Earl and Member of the Council of State, 'speaking very loud' as his manner was, insisted that illustrious Bulstrode should take place above him. I have given place to Bishop Williams when he was Keeper; and the Commonwealth Great Seal is as good as any King's ever was;—illustrious Bulstrode, take place above me: so![3] 'On almost every dish was enamelled a bandrol with the 'word *Welcome.* No music but that of drum and trumpet;' no balderdash, or almost none, of speech without meaning; 'no drinking of healths or other incivility;'—drinking of healths; a kind of invocation or prayer, addressed surely not to God, in that humour; probably therefore to the Devil, or to the Heathen gods; which is offensive to the well-constituted mind. Four-hundred pounds were given to the Poor of London, that they also might dine.[4]—

And now for Bristol and the Campaign in Ireland.

LETTERS XCVII—CII

Tuesday, 10th July 1649. 'This evening about five of the clock, 'the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey; by the way 'of Windsor, and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and 'equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach 'with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish gray; divers coaches 'accompanying him; and very many great Officers of the Army; 'his Lifeguard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest

Rushworth, Cornet *Joyce*, p. 138:—of whom those marked here in *Italics* have biographies worth looking at for an instant.

[1] [This was on May 26, by which time Cromwell was back in London. On the 31st he wrote a letter about the disposition of the troops. See Supplement, No. 45.]

[2] *Commons Journals*, 26th May 1649. [3] Whitlocke, p. 391.

[4] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 59, 60).

'whereof a Commander or Esquire, in stately habit;—with 'trumpets sounding, almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had 'it been now standing. Of his Lifeguard many are Colonels; 'and believe me, it's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled 'in the world. And now have at you, my Lord of Ormond! 'You will have men of gallantry to encounter; whom to over-'come will be honour sufficient, and to be beaten by them will be 'no great blemish to your reputation. If you say, Cæsar or 'Nothing: they say, A Republic or Nothing. The Lord Lieu-'tenant's colours are white.'[1]

Thus has Lord-Lieutenant Cromwell gone to the Wars in Ireland. But before going, and while just on the eve of going, he has had the following, among a multiplicity of other businesses, to attend to.

LETTER XCVII

Barnabas O'Bryen, Sixth Earl of Thomond, Twentieth-and-odd *King* of Thomond, a very ancient Irish dignitary of the Limerick regions, whom it were still worth while to conciliate, has fallen into 'straits,' distresses; applies to the Lord Lieutenant to help him a little. The Lord Lieutenant thinks his case good; forwards it with recommendation to Harrington, of the Council of State, the proper official person in such matters. Note, this is by no means Harrington of the *Oceana*, this 'Sir James;' this is Member ('recruiter') for Rutlandshire, and only a distant cousin of the Oceana's.

What the Earl of Thomond's case was, as we have not seen the 'enclosed' statement of it, shall remain somewhat vague to us. Thomond had not joined the Irish Massacre, in 1641: but neither would he join against it; he apologised to the King's Lieutenant on that occasion, said he had no money, no force; retired with many apologetic bows into England to the King himself; leaving his unmonied Castle of Bunratty to the King's Lieutenant,—who straightway found some 2,000*l.* of good money lying hidden in it, and cheerfully appropriated the same. I incline to think, it may be for this Two-thousand-and-odd pounds, to have it acknowledged as a debt and allowed on the Earl of Peterborough's estate, that the poor Earl, 'in the modesty of his

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 62).

desires,' is now pleading. For he has been in active Royalist services since that passive one; in Ormond Wars, cessations, sequestrations, is a much-mulcted, impoverished man. And as for the Earl of Peterborough his son-in-law, he was one of poor Earl Holland's people in that fatal futile rising of St. Neot's last year; and is now wandering in foreign parts, in a totally ruined condition. Readers who are curious may follow the indications in the note.[1] Earl Thomond's modest desire was allowed. Bunratty Castle, where that 2,000*l.* was found 'buried in the walls,' is now quite deserted by the Thomonds; is now 'the largest Police-Barrack' in those Limerick regions.

To my worthy friend Sir James Harrington, 'Knight, of the Council of State: These'

'London,' 9th July 1649.

SIR,

You see by this enclosed, how great damage the Earl of Thomond hath sustained by these troubles, and what straits he and his family are reduced unto by reason thereof. You see the modesty of his desires to be such as may well merit consideration. I am confident, that which he seeks is not so much for advantage of himself, as out of a desire to preserve his son-in-law the Earl of Peterburgh's fortune and family from ruin.[2]

If the result of the favour of the House fall upon him, although but in this way, it is very probable it will oblige his Lordship to endeavour the peace and quiet of this Commonwealth, which will be no disservice to the State; perhaps of more advantage

[1] Ludlow, i. 21; Whitlocke (2d edit.), p. 420, see also p. 201; *Commons Journals*, vi. 279, 445 (15th August 1649, and 23d July 1650); Collins's *Peerage*, ii. 216; &c. &c.

[2] [The Parliament order of July 23, given probably in consequence of Cromwell's application, speaks of the money—2812*l.*—as "lent for the service of the State." Lord Peterborough, petitioning the Committee for Compounding in the previous March, states that his father-in-law's real estate is in the hands of the Irish rebels, and his personal estate "disposed for service of Parliament," for which they are debtors to him for 16,000*l.*; that the Committee to which this matter has been referred have resolved that the fine set on petitioner may be allowed to Lord Thomond in part to satisfy his debt and he is willing to accept it, but by reason of public business, the report cannot be made to Parliament. See *Calendar of Committee for Compounding*, p. 1208. Thomond yielded Bunratty to Parliament in 1646.]

than the extremity of his fine. Besides, you showing your readiness to do a good office herein will very much oblige,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER XCVIII

HERE likewise is a Letter which the Lord Lieutenant, in still greater haste, now in the very act of departing, has had to write,[1] —on behalf of his 'Partner' or fellow Member for Cambridge; which likewise the reader is to glance at, before going:

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire

'London,' 10th July 1649.

SIR,

I beseech you, upon that score of favour (if I be not too bold to call it friendship) which I have ever had from you, let me desire you to promote my partner's humble suit to the house; and obtain (as far as possible you may) some just satisfaction for him. I know his sufferings for the public have been great, besides the loss of his calling by his attendance here. His affections have been true and constant; and, I believe, his decay great in his estate. It will be justice and charity to him; and I shall acknowledge it as a favour to,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

John Lowry, Esquire, is Oliver's fellow Member for Cambridge. What Lowry's 'losses,' 'estate,' 'calling,' or history in general were, remains undiscoverable. One might guess that he had

* *Tanner MSS.* (in Cary, ii. 150). [Vol. lvi. f. 69 in Tanner; a copy evidently made for use in the House, as it is endorsed, "When the Lord Tumend or the Lord Peterburroughs business comes in, give this to Mr. Speaker."]

† Harris, p. 516; *Harleian MSS.* no. 6988—collated, and *exact.*

[1] [The letter in favour of Captain Richard Price (Supplement, No. 46), was probably also written during these last days in town.]

been perhaps a lawyer, some call him a 'chandler' or trader,[1] of Puritan principles, and fortune already easy. He did not sit in the short Parliament of 1640, as Oliver had done; Oliver's former 'Partner,' one Meautys as we mentioned already, gave place to Lowry when the new Election happened.

Lowry in 1645 was Mayor of Cambridge. Some controversy as to the Privileges of the University there, which was now reformed according to the Puritan scheme, had arisen with the Town of Cambridge: a deputation of Cambridge University men, with 'Mr. Vines' at their head, comes up with a Petition to the House of Commons, on the 4th of August 1645; reporting that they are like to be aggrieved, that the 'new Mayor of Cambridge will not take the customary oaths,' in respect to certain privileges of the University; and praying the House, in a bland and flattering way, to protect them. The House answers: "Yours is the University which is under the protection of this House;" Oxford, still in the King's hands, being in a very unreformed state: "this House can see no learning now in the Kingdom but by your eyes;"—certainly you shall be protected!—Counter-Petitions come from Lowry and the Corporation; but we doubt not the University was protected in this controversy, and Gown made good against Town.[2] What the controversy specially was, or what became of it, let no living man inquire. Lowry here vanishes into thick night again; nowhere reappears till in this Letter of Cromwell's.[3]

Letter written, as its date bears, on the very day when he set out towards Bristol, to take the command in Ireland, '10th July 1649, about five in the afternoon.' In some Committee-room, or other such locality, in the thick press of business, Lowry had contrived to make his way to the Lord Lieutenant, and to get this Letter out of him. Which indeed proved very helpful. For on that day week, the 17th of July 1649, we find as follows: 'The humble Petition of John Lowry, Esquire, was this day read. '*Ordered*, That the sum of Three-hundred pounds be allowed 'unto the said Mr. John Lowry, for his losses in the said Petition 'mentioned: and that the same be charged upon the revenue:

[1] Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*.

[2] See *Commons Journals*, vi. 229, 241.

[3] [There is a letter of Lowry's amongst the papers of the Committee for Compounding, written in the May of the following year; praying that John Jenkinson, his son-in-law, an honest and able man, a good lawyer and late under-sheriff, may be appointed steward to the Cambridge Commissioners. (See *Calendar of Committee for Compounding*, pp. 189, 233.)]

'and the Committee of Revenue are authorised and appointed 'to pay the same: and the same is specially recommended to Sir 'Henry Vane, Senior, to take care the same be paid accordingly,'[1] —which we can only hope it was, to the solace of poor Mr. Lowry, and the ending of these discussions.

Ten years later, in Protector Richard's time, on Friday 22d July 1659, a John Lowry, Esquire, now quite removed from Cambridge, turns up again; claiming to be continued 'Cheque in Ward in the Port of London,'—which dignity is according assured him till 'the first day of October next.'[2] But whether this is our old friend the Mayor of Cambridge, and what kind of provision for his old age this same Chequeship in Ward might be, is unknown to the present Editor. Not the faintest echo or vistage henceforth of a John Lowry either real or even possible. The rest—gloomy Night compresses it, and we have no more to say.

LETTER XCIX

MAYOR of Hursley, with whom are the young Couple, is connected now with an important man: he has written in behalf of 'Major Long;' for promotion as is likely. The important man does not promote on the score of connexion; and mildly signifies so much.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These

Bristol, 19th July 1649.

LOVING BROTHER,

I received your letter by Major Longe, and do in answer thereunto according to my best understanding, with a due consideration to those gentlemen who have abid the brunt of the service.

I am very glad to hear of your welfare, and that our children have so good leisure to make a journey to eat cherries:—it's very excusable in my daughter, I hope she may have a very good pretence for it! I assure you, Sir, I wish her very well,

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 263. [2] *Ibid.* vii. 727.

and I believe she knows it. I pray you tell her from me, I expect she writes often to me; by which I shall understand how all your family doth, and she will be kept in some exercise. I have delivered my son up to you, and I hope you will counsel him: he will need it, and indeed I believe he likes well what you say, and will be advised by you. I wish he may be serious, the times require it.

I hope my sister[1] is in health, to whom I desire my very hearty affections and service may be presented, as also to my Cousin Ann,[2] to whom I wish a good husband. I desire my affections may be presented to all your family, to which I wish a blessing from the Lord. I hope I shall have your prayers in the business to which I am called. My wife, I trust, will be with you before it be long, in her way towards Bristol.—Sir, discompose not your thoughts nor estate for what you are to pay me. Let me know wherein I may comply with your occasions and mind, and be confident you will find me to you as your own heart.

Wishing your prosperity and contentment very sincerely, with the remembrance of my love, I rest,

Your affectionate brother and servant,

O. Cromwell.*

Mayor has endorsed this Letter: 'Received 27th July 1649, per Messenger express from Newbury.' He has likewise, says Harris, jotted on it 'some shorthand,' and 'an account of his cattle and sheep.'—Who the 'Major Long' was, we know not: Cromwell undertakes to 'do' for him what may be right and reasonable, and nothing more.

Cromwell, leaving London as we saw on Tuesday evening July 10th, had arrived at Bristol on Saturday evening, which was the 14th. He had to continue here, making his preparations, gathering his forces, for several weeks.[3] Mrs. Cromwell means

[1] Mrs. Mayor. [2] Miss Mayor, afterwards Mrs. Dunch of Pusey.

[3] [There is a short note from him to the Justices of Peace in those parts, dated July 21, in the Supplement, No. 47.]

* Harris, p. 510: No. 8 of the Pusey seventeen. [It is No. 14, which would be No 10 of the Pusey seventeen. Holograph. Sealed. In the Morrison Collection.]

seemingly to pass a little more time with him before he go. In the end of July, he quits Bristol; moving westward by Tenby[1] and Pembroke, where certain forces were to be taken up,—towards Milford Haven; where he dates his next Letters, just in the act of sailing.

LETTER C

THE new Lord Lieutenant had at first designed for Munster, where it seemed his best chance lay. Already he has sent some regiments over, to reinforce our old acquaintance Colonel, now Lieutenant-General Michael Jones, at present besieged in Dublin, and enable him to resist the Ormond Army there. But on the 2d of August an important Victory has turned up for Jones; surprisal, and striking into panic and total rout, of the said Ormond Army;[2] which fortunate event, warmly recognised in the following Letter, clears Dublin of siege, and opens new outlooks for the Lord Lieutenant there. He sails thitherward; from Milford Haven, Monday, August 13th. Ireton, who is Major-General, or third in command, Jones being second, follows with another division of the force, on Wednesday. Hugh Peters also went; and 'Mr. Owens' also, for another chaplain.

The good ship John is still lying in Milford waters, we suppose, waiting for a wind, for a turn of the tide. 'My Son' Richard Cromwell, and perhaps Richard's Mother, we may dimly surmise, had attended the Lord Lieutenant thus far, to wish him speed on his perilous enterprise?

'For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These'

'Milford Haven,' from Aboard the John,
13th August 1649.

LOVING BROTHER,

I could not satisfy myself to omit this opportunity by my son of writing to you; especially there being so

[1] At Tenby, 2d August, *Commons Journals*, vi. 277.

[2] Rout at Rathmines or Bagatrath: Ormond's own Account of it, in Carte's *Ormond Papers*, ii. 403, 407-11: Jones's Account, in Cary's *Memorials*, ii. 159-62. *Commons Journals*, vi. 278 (14th August 1649).

late and great an occasion of acquainting you with the happy news I received from Lieutenant-General Jones yesterday.

The Marquis of Ormond besieged Dublin with nineteen-thousand men or thereabouts; seven-thousand Scots and three-thousand more were coming to that work. Jones issued out of Dublin with four-thousand foot and twelve-hundred horse; hath routed his whole Army; killed about four-thousand upon the place, and taken 2,517 prisoners, above three-hundred 'of them' officers, some of great quality.[1]

This is an astonishing mercy; so great and seasonable as indeed we are like them that dreamed. What can we say! The Lord fill our souls with thankfulness, that our mouths may be full of His praise,—and our lives too; and grant we never forget His goodness to us. These things seem to strengthen our faith and love, against more difficult times. Sir, pray for me, That I may walk worthy of the Lord in all that He hath called me unto.

I have committed my son to you; pray give him advice. I envy him not his contents; but I fear he should be swallowed up of them. I would have him mind and understand business, read a little history, study the mathematics and cosmography: —these are good, with subordination to the things of God. Better than idleness, or mere[2] outward worldly contents. These fit for public services,[3] for which a man is born.

Pardon this trouble. I am thus bold because I know you love me; as indeed I do you, and yours. My love to my dear sister, and my Cousin Ann your daughter, and all friends. I rest,

Sir,

Your loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, I desire you not to discommodate yourself because of the money due to me. Your welfare is as mine: and therefore

[1] The round numbers of this account have, as is usual, come over greatly exaggerated (Carte, *ubi supra*).

[2] ["more" in Forster, but Carlyle's emendation is probably correct.]

[3] Services useful to all men.

let me know, from time to time, what will convenience you in any forbearance; I shall answer you in it, and be ready to accommodate you. And therefore do your other business, let not this hinder.*

Of Jones and his Victory, and services in Ireland, there was on the morrow much congratulating in Parliament: revival of an old Vote, which had rather fallen asleep, For settling Lands of a Thousand Pounds a-year on him; and straightway, more special speedy Vote of 'Lands to the value of Five-hundred Pounds a-year for this last service;'—which latter Vote, we hope, will not fall asleep as the former had done.[1]

LETTER CI

Same date, same conveyance.

To my beloved Daughter Dorothy Cromwell, at Hursley: These

From Aboard the John, 13th August 1649.

My dear Daughter,

Your letter was very welcome to me. I like to see anything from your hand, because indeed I stick not to say I do entirely love you. And therefore I hope a word of advice will not be unwelcome nor unacceptable to thee.

I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord: to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would manifest Himself to you in His Son, and be listening what returns He makes to you, for He will be speaking in your ear and in your heart, if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoke your husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this life, and outward business, let that be upon the bye. Be above all these things, by faith in Christ, and then you shall have

* Forster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, iv. 267: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 278, 81 (14th, 18th August 1649).

the true use and comfort of them, and not otherwise.[1] I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way set, and I desire you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that I may hear thereof. The Lord is very near, which we see by His wonderful works, and therefore He looks that we of this generation draw near Him. This late great mercy of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your husband will acquaint you with it. We should be much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness. We much need the spirit of Christ, to enable us to praise God for so admirable a mercy.

The Lord bless thee, my dear daughter.

I rest,
Thy loving Father,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I hear thou didst lately miscarry. Prithee take heed of a coach by all means; borrow thy father's nag when thou intendest to go abroad.*

Is the last phrase ironical; or had the 'coach,' in those ancient roads, overset, and produced the disaster? Perhaps 'thy Father's nag' is really safer? Oliver is not given to irony; nor in a tone for it at this moment. These gentle domesticities and pieties are strangely contrasted with the fiery savagery and iron grimness, stern as Doom, which meets us in the next set of Letters we have from him!

On the second day following, on the 15th of August,[2] Cromwell with a prosperous wind arrived in Dublin; 'where,' say the old Newspapers,[3] 'he was received with all possible demonstrations 'of joy; the great guns echoing forth their welcome, and the 'acclamations of the people resounding in every street. The 'Lord Lieutenant being come into the City,—where the con-

[1] How true is this; equal, in its obsolete dialect, to the highest that man has yet attained to, in any dialect old or new!

[2] Carte, ii. 83.

[3] In Kimber: *Life of Cromwell* (London, 1724), p. 126. [From the *Perfect Politician*, 1660.]

* Forster, iv. 268: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.

'course of the people was very great, they all flocking to see him 'of whom before they had heard so much,—at a convenient place 'he made a stand,' rising in his carriage we suppose, 'and with 'his hat in his hand made a speech to them.' Speech unfortunately lost: it is to this effect; "That as God had brought him "thither in safety, so he doubted not but by Divine Providence "to restore them all to their just liberties and properties," much trodden down by those unblessed Papist-Royalist combinations, and the injuries of war: "and that all those whose hearts' affec- "tions were real for the carrying on of the great work against "the barbarous and bloodthirsty Irish and their adherents and "confederates for propagating the Gospel of Christ, of the "establishing of Truth and Peace, and restoring that bleeding "Nation 'of Ireland' to its former happiness and tranquillity,— "should find favour and protection from the Parliament of "England and himself, and withal should receive such endow- "ments and gratuities as should be answerable to their merits." 'This Speech,' say the old Newspapers, 'was entertained with 'great applause by the people; who all cried out, "We will live 'and die with you!"'

LETTER CII

Sir George Ayscough, now vigilantly cruising on those coasts, 'Vice-Admiral of the Irish Seas,' who has done good service more than once,—he ought not to suffer in his private economics by absence on the Public Service.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament: These

Dublin, 22d August 1649.

Sir,

Before my coming for Ireland, I was bold to move the House on the behalf of Sir George Ayscough, who then I thought had merited the favour of the Parliament, but since, much more, by his very faithful and industrious carriage in this place.

It seems, whilst he is attending your service, a lease he holds

of the Deanery of Windsor had like to be purchased over his head, he not coming to buy it himself by the time limited. He holds a very considerable part of his estate in church-leases; one or more being in impropriate tithes, which he and his ancestors have held for a good time: all which is like to determine, and go from him and his, by your orders.

I found the Parliament well to resent the motion I made on his behalf at that time. I desire you please to revive the business; and to obtain the House's favour for him, which they intended and expressed. He will, I presume, herewith send his humble desires: for which I beg your furtherance; and rest,

Sir,

Your most humble servant.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Ayscough is a Lincolnshire man. Last year, in the time of the Revolted Ships, he stood true to the Parliament; and brought his own ship off to them, in spite of perils. Serves now under Blake: is fast rising as a Sea-officer. The Lord Lieutenant's request in behalf of him has already been complied with.[1]

A DECLARATION BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND

MICHAEL JONES's Dublin Army, like all Armies hitherto in Ireland, is of a quite unsatisfactory structure, of habits and practices quite unsatisfactory. The Lord Lieutenant is busy modelling it; rearranging it under new and more capable Officers; above all, clearing it of bad men: an Irish friend informs us, 'There hath 'been an huge purge of the Army which we found here: it was 'an Army made up of dissolute and debauched men.'[2] 'The

* *Tanner MSS.* (in Cary, ii. 163). [Tanner lvi. 93, Holograph, Sealed.]

[1] *Commons Journals*, 8th August 1649 (vi. 276);—see *ib.* 9th July 1649 (on which day most probably, the day of Thomond's Letter too, Cromwell had been 'moving the House' for him). Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 317.

[2] Newspaper Letter in *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 439, § 7 [E. 573]; another, *ib.* § 22.

'Officers reduced are not a little discontented,' writes another friend: but the public service so requires it. Officers and men, and all Ireland are to know that henceforth it is on a new footing we proceed. Here is a Declaration, legible on such market-crosses, church-doors, and the like, as we have access to; well worth attending to in a distracted seat of war.[1]

This DECLARATION *is appointed to be printed, and published throughout all Ireland: By special direction from*—OLIVER CROMWELL.

WHEREAS I am informed that, upon the marching out of the Armies heretofore, or of parties from Garrisons, a liberty hath been taken by the Soldiery to abuse, rob and pillage, and too often to execute cruelties upon the Country People: Being resolved, by the grace of God, diligently and strictly to restrain such wickedness for the future,

I do hereby warn and require all Officers, Soldiers, and others under my command, henceforth To forbear all such evil practices as aforesaid; and Not to do any wrong or violence toward Country People, or persons whatsoever, unless they be actually in arms or office with the Enemy; and Not to meddle with the goods of such, without special order.

And I further declare, That it shall be free and lawful to and for all manner of persons dwelling in the country, as well gentlemen and soldiers, as farmers and other people (such as are in arms or office with or for the Enemy only excepted), to make their repair, and bring any provisions unto the Army (while in march or camp), or unto any Garrison under my command: Hereby assuring all such, That they shall not be troubled or molested in their persons or goods; but shall have the benefit of a free market, and receive ready money for goods or commodities they shall so bring and sell: And that they, behaving themselves peaceably and quietly; and paying such Contributions, proportionably with their neighbours, as have been, are, or shall be

[1] [This was preceded by one to the citizens of Dublin, issued on August 23. See Supplement, No. 48.]

duly and orderly imposed upon them, for maintenance of the Parliament's forces and other public uses,—shall have free leave and liberty to live at home with their families and goods; and shall be protected in their persons and estates by virtue thereof, until the 1st day of January next: By or before which time, all such of them as are minded to reside, and plough and sow, in the quarters,—are to make their addresses, for now and further protections, to the Attorney-General, residing at Dublin, and to such other persons as shall be authorised for that purpose.

And hereof I require all Soldiers, and others under my command, diligently to take notice and observe the same: as they shall answer to the contrary at their utmost perils. Strictly charging and commanding all Officers and others, in their several places, carefully to see to it That no wrong or violence be done to any such person as aforesaid, contrary to the effect of the premises. Being resolved, through the grace of God, to punish all that shall offend contrary hereunto, very severely, according to Law or Articles of War; to displace, and otherwise punish, all such Officers as shall be found negligent in their places, and not 'to' see 'to' the due observance hereof, or not to punish the offenders under their respective commands.

Given at Dublin, the 24th of August 1649.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

IRISH WAR

THE history of the Irish War is, and for the present must continue, very dark and indecipherable to us. Ireland, ever since the Irish Rebellion broke out and changed itself into an Irish Massacre, in the end of 1641, has been a scene of distracted controversies, plunderings, excommunications, treacheries, conflagrations, of universal misery and blood and bluster, such as

* *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 439, § 25. [E. 573.]

the world before or since has never seen. The History of it does not form itself into a picture; but remains only as a huge blot, an indiscriminate blackness; which the human memory cannot willingly charge itself with! There are Parties on the back of Parties; at war with the world and with each other. There are Catholics of the Pale, demanding freedom of religion; under my Lord This and my Lord That. There are Old-Irish Catholics, under Pope's Nuncios, under Abbas O'Teague of the excommunications, and Owen Roe O'Neil;—demanding not religious freedom only, but what we now call 'Repeal of the Union;' and unable to agree with the Catholics of the English Pale. Then there are Ormond Royalists, of the Episcopalian and mixed creeds, strong for King without Covenant: Ulster and other Presbyterians, strong for King *and* Covenant: lastly, Michael Jones and the Commonwealth of England, who want neither King nor Covenant. All these plunging and tumbling, in huge discord, for the last eight years, have made of Ireland and its affairs the black unutterable blot we speak of.

At the date of Oliver's arrival, all Irish Parties are united in a combination very unusual with them; very dangerous for the incipient Commonwealth. Ormond, who had returned thither with new Commission, in hopes to co-operate with Scotch Hamilton during the Second Civil War, arrived too late for that object; but has succeeded in rallying Ireland into one mass of declared opposition to the Powers that now rule. Catholics of the Pale, and Old-Irish Catholics of the Massacre, will at length act together: Protestant English Royalism, which has fled hither for shelter; nay, now at last Royalist Presbyterianism, and the very Scots in Ulster,—have all joined with Ormond 'against the Regicides.' They are eagerly inviting the young Charles Second to come thither, and be crowned and made victorious. He as yet hesitates between that and Scotland;—may probably give Scotland the preference. But in all Ireland, when Cromwell sets foot on it, there remain only two Towns, Dublin and Derry, that hold for the Commonwealth; Dublin lately besieged, Derry still besieged. A very formidable combination. All Ireland kneaded together, by favourable accident and the incredible patience of Ormond, stands up in one great combination, resolute to resist the Commonwealth. Combination great in bulk; but made of iron and clay;—in meaning not so great. Oliver has taken survey and measure of it; Oliver descends on it like the hammer of Thor; smites it, as at one

fell stroke, into dust and ruin, never to reunite against him more.[1]

One could pity this poor Irish people; their case is pitiable enough! The claim they started with, in 1641, was for religious freedom. Their claim, we can now see, was just: essentially just, though full of intricacy; difficult to render clear and concessible; —nay, at that date of the World's History, it was hardly recognisable to any Protestant man for just; and these frightful massacrings and sanguinary blusterings have rendered it, for the present, entirely unrecognisable. A just, though very intricate claim: but entered upon, and prosecuted, by such methods as were never yet available for asserting any claim in this world! Treachery and massacre: what could come of it? Eight years of cruel fighting, of desperate violence and misery, have left matters worse a thousand-fold than they were at first. No want of daring, or of patriotism so-called; but a great want of other things! Numerous large masses of armed men have been on foot; full of fiery vehemence and audacity, but without worth as Armies: savage hordes rather; full of hatred and mutual hatred, of disobedience, falsity and noise. Undrilled, unpaid,—driving herds of plundered cattle before them for subsistence; rushing down from hillsides, from ambuscadoes, passes in the mountains; taking shelter always 'in bogs whither the cavalry cannot follow them.' Unveracious, violent, disobedient men. False in speech; —alas, false in thought, first of all; who have never let the Fact tell its own harsh story to them; who have said always to the harsh Fact, "Thou art not that way, thou art this way!" The Fact, of course, asserts that it *is* that way: the Irish Projects end in perpetual discomfiture; have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow! There has been no scene seen under the sun like Ireland for these eight years. Murder, pillage, conflagration, excommunication; wide-flowing blood, and bluster high as Heaven and St. Peter;—as if wolves or rabid dogs were in fight here; as if demons from the Pit had mounted up, to deface this fair green piece of God's Creation with *their* talkings and workings! It is, and shall remain, very dark to us. Conceive Ireland wasted, torn in pieces; black Controversy as of demons and rabid wolves rushing over the face of it so long; incurable, and very dim to us: till here at last, as in

[1] [For Cromwell's Irish Campaign, see Murphy's *Cromwell in Ireland*. Also Gilbert's *Contemporary History of Affairs in Ireland*, vol. ii. *passim*. Many of the following letters are printed there.]

the torrent of Heaven's lightning descending liquid on it, we have clear and terrible view of its affairs for a time!—

Oliver's proceedings here have been the theme of much loud criticism and sibylline execration; into which it is not our plan to enter at present. We shall give these Irish Letters of his in their own natural figure, and without any commentary whatever. To those who think that a land overrun with Sanguinary Quacks can be healed by sprinkling it with rose-water, these Letters must be very horrible. Terrible Surgery this: but *is* it Surgery and Judgment, or atrocious Murder merely? That is a question which should be asked; and answered. Oliver Cromwell did believe in God's Judgments; and did not believe in the rose-water plan of Surgery;—which, in fact, is this Editor's case too! Every idle lie and piece of empty bluster this Editor hears, he too, like Oliver, has to shudder at it; has to think: "Thou, idle bluster, not true, thou also art shutting men's minds against the God's Fact; thou wilt issue as a cleft crown to some poor man some day; thou also wilt have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow!" —But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the Judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of 'abolishing Capital Punishment,' of Jean-Jacques Philanthropy, and universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. Men's notion was, not for abolishing punishments, but for making laws just: God the Maker's Laws, they considered, had not yet got the Punishment abolished from them! Men had a notion, that the difference between Good and Evil was still considerable;—equal to the difference between Heaven and Hell. It was a true notion. Which all men yet saw, and felt in all fibres of their existence, to be true. Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change or final perdition, can such indiscriminate mashing-up of Good and Evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary, of Rousseau Sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous; of which Oliver, happier than we, had not yet heard the slightest intimation even in dreams.

The reader of these Letters, who has swept all that very ominous twaddle out of his head and heart, and still looks with a recognising eye on the ways of the Supreme Powers with this world, will find here, in the rude practical state, a Phenomenon which he will account noteworthy. An armed Soldier, solemnly

conscious to himself that he is the Soldier of God the Just,—a consciousness which it well beseems all soldiers and all men to have always;—armed Soldier, terrible as Death, relentless as Doom; doing God's Judgments on the Enemies of God! It is a Phenomenon not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a Phenomenon which you are called to recognise with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight:—thou, art thou worthy to love such a thing; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it? Darest thou wed the Heaven's lightning, then; and say to it, Godlike One? Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendours? Thou also, art thou in thy sphere the minister of God's Justice; feeling that thou art here to do it, and to see it done, at thy soul's peril? Thou wilt then judge Oliver with increasing clearness; otherwise with increasing darkness, misjudge him.

In fact, Oliver's dialect is rude and obsolete; the phrases of Oliver, to him solemn on the perilous battlefield as voices of God, have become to us most mournful when spouted as frothy cant from Exeter Hall. The reader has, all along, to make steady allowance for that. And on the whole, clear recognition will be difficult for him. To a poor slumberous Canting Age, mumbling to itself everywhere, Peace, Peace, where there is no peace,—such a Phenomenon as Oliver, in Ireland or elsewhere, is not the most recognisable in all its meanings. But it waits there for recognition; and can wait an Age or two. The Memory of Oliver Cromwell, as I count, has a good many centuries in it yet; and Ages of very varied complexion to apply to, before all end. My reader, in this passage and others, shall make of it what he can.

But certainly, at lowest, here is a set of Military Despatches of the most unexampled nature! Most rough, unkempt; shaggy as the Numidian lion. A style rugged as crags; coarse, drossy: yet with a meaning in it, an energy, a depth; pouring on like a fire-torrent; perennial *fire* of it visible athwart all drosses and defacements: not uninteresting to see! This man has come into distracted Ireland with a God's Truth in the heart of him, though an unexpected one; the first such man they have seen for a great while indeed. He carries Acts of Parliament, Laws of Earth and Heaven, in one hand; drawn sword in the other. He addresses the bewildered Irish populations, the black ravening coil of sanguinary blustering individuals at Tredah and else-

where: "Sanguinary blustering individuals, whose sword is grown worthless as the barking of dogs; whose very thought is false, representing not fact, but the contrary of fact,—behold, I am come to speak and to do the truth among you. Here are Acts of Parliament, methods of regulation and veracity, emblems the nearest we poor Puritans could make them of God's Law-Book, to which it is and shall be our perpetual effort to make them correspond nearer and nearer. Obey them, help us to perfect them, be peaceable and true under them, it shall be well with you. Refuse to obey them, I will not let you continue living! As articulate-speaking veracious orderly men, not as a blustering murderous kennel of dogs run rabid, shall you continue in this Earth. Choose!"—They chose to disbelieve him; could not understand that he, more than the others, meant any truth or justice to them. They rejected his summons and terms at Tredah: he stormed the place; and according to his promise, put every man of the Garrison to death. His own soldiers are forbidden to plunder, by paper Proclamation; and in ropes of authentic hemp they are hanged when they do it.[1] To Wexford Garrison the like terms as at Tredah; and, failing these, the like storm. Here is a man whose word represents a thing! Not bluster this, and false jargon scattering itself to the winds: what this man speaks out of him comes to pass as a fact; speech with this man is accurately prophetic of deed. This is the first King's face poor Ireland ever saw; the first Friend's face, little as it recognises him,—poor Ireland!

But let us take the Letters themselves; and read them with various emotions, in which wonder will not fail. What a rage, wide-sweeping, inexorable as Death, dwells in that heart;—close neighbour to pity, to trembling affection, and soft tears! Some readers know that softness *without* rigour, rigour as of adamant to rest upon, is but sloth and cowardly baseness; that without justice first, real pity is not possible, and only false pity and maudlin weakness is possible. Others, again, are not aware of that fact.—To our Irish friends we ought to say likewise that this Garrison of Tredah consisted, in good part, of Englishmen.[2] Perfectly certain this:[3]—and therefore let "the bloody hoof of

[1] Two instances: *King's Pamphlets*, large 4to, no. 42, § 19, 6th-15th Sept. 1649. [E. 533. Should be 5-12 Oct.]

[2] Ludlow, i. 301.

[3] [Modern research has modified this opinion. Ormond's own regiment had probably very few English or Protestants in it; Col. Byrne's regiment was English, but Wall's and Warren's were mostly, if not altogether, Irish Catholics, as were also the troops of horse. See *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 124. Also Murphy, p. 86, *n.*]

the Saxon," &c. forbear to continue itself on that matter. At its peril! Idle blustering, and untruth of every kind lead to the like terrible results in these days as they did in those.

LETTERS CIII—CVI

STORM OF TREDAH

THE first of this set, a Summons to Dundalk, will be fully understood so soon as the Two following it are read. The Two following it, on Tredah, or Drogheda as we now name it, contain in themselves, especially the Second and more deliberate of the two contains, materials for a pretty complete account of the Transaction there.[1] It requires only to be added, what Cromwell himself has forborne to do, that on the repulse of the first attack, it was he, in person, who, 'witnessing it from the batteries,' hastened forward and led on the new attack: My pretty men, we must positively not be repulsed; we must enter here, we cannot do at all without entering!—The rest of these Irish Letters may, I hope, tell their own tale.

LETTER CIII

For the Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk: These

'Tredah,' 12th September 1649.

SIR,

I offered mercy to the garrison of Tredah,[2] in sending the Governor a summons before I attempted the taking of it;[3] which being refused brought their evil upon them.

[1] [See also the accounts of the siege, in *The Kingdom's Faithful and Impartial Scout* (E. 533, 16) and Col. Hewson's letter (*Ibid.* 15).]

[2] 'Treedagh,' he writes.

[3] [The summons to Drogheda ran as follows:—

Sir,—Having brought the Army belonging to the Parliament of England before this place, to reduce it to obedience, to the end effusion of blood may be prevented, I thought fit to summon you to deliver the same into my hands to their use. If this be refused you will have no cause to blame me. I expect your answer and rest,

Your servant,

(Signed) O. CROMWELL.

September 10th 1649.

Printed in Gilbert's *Contemporary History of Affairs in Ireland*, ii. 260. Also in *Sketches from the Carte Papers*, p. 17.]

If you, being warned thereby, shall surrender your garrison to the use of the Parliament of England, which by this I summon you to do, you may thereby prevent effusion of blood. If, upon refusing this offer, that which you like not befalls you, you will know whom to blame. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk never received this Letter, I believe! What, in the interim, had become of Dundalk and its Chief and other Officers, will shortly appear.

LETTER CIV

'To the Honourable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These'

'Dublin,' 16th September 1649.

SIR,

It hath pleased God to bless our endeavours at Tredah.[1] After battery, we stormed it. The enemy were about 3,000 strong in the town. They made a stout resistance, and near 1,000 of our men being entered, the enemy forced them out again. But God giving a new courage to our men, they attempted again, and entered, beating the enemy from their defences.

The enemy had made three entrenchments, both to the right and left 'of' where we entered; all which they were forced to quit. Being thus entered, we refused them quarter; having, the day before, summoned the town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did, are

* Autograph, in the possession of the Earl of Shannon, at Castle-Martyr, in the County of Cork.

[1] [In this and other letters, Carlyle has altered the Drogheda of his printed source into Tredah; but Cromwell spelt it Tredagh or Treedagh, as stated in the note on the previous page.]

in safe custody for Barbadoes. Since that time, the enemy quitted to us Trim and Dundalk. In Trim they were in such haste that they left their guns behind them.

This hath been a marvellous great mercy. The enemy, being not willing to put an issue upon a field-battle, had put into this garrison almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3,000 horse and foot, under the command of their best officers; Sir Arthur Ashton[1] being made governor. There were some seven or eight regiments, Ormond's being one, under the command of Sir Edmund Verney. I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one lieutenant, who, I hear, going to the enemy said, that he was the only man that escaped of all the garrison. The enemy were filled upon this with much terror. And truly I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God.

I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs. 'As' for instruments, they were very inconsiderable the work throughout.

[We are marching the army to Dublin, which we hope will be here to-morrow night, where we desire to recruit with victual, and shall then, God willing, advance towards the southern design—you know what—only we think Wexford will be our first undertaking in order to the other.][2]

Captain Brandly did with forty or fifty of his men very gallantly storm the tenalia; for which he deserves the thanks of the State.

'I rest,

Your most humble servant,'

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[1] [Aston is the true form, but the two were, at that date, written interchangeably, as Ashley and Astley were. As regards Sir Edmund Verney, see *Memoirs of the Verney Family*, ii. 344.]

[2] [In Whitlocke, whose version was printed by Carlyle (and by Gilbert) the passage in brackets is omitted and there is simply a note: "Then he gives an account of his purpose for Wexford, and concludes." The missing passage is supplied by *The Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer* (E. 575, 5).]

* Whitlocke, p. 412.

'*Tenalia*,' I believe, is now called *Tenaille* by engineers; a kind of advanced defensive-work, which takes its name from resemblance, real or imaginary, to the lip of a pair of *pincers*.

The 'Sir Edmund Verney' who perished here was the son of the Standard-bearer at Edgehill. For Sir Arthur Ashton see Clarendon. Poor Sir Arthur had a wooden leg which the soldiers were very eager for, understanding it to be full of gold coin; but it proved to be mere timber: all his gold, 200 broad pieces, was sewed into his belt, and scrambled for when that came to light.[1] There is in Wood's Life[2] an old-soldier's account of the Storm of Tredah, sufficiently emphatic, by Tom Wood, Anthony's brother, who had been there.[3]

LETTER CV

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These

Dublin, 17th September 1649.

SIR,

Your Army being safely arrived at Dublin; and the enemy endeavouring to draw all his forces together about Trim and Tecroghan (as my intelligence gave me); from whence endeavours were used by the Marquis of Ormond to draw Owen Roe O'Neal with his forces to his assistance, but with what success I cannot yet learn, I resolved, after some refreshment taken for our weather-beaten men and horses, and accommodations for a march, to take the field. And accordingly, upon Friday the 30th of August[4] last, rendezvoused with eight regiments of foot and six of horse and some troops of dragoons, three miles on the north side of Dublin. The design was, to endeavour the regaining of Tredah; or tempting the enemy, upon his hazard of the loss of that place, to fight.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 412. [2] Prefixed to the *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

[3] [Ludlow's, Dr. Bates' and Wood's accounts are all printed by Gilbert (*Contemp. History*, ii. 272-275). On Tom Wood's story, see Dr. Gardiner's comments. *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 135.]

[4] Friday is 31st; this error as to the day of the month continues through the Letter.

Your Army came before the town upon Monday following,[1] where having pitched, as speedy course was taken as could be to frame our batteries, which took up the more time because divers of the battering guns were on shipboard. Upon Monday the 9th[2] of this instant, the batteries began to play. Whereupon I sent Sir Arthur Ashton, the then Governor, a summons, To deliver the town to the use of the Parliament of England. To the which I received no satisfactory answer, but proceeded that day to beat down the steeple of the church on the south side of the town, and to beat down a tower not far from the same place, which you will discern by the chart enclosed.

Our guns not being able to do much that day, it was resolved to endeavour to do our utmost the next day to make breaches assaultable, and by the help of God to storm them. The places pitched upon were that part of the town-wall next a church called St. Mary's, which was the rather chosen because we did hope that if we did enter and possess that church, we should be the better able to keep it against their horse and foot until we could make way for the entrance of our horse, which we did not conceive that any part of the town would afford the like advantage for that purpose with this. The batteries planted were two: one was for that part of the wall against the east end of the said church, the other against the wall on the south side. Being somewhat long in battering, the enemy made six retrenchments: three of them from the said church to Duleek Gate, and three from the east end of the church to the town-wall and so backward. The guns, after some two or three hundred shot, beat down the corner tower, and opened two reasonable good breaches in the east and south wall.

Upon Tuesday the 10th of this instant, about five o'clock in the evening, we began the storm, and after some hot dispute we entered about seven or eight hundred men, the enemy disputing it very stiffly with us. And indeed, through the advantages of

[1] 3d September. [2] 10th.

the place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without some considerable loss; Colonel Cassell[1] being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died, and divers officers and soldiers, doing their duty, killed and wounded. There was a tenalia to flanker the south wall of the town, between Duleek Gate and the corner tower before mentioned, which our men entered, wherein they found some forty or fifty of the enemy, which they put to the sword. And this 'tenalia' they held, but it being without the wall, and the sally-port through the wall into that tenalia being choked up with some of the enemy which were killed in it, it proved of no use for our entrance into the town that way.

Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, as before is expressed, yet, being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt, wherein God was pleased 'so' to animate them that they got ground of the enemy, and by the goodness of God, forced him to quit his entrenchments. And after a very hot dispute, the enemy having both horse and foot, and we only foot, within the wall, they gave ground, and our men became masters both[2] of their retrenchments and the church; which indeed, although they made our entrance the more difficult, yet they proved of excellent use to us, so that the enemy could not 'now' annoy us with their horse, but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground, that so we might let in our own horse, which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty.

The enemy retreated, divers of them, into the Mill-Mount: a place very strong and of difficult access, being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable Officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I

[1] [Col. James Castle.]

[2] [The printed tract has "but of their retrenchments, etc." Carlyle's emendation is evidently correct.]

forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town, and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men, divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the Bridge into the other part of the Town, where about one hundred of them possessed St. Peter's church-steeple, some the west gate, and others a strong round tower next the gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused, whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, where one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames: "God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn."

The next day, the other two towers were summoned, in one of which was about six or seven score; but they refused to yield themselves, and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other tower were all spared, as to their lives only, and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood;[1] and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future, which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this garrison were the flower of all their army, and their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us, they being confident

[1] [Cromwell seems to have held all Ireland responsible for the massacres of eight years before. There can have been few—if any—at Drogheda who had taken part in them; certainly not the officers, certainly not the English soldiers, and almost certainly not Ormond's own regiment, raised in his ancestral domains, round Kilkenny. "But to Cromwell, as to the majority of Englishmen of his time, every Irishman, and still more every English defender of the Irish cause, had made himself an accomplice in the misdeeds of certain Irishmen." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 139.]

of the resolution of their men, and the advantage of the place. If we had divided our force into two quarters to have besieged the north town and the south town, we could not have had such a correspondency between the two parts of our army, but that they might have chosen to have brought their army, and have fought with which part 'of ours' they pleased, and at the same time have made a sally with 2,000 men upon us, and have left their walls manned; they having in the town the number specified in this enclosed, but some say near four thousand.

Since this great mercy vouchsafed to us, I sent a party of horse and dragoons to Dundalk,[1] which the enemy quitted, and we are possessed of, as also 'of' another castle they deserted, between Trim and Tredah, upon the Boyne. I sent a party of horse and dragoons to a house within five miles of Trim, there being then in Trim some Scots companies, which the Lord of Ardes brought to assist the Lord of Ormond. But upon the news of Tredah, they ran away, leaving their great guns behind them, which we also have possessed.

And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts, That a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God. And is it not so clear? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the Spirit of God, who gave your men courage, and took it away again; and gave the enemy courage, and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success.[2] And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory.

It is remarkable that these people, at the first, set up the mass in some places of the town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent that, the last Lord's day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great Church called St.

[1] *Antea*, Letter CIII.

[2] [Mr. Morley calls this paragraph "a theory of the Divine tactics in these operations which must be counted one of the most wonderful of all the recorded utterances of Puritan theology." (*Oliver Cromwell*, p. 301.)]

Peter's, and they had public mass there: and in this very place near one thousand of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, (brother to the Lord Taaff), whom the soldiers took, the next day, and made an end of; the other was taken in the round tower, under the repute of lieutenant, and when he understood that the officers in that tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a friar; but that did not save him.

A great deal of loss in this business fell upon Colonel Hewson, Colonel Cassell, and Colonel Ewers' regiments; Colonel Ewers having two field-officers in his regiment shot; Colonel Cassell and a captain of his regiment slain; Colonel Hewson's captain-lieutenant slain. I do not think we lost one hundred men upon the place, though many be wounded.

I most humbly pray the Parliament will be pleased 'that' this army may be maintained; and that a consideration may be had of them, and of the carrying on the affairs here, 'such' as may give a speedy issue to this work, to which there seems to be a marvellous fair opportunity offered by God. And although it may seem very chargeable to the State of England to maintain so great a force, yet surely to stretch a little for the present, in following God's providence, in hope the charge will not be long, I trust it will not be thought by any (that have not irreconcilable or malicious principles) unfit for me to move for a constant supply, which, in human probability as to outward means, is most likely to hasten and perfect this work. And indeed if God please to finish it here as He hath done in England, the war is like to pay itself.

We keep the field much, our tents sheltering us from the wet and cold, but yet the country-sickness overtakes many, and therefore we desire recruits, and some fresh regiments of foot, may be sent us. For it's easily conceived by what the garrisons already drink up, what our field-army will come to, if God shall

give more garrisons into our hands. Craving pardon for this great trouble, I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Since the writing of my letter, a major who brought off forty-three horse from the enemy told me that it's reported in their camp that Owen Roe and they are agreed.

A list of the defendants in Tredah: The Lord of Ormond's regiment (Sir Edmund Verney Lieutenant-Colonel), 400; Colonel Byrn, Colonel Warren, and Colonel Wall, 2,100; the Lord of Westmeath, 200; Sir James Dillon, 200; and 200 horse.*

The report as to Owen Roe O'Neil is correct. Monk, who had lately in Ulster entered upon some negotiation with O'Neil and his Old-Irish Party, who, as often happened, were in quarrel with the others, found himself deserted by his very soldiers, and obliged to go to England; where this policy of his, very useful as Monk had thought, is indignantly disavowed by the Authorities, who will not hear of such a connexion.[1] Owen Roe O'Neil appears to have been a man of real ability: surely no able man, or son of Order, ever sank in a more dismal welter of confusions unconquerable by him! He did no more service or disservice henceforth; he died in some two months, of a disease in the foot,—poisoned, say some, by the gift of a 'pair of russet-leather boots' which some traitor had bestowed on him.[2]

Such was the Storm of Tredah. A thing which, if one *wanted* good assurance as to the essential meaning of it, might well 'work remorse and regret:' for indisputably the outer body of it is emphatic enough! Cromwell, not in a light or loose manner, but in a very solemn and deep one, takes charge for himself, at his own peril, That it *is* a Judgment of God: and that it did 'save much effusion of blood,' we and all spectators can very readily testify. 'The execrable policy of that Regicide,' says Jacobite Carte on the occasion, 'had the effect he proposed. It

* Newspapers; in *Parliamentary History* (London, 1763), xix. 201.

[1] 10th August 1649 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 277). [2] Carte, ii. 83.

'spread abroad the terror of his name; it cut'—In fact, it cut through the heart of the Irish War. Wexford Storm followed (not by forethought, it would seem, but by chance of war) in the same stern fashion; and there was no other storm or slaughter needed in that Country. Rose-water Surgeons might have tried it otherwise; but that was not Oliver's execrable policy, not the Rose-water one. And so we leave it, standing on such basis as it has.[1]

Ormond had sent orders to 'burn' Dundalk and Trim before quitting them; but the Garrisons, looking at Tredah, were in too much haste to apply the coal. They marched away at double-quick time; the Lord Lieutenant got possession of both Towns unburnt. He has put Garrisons there, we see, which 'drink up' some of his forces. He has also despatched Colonel Venables, of whom we shall hear again, with a regiment or two, to reduce Carlingford, Newry,—to raise what Siege there may be at Derry, and assist in settling distracted Ulster: of whose progress here are news.

[1] [Ormond, writing to the King after the storming of Drogheda, says the successes and power of the "rebels" (*i.e.*, the Parliament forces) have so struck terror into the people, that although they "have yet numbers enough, and other competent means to oppose," they are yet so stupefied that it is with great difficulty that he can "persuade them to act anything like men towards their own preservation." (*Carte Papers*, ii. 396.) As for Cromwell's conduct at Drogheda, he declares, in a letter to Byron of September 29 (also among the *Carte Papers* and printed in Gilbert, ii. 271) that all his officers and soldiers promised quarter to such as would lay down their arms, and performed it, as long as any place held out, which encouraged others to yield. But when they had once all in their power, "then the word no quarter went round, and the soldiers were many of them forced against their wills to kill their prisoners. The cruelty exercised there for five days after the town was taken, would," he declared, "make as many several pictures of inhumanity, as are to be found in the book of martyrs or in the relation of Amboyna." Dr. Gardiner points out that "so far from sparing effusion of blood, [Cromwell's] cruelty at Drogheda and Wexford, successful at Ross and at a few lesser strongholds, only served to exasperate the garrisons of Duncannon, of Kilkenny and of Clonmel; and in his later movements, Cromwell, always prepared to accept the teaching of events, discovered that the way of clemency was the shortest road to conquest." (*Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 175.) Perhaps the best defence of Cromwell's action from a military point of view is that pointed out by Mr. Firth, *viz.*: a letter from Wellington to Canning in 1820, in which he writes, "I believe it has always been understood that the defenders of a fortress stormed have no claim to quarter." The consequence of the new regulations and the humanity of modern warfare, he continues, "was to me the loss of the flower of the army in the assaults of Ciudad Rodrigo and of Badajoz. I certainly should have thought myself justified in putting both garrisons to the sword; and if I had done so to the first, it is probable I should have saved 5,000 men in the assault of the second. I mention this in order to show you that the practice of refusing quarter to a garrison which stands an assault is not a useless effusion of blood."—*Despatches, Correspondence and Memoranda of Arthur, Duke of Wellington*, i. 93. See *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 132, note.]

LETTER CVI

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England : These

Dublin, 27th September 1649.

Mr. Speaker,

I had not received any account from Colonel Venables (whom I sent from Tredah to endeavour the reducing of Carlingford, and so to march northward towards a conjunction with Sir Charles Coote) until the last night.[1]

After he came to Carlingford, having summoned the place, both the three castles and the fort commanding the harbour were rendered to him; wherein were about forty barrels of powder, seven pieces of cannon, about one thousand muskets, and five-hundred pikes wanting twenty. In the entrance into the harbour, Captain Fern, aboard your man-of-war, had some danger, being much shot at from the sea fort, a bullet shooting through his main-mast. The Captain's entrance into that harbour was a considerable adventure, and a good service; as also was Captain Brandley's,[2] who, with forty seamen, stormed a very strong tenalia at Tredah, and helped to take it; for which he deserves an owning by you.

Venables marched from Carlingford, with a party of Horse and Dragoons, to the Newry; leaving the Foot to come up after him. He summoned the place, and it was yielded before his Foot came up to him. Some other informations I have received from him, which promise well towards your northern interest, which, if well prosecuted, will, I trust God, render you a good account of those parts.

I have sent those things to be presented to the Council of State for their consideration. I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, He will give you an heart to improve them to His

[1] [Venables' letter, dated September 22, is in *Letters from Ireland* (E. 575, 7) and is reprinted in Gilbert's *Contemporary History of Affairs in Ireland*, ii. 267.]

[2] *Antea*, p. 465.

glory alone; because He alone is the author of them, and of all the goodness, patience and long-suffering extended towards you.

Your army has marched; and I believe, this night lieth at Arcklow in the County of Wicklow, by the sea-side, between thirty and forty miles from this place. I am this day, by God's blessing, going towards it.

I crave your pardon for this trouble; and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. I desire the supplies moved for may be hastened. I am verily persuaded, though the burden be great, yet it is for your service. If the garrisons we take swallow up your men, how shall we be able to keep the field? Who knows but the Lord may pity England's sufferings, and make a short work of this. It is in His hand to do it, and therein only your servants rejoice.

I humbly present the condition of Captain George Jenkins his Widow. He died presently after Tredah Storm. His Widow is in great want.

A list of the Officers and Soldiers slain at the storming of Tredah:—Sir Arthur Ashton, Governor; Sir Edmund Verney, Lieutenant-Colonel to Ormond's Regiment; Colonel Fleming, Lieutenant-Colonel Finglass, Major Fitzgerald, with eight Captains, eight Lieutenants, and eight Cornets, all of Horse; Colonel Warren, Wall and Byrn, of Foot, with their Lieutenants, Majors, &c.; the Lord Taaff's Brother, an Augustine Friar; forty-four Captains, and all their Lieutenants, Ensigns, &c.; 220 Reformadoes and Troopers; 2,500 Foot-soldiers, besides Staff-Officers, Surgeons, &c., and many inhabitants.*

* *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 441, art 7, *Letters from Ireland, printed by Authority* (p. 13) [E. 575]. *Parliamentary History* (xix. 207-9) has copied this Letter from the old Pamphlet (as usual, giving no reference); and after the concluding 'Surgeons, &c.,' has taken the liberty of adding these words, '*and many inhabitants*,' of which there is no whisper in the old Pamphlets;—a very considerable liberty indeed! [The words *are* in the very pamphlet here quoted. Moreover the *Parliamentary History* does give the reference: "The Lord Lieutenant's letters, from the original edition printed by John Field for Edward Husband, printer to the Parliament of England, and published by their order." As regards

Venables went on, rapidly accomplishing his service in the North; without much hurt; though not without imminent peril once,—by a camisado, or surprisal in the night-time, which is afterwards alluded to in these Letters. The Lord Lieutenant, we observe, still dates from Dublin, but is to quit it 'this day;' his 'Army has already marched:' Southward now, on a new series of operations.

LETTER CVII

STORM OF WEXFORD

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These

Wexford, 14th October 1649.

SIR,

The army marched from Dublin, about the 23d of September, into the county of Wicklow, where the enemy had a garrison about fourteen miles from Dublin, called Killingkerick; which they quitting, a company of the army was put therein. From thence the army marched through almost a desolated country, until it came to a passage over the river Doro,[1] about a mile above the castle of Arcklow, which was the first seat and honour of the Marquis of Ormond's family; which he had strongly fortified, but 'it' was, upon the approach of the army, quitted; wherein we left another company of Foot.

From thence the army marched towards Wexford; where in the way was a strong and large castle, at a town called Limerick, the ancient seat of the Esmonds; where the enemy had a strong garrison, which they burnt and quitted, the day before our coming thither. From thence we marched towards Ferns, an

the whole list, however, Mr. Firth suggests what probably is the true explanation; *viz.*: that it was not part of Cromwell's letter at all, but linked on to it by the printer, perhaps by Parliament's orders. Yet he sent the list at the end of the previous letter. See p. 470.]

[1] River Darragh;—a branch of what is now called the Avoca; well known to musical persons.

episcopal seat, where was a castle; to which I sent Colonel Reynolds with a party to summon it; which accordingly he did, and it was surrendered to him; where we having put a company, advanced the army to a passage over the River Slane, which runs down to Wexford; and that night 'we' marched into the fields of a village called Eniscorfy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallop;[1] where was a strong castle very well manned and provided for by the enemy; and, close under it, in a very fair house belonging to the same worthy person, a monastery of Franciscan friars, the considerablest in all Ireland: they ran away the night before we came. We summoned the castle, and they refused to yield at the first, but upon better consideration, they were willing to deliver the place to us, which accordingly they did; leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition and provisions behind them.

Upon Monday the first of October, we came before Wexford, into which the enemy had put a garrison, consisting of 'part of' their army; this town having, until then, been so confident of their own strength as that they would not, at any time, suffer a garrison to be imposed upon them. The commander that brought in those forces was Colonel David Synnott, who took upon him the command of the place, to whom I sent a summons, a copy whereof is this enclosed; between whom and me there passed answers and replies, copies whereof these also are:

1. "*For the Commander-in-Chief within the town of Wexford: These*

"Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"SIR,

"Having brought the army belonging to the "Parliament of England before this place, to reduce it to its "due obedience: to the end effusion of blood may be prevented,

[1] Wallop is Member ('recruiter') for Andover; a King's-Judge; Member of the Council of State; now and afterwards a conspicuous rigorous republican man. He has advanced money, long since, we suppose, for the Public Service in Ireland; and obtained in payment this 'fair House,' and Superiority of Enniscorthy: properties the value or no-value of which will much depend on the Lord-Lieutenant's success at present.—Wallop's representative, a Peer of the Realm, is still owner here, as it has proved.

"and the town and country about it preserved from ruin, I "thought fit to summon you to deliver the same to me, to the "use of the State of England.

"By this offer, I hope it will clearly appear where the guilt "will lie, if innocent persons should come to suffer with the "nocent. I expect your speedy answer; and rest,

"Sir,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL." [1]

"For the Lord General Cromwell: These

"Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"SIR,—I have received your letter of summons for the delivery "up of this town into your hands, which standeth not with my "honour to do of myself; neither will I take it upon me, without "the advice of the rest of the officers and Mayor of this Corpora-"tion; this town being of so great consequence to all Ireland. "Whom I will call together, and confer with; and return my "resolution unto you, tomorrow by twelve of the clock.

"In the mean time, if you be so pleased, I am content to for-"bear all acts of hostility, so you permit no approach to be made. "Expecting your answer in that particular, I remain,—my Lord,— "your Lordship's servant,

"DA. SINNOTT."

2. *"For the Commander-in-Chief in Wexford: These*

"Before Wexford, 3d October, 1649.

SIR,

"I am contented to expect your resolution by "twelve of the clock tomorrow morning. Because our tents are "not so good a covering as your houses, and for other reasons, I "cannot agree to a cessation. I rest, your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL." [2]

[1] [This copy is in Cromwell's own hand.]

[2] [Gilbert gives the following and somewhat different version. "Sir, I have received your resolutions to return your answer by 12 of the clock tomorrow morning, which I agree unto; but for your other part of your letter, to forbear all acts of hostility, I consider that your houses are better than our tents, and so shall not consent unto that." (*Contemp. History*, ii. 284.) But the copies in the *Tanner MSS.* are those actually sent by Cromwell.]

"*For the Lord General Cromwell: These*

"Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"SIR,—I have advised with the Mayor and Officers, as I "promised, and thereupon am content that four, whom I shall "employ, may have a conference and treaty with four of yours, "to see if any agreement and understanding may be begot be- "tween us. To this purpose I desire you to send mine a safe- "conduct, as I do hereby promise to send unto yours when you "send me their names. And I pray that the meeting may be "had tomorrow at eight of the clock in the forenoon, that they "may have sufficient time to confer and debate together, and "determine and compose the matter; and that the meeting and "place may be agreed upon, and the safe-conducts mutually sent "for the said meeting this afternoon. Expecting your answer "hereto, I rest, my Lord, your servant,

"DA. SINNOTT.

"Send me the names of your Agents, their qualities and "degrees. Those I fix upon are: Major James Byrne, Major "Theobald Dillon, Alderman Nicholas Cheevers, Mr. William "Stafford."

3. "*To the Commander-in-Chief in Wexford: These*

"'Before Wexford,' 4th October 1649."

"SIR,

"Having summoned you to deliver the town "of Wexford into my hands, I might well expect the delivery "thereof, and not a formal treaty; which is seldom granted but "where the things stand upon a more equal foot.

"If therefore yourself or the town have any desires to offer, "upon which you will surrender the place to me, I shall be able "to judge of the reasonableness of them when they are made "known to me. To which end, if you shall think fit to send the "persons named in your last, entrusted by yourself and the town, "by whom I may understand your desires, I shall give you a "speedy and fitting answer. And I do hereby engage myself, "that they shall return in safety to you.

"I expect your answer hereunto within an hour; and rest,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

For the Lord General Cromwell : These

"Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"Sir,—I have returned you a civil answer, to the best of my "judgment; and thereby, I find, you undervalue me and this "place so much, as you think to have it surrendered without "capitulation or honourable terms, appears by your hour's limita-"tion in your last.

"Sir, had I never a man in this town but the townsmen, and "the artillery here planted, I should conceive myself in a very "befitting condition to make honourable conditions. And having "a considerable party, with them, in the place, I am resolved to "die honourably, or make such conditions as may secure my "honour and life in the eyes of my own Party.

"To which reasonable terms if you hearken not, or give me "'not' time to send my agents till eight of the clock in the "forenoon tomorrow, with my propositions, with a further safe-"conduct, I leave you to your better judgment, and myself "to the assistance of the Almighty; and so conclude.—Your "servant,

"Da. Sinnott."

"For the Lord General Cromwell

"Wexford, 5th October 1649.

"Sir,—My propositions being now prepared, I am ready to "send my agents with them unto you. And for their safe re-"turn, I pray you to send a safe-conduct by this bearer unto "me, in hope an honourable agreement may thereupon arise "between your Lordship and, my Lord, your Lordship's servant,

"Da. Sinnott."

Whilst these papers were passing between us, I sent the Lieutenant-General[1] with a party of dragoons, horse and foot, to endeavour to reduce their fort, which lay at the mouth of their harbour, about ten miles distant from us, to which he sent a troop of dragoons, but the enemy quitted their fort, leaving behind them about seven[2] great guns; betook themselves, by the help

[1] Michael Jones. [He appears to have received the appointment in July, as the Council of State calls him "Major-General" on the 24th and "Lieutenant-General" on the 26th.]

[2] [Number inserted by Cromwell in blank space.]

of their boat, to a frigate of twelve guns lying in the harbour, within cannon-shot of the fort. The dragoons possessed the fort, and some seamen belonging to your fleet coming happily in at the same time, they bent their guns at the frigate, and she immediately yielded to mercy both herself, the soldiers that had been in the fort, and the seamen that manned her. And whilst our men were in her, the town, not knowing what had happened, sent another small vessel to her, which our men also took.

The Governor of the town having obtained from me a safe-conduct for the four persons mentioned in one of the papers, to come and treat with me about the surrender of the town, I expected they should have done so, but instead thereof, the Earl of Castlehaven brought to their relief, on the north side of the river,[1] about five-hundred foot, which occasioned their refusal to send out any to treat, and caused me to revoke my safe-conduct, not thinking it fit to leave it for them to make use of it when they pleased:

"*For the Lord General Cromwell: These*

"Wexford, 5th October 1649.

"My Lord,—Even as I was ready to send out my agents unto "you, the Lord General of the horse came hither with a relief. "Unto whom I communicated the proceedings between your "Lordship and me, and delivered him the propositions I intended "to despatch unto your Lordship; who hath desired a small time "to consider of them, and to speed them unto me. Which, my "Lord, I could not deny, he having a commanding power over "me.

"Pray, my Lord, believe that I do not do this to trifle out time; "but for his present content;—and if I find any long delay in his "Lordship's returning them back unto me, I will proceed of my-"self, according 'to' my first intention. To which I beseech "your Lordship give credit; at the request, my Lord, of your "Lordship's ready servant,

"Da. Sinnott."

[1] Carte, ii. 92.

4. "*For the Commander-in-Chief in Wexford: These*

"'Wexford,' 6th October 1649.

"SIR,

"You might have spared your trouble in the "account you give me of your transaction with the Lord General "of your horse, and of your resolution in case he answer not your "expectations in point of time. These are your own concern-"ments, and it behoves you to improve [them] and the relief you "mention to your best advantage.

"All that I have to say is, to desire you to take notice, that I "do hereby revoke my safe-conduct from the persons mentioned "therein. When ye shall see cause to treat, you may send for "another. I rest,

"Sir,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Our cannon being landed,[1] and we having removed all our quarters to the south-east end of the town, next the castle, 'which stands without the walls,' it was generally agreed that we should bend the whole strength of our artillery upon the castle, being persuaded that if we got the castle, the town would easily follow.

Upon Thursday the 11th instant (our batteries being finished the night before), we began to play betimes in the morning; and having spent near a hundred shot, the governor's stomach came down, and he sent to me to give leave for four persons intrusted by him, to come unto me, and offer terms of surrender:

"*For the Lord General Cromwell; These present*

"Wexford, 11th October 1649.

"SIR,—In performance of my last, I desire your Lordship to "send me a safe-conduct for Major Theobald Dillon, Major

[1] 6th October (*ib.*). [Having been brought to the bar on September 29, but prevented from landing because "it blew so hard." See letter from Colonel Deane to Colonel Popham, *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on Mr. Leyborne-Popham's MSS.*, p. 47.]

"James Birne, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, and Captain James "Stafford,[1] whom I will send to your Lordship instructed with "my desires. And so I rest, my Lord, your servant,

"DA. SINNOTT."

Which I condescending to, two field-officers with an Alderman of the town, and the captain of the castle, brought out the propositions enclosed,—which for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudency of the men, I thought fit to present to your view;—together with my answer:

"*The Propositions of Colonel David Sinnott, Governor of the Town "and Castle of Wexford, for and on the behalf of the Officers "and Soldiers and Inhabitants in the said Town and Castle, unto "General Cromwell.*

"1. *In primis,* That all and every the Inhabitants of the said "Town, from time to time and at all times hereafter, shall have "free and uninterrupted liberty publicly to use, exercise and "profess the Roman Catholic Religion, without restriction, mulct "or penalty, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

"2. That the Regular and Secular Roman Catholic Clergy "now possessed of the Churches, Church-livings, Monasteries, "Religious-houses and Chapels in the said Town, and in the "suburbs and franchises thereof, and their successors, shall have, "hold and enjoy, to them and their successors forever, the said "churches, church-livings, monasteries, religious-houses and "chapels, and shall teach and preach in them publicly, with-"out any molestation, any law or statute to the contrary not-"withstanding.

"3. That Nicholas,[2] now Lord Bishop of Ferns, and his suc-"cessors, shall use and exercise such jurisdiction over the Catho-"lics of his Diocese as since his consecration hitherto he used.

"4. That all the Officers and Soldiers, of what quality or degree "soever, in the said Town and Castle, and such of the Inhabitants "as are so pleased, shall march with flying colours, and be con-"veyed safe, with their lives, artillery, ordnance, ammunition, "arms, goods of all sorts, horses, moneys and what else belongs "to them, to the Town of Ross, and there to be left safe with

[1] [His previous letter had "Mr. William Stafford."]
[2] [Nicholas French.]

"their own party; allowing each musketeer, towards their "march, a pound of powder, four yards of match, and twelve "brace of bullets; and a strong Convoy to be sent with the said "soldiers, within four-and-twenty hours after the yielding up of "the said Town.

"5. That such of the Inhabitants of the said Town as will "desire to leave the same at any time hereafter, shall have free "liberty to carry away out of the said Town all their frigates, "artillery, arms, powder, bullets, match, corn, malt, and other "provision which they have for their defence and sustenance, "and all their goods and chattels, of what quality or condition "soever, without any manner of disturbance whatsoever, and "have passes and safe-conducts and convoys for their lives and "said goods to Ross, or where else they shall think fit.

"6. That the Mayor, Bailiffs, Free Burgesses and Commons of "the said Town may have, hold and enjoy the said Town and "Suburbs, their commons, their franchises, and their liberties "and immunities, which hitherto they enjoyed; and that the "Mayor, Bailiffs and Free Burgesses may have the government "of the said Town, as hitherto they enjoyed the same from the "Realm of England, and that they may have no other govern- "ment, they adhering to the State of England, and observing "their orders, and the orders of their Governors in this Realm for "the time being.

"7. That all and every the Burgesses and Inhabitants, either "native or strangers, of the said Town, who shall continue their "abode therein, or come to live there within three months, and "their heirs, shall have, hold and enjoy all and singular their "several castles, messuages, houses, lands, tenements and here- "ditaments within the land of Ireland, and all their goods and "chattels, of what nature, quality or condition soever, to them "and their heirs, to their own several uses forever, without "molestation.

"8. That such Burgess or Burgesses, or other Inhabitant of "the said Town, as shall at any time hereafter be desirous to "leave the said Town, shall have free leave to dispose of their "real and personal estates respectively to their best advantage; "and further have full liberty and a safe-conduct respectively "to go into England or elsewhere, according to their several "pleasures who shall desire to depart the same.

"9. That all and singular the Inhabitants of the said Town, "either native or stranger, from time to time and at all times

"hereafter, shall have, reap and enjoy the full liberty of free-
"born English subjects, without the least incapacity or restriction
"therein; and that all the Freemen of the said Town, from time
"to time, shall be as free in all the seaports, cities and towns in
"England, as the Freemen of all and every the said cities and
"towns; and all and every the Freemen of the said cities and
"towns to be as free in the said town of Wexford as the Freemen
"thereof, for their greater encouragement to trade and commerce
"together of all hands.

"10. That no memory remain of any hostility or distance
"which was hitherto between the said Town and Castle on the
"one part, and the Parliament or State of England on the other
"part; but that all act and acts, transgressions, offences, depreda-
"tions and other crimes, of what nature or quality soever, be they
"ever so transcendent, attempted or done, or supposed to be
"attempted or done, by the Inhabitants of the said Town or
"any other, heretofore or at present adhering to the said Town,
"either native or stranger, and every of them,—shall pass in
"oblivion; without chastisement, challenge, recompense, demand
"or questioning for them, or any of them, now or at any time
"hereafter.

"D. SINNOTT."

"For the Commander-in-Chief in the Town of Wexford

"'Before Wexford,' 11th October 1649.

"SIR,

"I have had the patience to peruse your
"propositions; to which I might have returned an answer with
"some disdain. But (to be short) I shall give the soldiers and
"noncommissioned officers quarter for life, and leave to go to
"their several habitations, with their wearing-clothes; they
"engaging themselves to live quietly there, and to take up
"arms no more against the Parliament of England. And the
"commissioned officers quarter for their lives, but to render
"themselves prisoners. And as for the inhabitants, I shall en-
"gage myself that no violence shall be offered to their goods,
"and that I shall protect the town from plunder.

"I expect your positive answer instantly; and if you will
"upon these terms surrender and quit, 'and' shall, in one hour,

"send forth to me four officers of the quality of field-officers, "and two Aldermen, for the performance thereof,—I shall "thereupon forbear all acts of hostility.

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL." *

Which 'answer' indeed had no effect. For whilst I was preparing of it, studying to preserve the town from plunder, that it might be of the more use to you and your army, the captain, who was one of the commissioners, being fairly treated, yielded up the castle to us, upon the top of which our men no sooner appeared, but the enemy quitted the walls of the town, which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the town with their ladders, and stormed it. And when they were come into the market-place, the enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them, and then put all to the sword that came in their way. Two boatfuls of the enemy attempting to escape, being overprest with numbers, sank, whereby were drowned near three-hundred of them. I believe, in all, there was lost of the enemy not many less than two-thousand; and I believe not twenty of yours killed from first to last of the siege. And indeed it hath not without cause been deeply set upon our hearts, that, we intending better to this place than so great a ruin, hoping the town might be of more use to you and your army, yet God would not have it so; but, by an unexpected providence, in His righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them; causing them to become a prey to the soldier, who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and made with their bloods to answer

* The rest of the Wexford Correspondence is in *Tanner* and elsewhere; this which completes it, being considered hopelessly lost, must be taken as a very interesting little Document, now that it has turned up. Autograph (or Facsimile Copy? much interlined and very hastily written), now (March 1846) in the possession of Edward Crawford, Esq., Solicitor, Wellington Quay, Dublin. [The original of this letter, signed by Cromwell, is stated to be in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. There is a facsimile of it in Gilbert's *Contemporary History*, ii. facing p. 288; and a contemporary copy in the Bodleian, *Carte Papers*, xxv. 446. The rest of the correspondence is now printed from the copies in *Tanner MS.* lvi., 115-130.]

the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants; two 'instances' of which I have been lately acquainted with. About seven or eight score poor Protestants were put by them into an old vessel, which being, as some say, bulged by them, the vessel sank, and they were all presently drowned in the harbour. The other 'instance' was thus: they put divers Protestants into a chapel (which, since, they have used for a mass-house, and in which one or more of their priests were now killed), where they were famished to death.

The soldiers got a very good booty in this place, and had they not[1] had opportunity to carry their goods over the river, whilst we besieged it, it would have been much more. I could have wished for their own good, and the good of the garrison, they had been more moderate.[2] Some things which were not easily portable, we hope we shall make use of to your behoof. There are great quantities of iron, hides, tallow, salt, pipe- and barrel-staves, which are under commissioners' hands, to be secured. We believe there are near a hundred cannon in the fort, and elsewhere in and about the town. Here is likewise some very good shipping: here are three vessels, one of them of thirty-four guns, which a week's time would fit to sea; there is another of about twenty guns, very near ready likewise, and one other frigate of twenty guns, upon the stocks, made for sailing, which is built up to the uppermost deck: for her handsomeness' sake, I have appointed the workmen to finish her, here being materials to do it, if you or the Council of State shall approve thereof. The frigate, also, taken by the fort, is a most excellent vessel for sailing. Besides divers other ships and vessels in the harbour.

This town is now so in your power, that 'of' the former inhabitants, I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And it were to be wished,

[1] The Townsfolk. [2] Not forced us to storm them.

that an honest people would come and plant here; where are very good houses, and other accommodations fitted to their hands, and 'which' may by your favour be made of encouragement to them, as also a seat of good trade, both inward and outward, and of marvellous great advantage in the point of the herring and other fishing. The town is pleasantly seated and strong, having a rampart of earth within the wall, near fifteen foot thick.

Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy, for which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing, and that is the gift of God also.

I humbly take leave, and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' A day or two before our battery was planted, Ormond, the Earl of Castlehaven, the Lord of Ardes and Clanneboyes were on the other side of the water, with about 1,800 horse 'and' 1,500 foot; and offered to put in four or five hundred foot more into the town; which the town refusing, he marched away in all haste. I sent the Lieutenant-General after him, with about 1,400 horse; but the enemy made haste from him.*

Young Charles II., who has got to the Isle of Jersey, decidedly inclining towards Ireland as yet, will probably be staggered by these occurrences, when the news of them reaches him. Not good quarters Ireland at present! The Scots have proclaimed him King; but clogged it with such conditions about the Covenant, about Malignants, and what not, as nothing but the throat of an ostrich could swallow. The poor young King is much at a loss;[1]

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 65-7); completed by *Tanner MSS.* (in Cary, ii. 168-185), and the Dublin Autograph given above at p. 68. [The letter, now printed from the original, is in *Tanner MS.* lvi. 132. It is only signed by Cromwell. The correspondence with the Governor was, of course, not inserted into the letter, as is here done by Carlyle, but sent up with it. The following day, October 15, Cromwell wrote a letter to Fairfax, sending it no doubt along with the official despatch. See Supplement, No. 49.]

[1] Carte's *Ormond Papers*, i. 316, &c.

—must go somewhither, and if possible take some Mrs. Barlow with him! Laird Winram,[1] Senator of the College of Justice, is off to deal with him;[2] to see if he cannot help him down with the Covenant: the Laird's best ally, I think, will be Oliver in Ireland. At Edinburgh these are the news from that quarter:

'In October and November this year there ran and were spread 'frequent rumours that Lieutenant-General Oliver Cromwell was 'routed in Ireland, yea killed; and again that he bore all down 'before him like ane impetuous torrent: how that he had taken 'Tradaffe and Washeford,' Tredah and Wexford; 'and there, 'neither sparing sex nor age, had exercised all the cruelties of a 'merciless inhuman and bloody butcher, even brutishly against 'Nature. On these rumours Will Douglas,' no great shakes at metre, 'did write these lines:—

> "Cromwell is dead, and risen; and dead again,
> And risen the third time after he was slain:
> No wonder! For he's messenger of Hell:—
> And now he buffets us, now posts to tell
> What's past; and for more game new counsel takes
> Of his good friend the Devil, who keeps the stakes."'[3]

LETTERS CVIII—CXII

ROSS.

Under date 5th November 1649, we read in the old Newspapers: 'Our affairs here have made this progress: Wexford being 'settled under the command of Colonel Cooke, our Army stayed 'not long there; but hasted further unto Ross. Which is a 'walled Town, situated upon the river Barrow, a very pleasant 'and commodious river, bearing vessels of a very considerable 'burden. Upon Wednesday the 17th of this instant October, 'we sat down before Ross; and my Lord Lieutenant, the same 'day, sent in this following Summons:'

[1] [George Windram, Laird of Liberton.]
[2] 11th October 1649, Balfour's *Historical Works* (Edinb. 1825), iii. 432.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 433.

LETTER CVIII

For the Commander-in-Chief in Rosse ; These

'Before Ross,' 17th October 1649.

Sir,

Since my coming into Ireland, I have this witness for myself, that I have endeavoured to avoid effusion of blood ; having been before no place, to which such terms have not been first sent as might have turned to the good and preservation of those to whom they were offered ; this being my principle, that the people and places where I come may not suffer, except through their own wilfulness.

To the end I may observe the like course with this place and people therein, I do hereby summon you to deliver the town of Ross into my hands, to the use of the Parliament of England. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest,

Your servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

'The trumpeter that carried this summons was denied entrance 'into the Town. They received his paper at the gates ; and 'told him that an answer should be returned thereunto by a 'drummer of their own. Hereupon we prepared our batteries, 'and made ready for a storm. Ormond himself, Ardes, and 'Castlehaven were on the other side of the River ; and sent in 'supplies of 1,500 foot, the day before it was surrendered to us ; '1,000 foot being in it before we came unto it. Castlehaven 'was in it that morning they delivered it, and Inchiquin too had 'been there not above two or three days before our advance 'thither. They boated over their men into the Town in our 'sight ; and yet that did not discourage us in making ready all 'provisions fitting for a storm. On Friday the 19th of this 'instant, our great pieces began to play, and early in the morn-'ing the Governor sent out his Answer to my Lord Lieutenant's 'Summons :

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 67).

"*For General Cromwell, or, in his absence, For the Commander-in-*
"*Chief of the Army now encamped before Rosse*

"Rosse, 19th October 1649.

"SIR,—I received a summons from you, the first day you ap-
"peared before this place; which should have been answered
"ere now, had not other occasions interrupted me. And al-
"though I am now in far better condition to defend this place
"than I was at that time, yet am I, upon the considerations
"offered in your summons, content to entertain a treaty; and to
"receive from you those conditions that may be safe and honour-
"able for me to accept of. Which if you listen to, I desire that
"pledges on both sides may be sent, for performance of such
"articles as shall be agreed upon; and that all acts of hostility
"may cease on both sides, and each party keep within their
"distance. To this your immediate resolution is expected by,
"Sir, your servant,

"LUCAS TAAFF."

'Hereunto my Lord immediately returned this Answer,'—which counts here as our Hundred-and-ninth Letter:

LETTER CIX

For the Governor in Rosse: These

'Before Ross,' 19th October 1649.

SIR,

If you like to march away with those under your command, with their arms, bag and baggage, and with drums and colours, and shall deliver up the town to me, I shall give caution to perform these conditions; expecting the like from you. As to the inhabitants, they shall be permitted to live peaceably, free from the injury and violence of the soldiers.

If you like hereof, you can tell how to let me know your mind, notwithstanding my refusal of a cessation. By these you will

see the reality of my intentions to save blood, and to preserve the place from ruin. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'Our batteries still continued, and made a great breach in the 'Wall. Our men were drawn out in a readiness to storm. 'Lieutenant-Colonel Ingoldsby being by lot chosen to lead 'them; but the Governor being willing to embrace conditions, 'sent out this his Reply:

"*For General Cromwell: These*

"Ross, 19th October 1649.

"SIR,—There wants but little of what I would propose; which "is, that such townsmen as have a desire to part, may have "liberty within[1] a convenient time to carry away themselves "and goods; and liberty of conscience to such as shall stay; "and that I may carry away such artillery and ammunition as I "have in my command. If you be inclined to this, I will send, "upon your honour or safe-conduct, an officer to conclude with "you. To which your immediate answer is expected by, Sir, "your servant,

"LUCAS TAAFF."

'Hereunto my Lord gave this return,'—our Hundred-and-tenth Letter.

LETTER CX

For the Governor in Rosse: These

'Before Ross,' 19th October 1649.

SIR,

What I formerly offered, I shall make good. As for your carrying away any artillery or ammunition, that you

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 68).

[1] ["Liberty whitin them a convenient time" in the old pamphlet.]

brought not in with you, or 'that' hath not come to you since you had the command of that place, I must deny you that; expecting you 'to' leave it as you found it.

'As' for that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, where the Parliament of England have power, that will not be allowed of. As for such of the townsmen who desire to depart, and carry away themselves and goods (as you express), I engage myself they shall have three months time so to do; and in the mean time shall be protected from violence in their persons and goods, as others under the obedience of the Parliament.

If you accept of this offer, I engage my honour for a punctual performance hereof. I rest,

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'The Governor returned this Answer:'

"*For General Cromwell: These*

"Rosse, 19th October 1649.

"SIR,—I am content to yield up this place upon the conditions "in your last and first letter. And if you please to send your "safe-conduct to such as I shall employ to perfect these con- "ditions, I shall on receipt thereof send them to you.[1] In the "interval, to cease all acts of hostility, and that all parties keep "their own ground, until matters receive a full end. And so "remains, Sir, your servant,

"LUCAS TAAFF."

'Hereunto my Lord replied thus:'

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 68).

[1] [An old MS. copy has: "And if you please to send your commissioners to join such as I shall employ to perfect these conditions, I shall send them to you." (*Add. MS.*, B. 4769.)]

LETTER CXI

For the Governor of Rosse: These

19th October 1649.

SIR,

You have my hand and honour engaged to perform what I offered in my first and last Letters; which I shall inviolably observe. I expect you send me immediately four persons of such quality as may be hostages for your performance; for whom you have this safe-conduct enclosed, into which you may insert their names, without which I shall not cease acts of hostility. If any thing happen by your delay, to your prejudice, it will not be my fault. Those you send may see the conditions perfected. Whilst I forbear acts of hostility, I expect you forbear all actings within. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'This,' says the old Newspaper, 'was the last message between 'them: and hereupon the Governor sending out his four hostages 'to compose and perfect the Agreement, our batteries ceased; 'our intentions to storm the Town were disappointed. . . . Thus 'within the space of three days it hath pleased the Lord to give 'us the possession of this town, a place of good strength, without 'effusion of blood, and a very good quarter to refresh our soldiers. 'The Enemy marched over the River to the other side, and did 'not come out of that side of the Town where we had encamped,' —which I think was a judicious movement of theirs. What English were in the Garrison, some Five or Six hundred here, do, as their common custom is, 'join us.' Munster Royalist Forces, poor Ormond men, they had rather live, than be slain in such a Cause as this has grown.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 69). [The old MS. copy amongst the *Add. MSS.* here differs somewhat from that given in *Cromwelliana* from the old tract (*A Brief Relation of State Affairs*, E. 581, 4). It runs as follows: "Sir, you having my hand and honour engaged to perform what I offered you in my first and last letters, which I shall inviolably observe, I expect you will send immediately four persons of such quality as may be hostages sufficient for your performance, for whom you have this safe-conduct, into which you may mention their names. Without this I shall not cease," etc. The rest is the same as the tract. It is impossible to say which is the true version.]

LETTER CXII

HERE is Cromwell's official account of the same business, in a Letter to Lenthall.

'For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These

Ross, 25th October 1649.

SIR,

Since my last from Wexford, we marched to Ross, a walled town, situated upon the Barrow; a port-town, up to which a ship of seven or eight hundred tons may come.

We came before it upon Wednesday the 17th instant, with three pieces of cannon. That evening I sent a summons; Major-General Taaff, being Governor, refused to admit my trumpet into the town, but took the summons in, returning me no answer. I did hear that near 1,000 foot had been put into this place some few days before my coming to it. The next day was spent in making preparations for our battery, and in our view there were boated over from the other side of the river, of English, Scots, and Irish, 1,500 more, Ormond, Castlehaven, and the Lord of Ardes, being on the other side of the water to cause it to be done.

That night we planted our battery, which began to play very early the next morning. The Governor immediately sent forth an answer to my summons, copies of all which I make bold herewith to trouble you 'with;'[1] the rather because you may see how God pulls down proud stomachs. He desired commissioners might treat, and that in the mean time there might be a ceasing of acts of hostility on both sides, which I refused; sending in word, that if he would march away with arms, bag and baggage, and give me hostages for performance, he should. Indeed he might have done it without my leave, by the advan-

[1] We have just read them.

tage of the river. He insisted upon having the cannon with him, which I would not yield unto, but required the leaving the artillery and the ammunition, which he was content to do, and marched away, leaving the great artillery and the ammunition in the stores to me. When they marched away, at least 500 English, many of them of the Munster forces, came to us.

Ormond is at Kilkenny, Inchiquin in Munster, Henry O'Neal, Owen Roe's son, is come up to Kilkenny, with near 2,000 horse and foot, with whom and Ormond there is now a perfect conjunction. So that now, I trust, some angry friends will think it high time to take off their jealousy[1] from those to whom they ought to exercise more charity.

The rendition of this garrison was a seasonable mercy, as giving us an opportunity towards Munster, and is for the present a very good refreshment for our men. We are able to say nothing as to all this, but that the Lord is still pleased to own a company of poor worthless creatures, for which we desire His name to be magnified, and 'that' the hearts of all concerned may be provoked to walk worthy of such continued favours. This is the earnest desire of

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Colonel Horton is lately dead of the country-disease, leaving a son behind him. He was a person of great integrity and courage. His former services, especially that of the last summer, I hope will be had in remembrance.*

Poor Horton; he beat the Welsh at St. Fagan's, and did good service 'last summer;' and now he is dead of the 'Country-disease,'—a pestilence, raging in the rear of Famine and the Spoil of War,[2] Famine has long reigned. When the War ended, Ludlow tells us, it was found necessary to issue a Proclamation

[1] Jealousy of the Parliament's having countenanced Monk in his negotiations with Owen Roe and the Old-Irish of the massacre.

[2] [The "country disease" is dysentery.]

* Newspapers (in *Parl. History*, xix. 224-6).

that 'no lambs or calves should be killed for one year,' the stock of cattle being exhausted. Such waste had there been, continues he, in burning the possessions of the English, many of the Natives themselves were driven to starvation; 'and I 'have been informed by persons deserving credit, that the same 'calamity fell upon them even in the first year of the Rebellion, 'through the depredations of the Irish; and that they roasted 'men, and ate them, to supply their necessities.'[1] Such a War is worth ending at some cost!—In the Lord Lieutenant's Army, we learn elsewhere, there was an abundant supply, the country crowding in as to a good market, where sure prices were given, and fair dealing enforced; all manner of depredators being, according to the paper Proclamation, hanged in very authentic hemp. 'Much better supplied than any of the Irish Armies had ever been.'[2]

LETTERS CXIII—CXVIII

THE stroke that fell on Tredah, repeated at Wexford, at Ross not needing to be repeated, has, as we say, broken the brain of the Irish War; the body of which, over Ireland generally, here over the Southwest more especially, everywhere staggers falling, or already lies fallen, writhing in paralytic convulsions, making haste to die.[3] Of its final spasms, wide-spread confused death-agonies, and general swift death, over this Munster region, through the winter months, and of the Lord Lieutenant's demeanour therein, these Six Letters give us indication such as may suffice.

LETTER CXIII

HERE is a small glimpse of domesticity again, due to the Pusey Seventeen; very welcome to us in these wild scenes. Mayor has endorsed it at Hursley, 'Received 12th December 1649.' 'Cousin Barton,' I suppose, is the Barton who boggled at some

[1] Ludlow, i. 338, 9. [2] Carte, ii. 90.

[3] ["The Roman Catholics, that stood so rigidly with the King upon religion . . . are with much ado withheld from sending commissioners to Cromwell to make stables of their Churches. An army we have, superior to the enemy, but no industry of mine is able to provide so for it as to keep it one week at once together." Ormond to Jermyn, 30th November, Carte's *Original Letters*, ii. 415.]

things in the Marriage-Contracts; a respectable man, though he has his crotchets now and then.

For my beloved Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley in the County Hampton: These

Ross, 13th November 1649.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am not often at leisure, nor now, to salute my friends; yet unwilling to lose this opportunity. I take it, only to let you know that you and your family are often in my prayers. I wish the young ones well, though they vouchsafe not to write to me.[1] As for Dick, I do not much expect it from him, knowing his idleness, but I am angry with my daughter as a promise-breaker. Pray tell her so; but I hope she will redeem herself.

It has pleased the Lord to give us (since the taking of Wexford and Ross) a good interest in Munster, by the access of Cork and Youghal, which are both submitted; their Commissioners[2] are now with me. Divers other lesser garrisons are come in also. The Lord is wonderful in these things; it's His hand alone does them: oh, that all the praise might be ascribed to Him!

I have been crazy in my health, but the Lord is pleased to sustain me. I beg your prayers. I desire you to call upon my son to mind the things of God more and more: alas, what profit is there in the things of this world; except they be enjoyed in Christ, they are snares. I wish he may enjoy his wife so, and she him; I wish I may enjoy them both so.

My service to my dear sister 'and' Cousin Ann; my blessing to my children, and love to my Cousin Barton and the rest.

Sir, I am,

Your affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[1] [This last sentence is omitted by Harris, but given by Forster.]
[2] [Mis-read "Commanders" by Harris.]

* Harris, p. 511; one of the Pusey set, preserved by Dunch, as intimated above, [No. 15. Holograph. In the Morrison Collection.]

LETTER CXIV

THE opportune Victory at Rathmines produced the revival of an old Vote, produced also a new special Vote, in favour of Lieutenant-General Jones;[1] which new Vote ought not to fall asleep again, as the old had done. Thomas Scott, of the Council of State, whom we have already seen; 'peppery Thomas,' is not yet to vanish from this History. Of Broghil, 'Munster Business,' and the rest, there will be farther notice in next Letter, which is of the same date with this.

For the Hon. Thomas Scott, Esq. a member of the Council of State: These

Ross, 14th November 1649.

SIR,

I hope you will excuse this trouble. I understand the House did vote Lieutenant-General Jones five-hundred pounds *per annum* of lands of inheritance of Irish lands, upon the news of the defeat given to the enemy before Dublin, immediately before my coming over. I think it will be a very acceptable work, and very well taken at your hands, to move the House for an immediate settlement thereof: it will be very convenient at this time.

Another thing is this. The Lord Broghil is now in Munster; where he, I hope, will do very good offices: all his suit is for two-hundred pounds to bring his wife over: such a sum would not be cast away. He hath a great interest in the men that come from Inchiquin.[2] I have made him and Sir William Fenton, Colonel Blake and Colonel Deane (who I believe, 'at least' one of them, will be frequently in Cork Harbour, making that a victualling place for the Irish fleet, instead of Milford Haven), 'I have made them' and Colonel Phaire, Commissioners for a temporary management of affairs there.

[1] *Antea*, p. 452.
[2] That desert to us from Lord Inchiquin, the Ormond Chief in Munster.

This business of Munster will empty your Treasury: therefore you have need to hasten our money allotted us; lest you put us to stand with our fingers in our mouths.—I rest,

Sir,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXV

THE 'General Blake' of this Letter, 'Colonel Blake' of the last, is Admiral Blake; he, with Ayscough, Deane and vigilant Sea-officers, cooperating with Oliver on land, now dominates these waters. Prince Rupert, with the residue of the Revolted Ships, is lying close, for shelter from him, under the guns of Kinsale;—verging, poor Prince, to a fugitive roaming sea-life, very like Piracy in some of its features. He abandoned it as desperate, before long. Poor Prince Maurice, sea-roving in like fashion, went to the bottom; sank, in the West Indies, mouse and man; and ended, none knows exactly where, when, or how. Rupert invented, or helped to invent, 'pinchbeck' in subsequent years, and did no other service to the public that I know of.[1]

The defection of Cork and Youghal, full of English influences and complex distractions, followed naturally on Cromwell's suc-

* *Tanner MSS.* (in Cary, ii. 188). [The original is signed only by Cromwell.]

[1] [Colonels Popham, Blake and Deane were the three "Generals at Sea" for the Commonwealth. Col. Blake at this time hoisted his flag on the *Lion*. Deane was on board the *Phœnix*. Sir George Ayscue, "Admiral of the Irish seas," had now left Ireland (in the *St. Andrew*) and was about the Downs and off the coast of Flanders.

Prince Rupert had got away before this. On Nov. 8, Deane wrote to Popham from Milford Haven: "I received intelligence yesterday that Cork and Youghall are declared for the Parliament of England, and upon that, Rupert sailed in haste from Kinsale with seven ships." *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on Mr. Leyborne-Popham's MSS.*, p. 50.

From a series of depositions amongst the Fanshaw papers, it would appear that Prince Maurice was shipwrecked off the little island of St. Germans in the West Indies, imprisoned in the great Castle ("the Castle called the More") at St. Iago upon Porto Rico, and there either died or was put to death. (See *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on the Fanshaw MSS.* pp. 117, 134-139.) Rupert's action at the battle of Sole Bay; his rescue of Monck's fleet in 1666; his foundation of the Hudson Bay Company; his diligence at the Admiralty and upon the Committee of Tangier, and his really remarkable scientific work in regard to the manufacture of guns, powder and shot, deserve a fairer word of recognition than this contemptuous allusion to "pinchbeck."]

cesses. In *Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs* is a vivid account of the universal hurlyburly that took place at Cork, on the verge of this occurrence there: tremulous instant decision what you will do, which side you will join; swift packing in the dead of night; swift riding off, in any carriage, cart, or ass-cart you can bargain with for love or money! Poor Lady Fanshawe got to Galway, there to try it yet a little longer.[1]

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These

Ross, 14th November 1649.

SIR,

About a fortnight since, I had some good assurance that Cork was returned to its obedience, and had refused Inchiquin, who did strongly endeavour to redintegrate himself there, but without success.[2] I did hear also that Colonel Townsend was coming to me with their submission and desires, but was interrupted by a fort at the mouth of Cork Harbour. But having sufficient grounds upon the former information, and other confirmations (out of the enemy's camp) that it was true, I desired General Blake (who was here with me), that he would repair thither in Captain Mildmay's Frigate, called the Nonsuch. Who, when they came thither, received such entertainment as these enclosed will let you see.

In the mean time the Garland, one of your third-rate ships, coming happily into Waterford Bay, I ordered her, and a great prize lately taken in that bay, to transport Colonel Phayr[3] to Cork; whitherward he went, having along with him near five-hundred foot, which I spared him out of this poor army, and fifteen hundred pounds in money, giving him such instructions as were proper for the promoting of your interest there. As they went with an intention for Cork, it pleased God the wind

[1] [Lady Fanshaw, never very accurate in her dates, has about this time got a year wrong, and puts this event into November 1650.]

[2] See Carte, ii. 91.

[3] He of the King's Death-Warrant. [Cromwell writes "Faire."]

coming cross, they were forced to ride off from Dungarvan, where they met Captain Mildmay returning with the Nonsuch Frigate, with Colonel Townsend aboard, coming to me, who advertised them that Youghall had also declared for the Parliament of England. Whereupon they steered their course thither, and sent for Colonel Gifford, Colonel Warden, Major Purden (who with Colonel Townsend hath been very active instruments for the return both of Cork and Youghal to their obedience, having some of them ventured their lives twice or thrice to effect it), and the Mayor of Youghall aboard them; who, accordingly, immediately came and made tender of some propositions to be offered to me.[1] But my Lord Broghil being on board the ship, assuring them it would be more for their honour and advantage to desire no conditions, they said they would submit. Whereupon my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and Colonel Phayr, went to the Town, and were received (I shall give you my Lord Broghil's own words) *"with all the real demonstrations of gladness an overjoyed people were capable of."*

Not long after, Colonel Phayr landed his foot. And by the endeavours of the noble person[2] afore mentioned, and the rest of the gentlemen, the garrison is put in good order, and the Munster officers and soldiers in that garrison in a way of settlement. Colonel Phayr, as I hear, intends to leave two-hundred men there, and to march with the rest overland to Cork. I hear by Colonel Townsend, and the rest of the gentlemen that were employed to me, that Baltimore, Castlehaven, Caperquin, and some other places of hard names, are come in (I wish Foot come over seasonably to man them); as also that there are hopes of other places.

From Sir Charles Coote, Lord President of Connought, I had

[1] [For the letters and propositions from Youghal and Cork, and Cromwell's answers to them, etc., see Supplement, Nos. 50, 51.]

[2] Lord Broghil. The somewhat romantic story of Cromwell's first visit to him, and chivalrous conquest of him, at his lodgings in London, 'in the dusk of the evening,' is in Collins's *Peerage* (London 1741), iv. 253; and in many other Books; —copied from Morrice's *Life of Orrery*.

a letter, about three or four days since, that he is come over the Bann, and hath taken Coleraine by storm, and that he being in conjunction with Colonel Venables,—who I hear hath besieged Carrickfergus; which if through the mercy of God it be taken, I know nothing considerable in the North of Ireland, but Charlemount, which is not in your hands.

We lie with the army at Ross; where we have been making the bridge over the Barrow, and 'have' hardly yet accomplished 'it' as we could wish. The enemy lies upon the Nue [Nore], on the land between the Barrow and it; having gathered together all the force they can get. Owen Roe's men, as they report them, are 6000 foot, and about 400[1] horse, beside their own army 'in this quarter;' and they give out they will have a day for it: which we hope the Lord of His mercy will enable us to give them, in His own good time. In whom we desire our only trust and confidence may be.

Whilst we have lain here, we have not been without some sweet taste of the goodness of God. Your ships have taken some good prizes. The last was thus: there came-in a Dunkirk man-of-war with 32 guns, who brought-in a Turkish man-of-war whom she had taken, and another ship of 10 guns laden with poor-john and oil. These two your ships took. But the man-of-war whose prizes these two were, put herself under the Fort of Duncannon, so that your ships could not come near her. It pleased God we had two demi-cannon with the foot, on the shore, which being planted, raked her through, killing and wounding her men, so that after ten shot she weighed anchor, and ran into your fleet, with a flag of submission, surrendering herself. She was well manned, the prisoners taken being two-hundred-and-thirty. I doubt the taking prisoners of this sort will cause the wicked trade of piracy to be endless. They were landed here before I was aware: and a hundred of them, as I hear, are

[1] [The old newspaper has "4000."]

gotten into Duncannon, and have taken up arms there; and I doubt the rest, that are gone to Waterford, will do us no good. [The seamen, being so full of prizes and unprovided of victual, knew not how otherway to dispose of them.][1]

Another 'mercy' was this. We, having left divers sick men, both horse and foot, at Dublin,—hearing many of them were recovered, sent them orders to march up to us, which accordingly they did. Coming to Arcklo, on Monday the first of this instant, being about 350 horse and about 800 foot,—the enemy, hearing of them (through the great advantage they have in point of intelligence), drew together a body of horse and foot near 3,000, which Inchiquin commanded. There went also, with this party, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Colonel Treavor, and most of their great rantors.[2] We sent fifteen or sixteen troops to their rescue, near eight hours too late. It pleased God we sent them word by a nearer way, to march close, and be circumspect, and to make what haste they could to Wexfrod, by the sea-side. They had marched near eighteen miles [and were come within seven miles of Wexford] (the foot being miserably wearied), when the enemy gave the scouts of the rearguard an alarm. Whereupon they immediately drew up in the best order they could upon the sands, the sea on the one hand, and the rocks on the other; where the enemy made a very furious charge, 'and' overbearing our horse with their numbers, which, as some of their prisoners confess, was fifteen-hundred of their best horse, forced them in some disorder back to the foot. Our foot stood, forbearing their firing till the enemy was come almost within pistol-shot, and then let fly very full in the faces of them: whereby some of them began to

[1] [The words in square brackets are inserted in Cromwell's own hand.]

[2] Braggarts, great guns. Trevor had given Venables, as above hinted, a dangerous camisado in the North lately; and was not far from ruining him, had the end corresponded with the beginning (see Carte, ii. 89). To which Cromwell alludes, by and by, in this Letter. Lord Inchiquin, a man of Royalist-Presbyterian tendencies, has fought long, on various sides. The name Armstrong is not yet much of a 'ranter;' but a new Sir Thomas will become famous under Titus Oates. [The Sir Thomas mentioned by Cromwell died about 1663. See Carte, *Life of Ormond*, iv. 148, ed. 1851.] Ludlow gives a curious account of this same running-fight on the sea-beach of Arklow (i. 309).

tumble, the rest running off in a very great disorder;—and 'they' faced not about until they got 'above' musket-shot off. Upon this our horse took encouragement, drawing up again; bringing up some foot to flank them. And a gentleman of ours, that had charged through before, being amongst them undiscerned, having put his signal into his hat as they did, took his opportunity and came off; letting our men know, that the Enemy was in great confusion and disorder, and that if they could attempt another charge, he was confident good might be done on them. It pleased God to give our men courage: they advanced; and, falling upon the enemy, totally routed them; took two colours [and divers prisoners],[1] and killed divers upon the place and in the pursuit. I do not hear that we have [two][2] men killed; and but one mortally wounded, and not five that are prisoners.

The quick march of our party made Inchiquin 'that' he could reach them with nothing but his horse, hoping to put them to a stand until his foot came up; which if he had done, there had probably been no saving of a man of this party. Without doubt Inchiquin, Trevor, and the rest of those people, who are very good at this work, had swallowed up this party, and indeed it was, in human probability, lost; but God, that defeated Trevor in his attempt upon Venables (who[3] as I hear this night from the enemy's camp, was shot through the belly in this service, and is carried to Kilkenny), [Sir Thomas Armstrong is also wounded],[4] hath disappointed them, and poured shame upon them in this defeat; giving us the lives of a company of our dear friends, which I hope will be improved to His glory and [their][5] country's good.

Sir, having given you this account, I shall not trouble you much with particular desires. Those I shall humbly present to

[1] [These words inserted by Cromwell, over "some say near forty prisoners" *erased.*]
[2] [Inserted by Cromwell over "ten" *erased.*]
[3] [*i.e.* Trevor.] [4] [Inserted in the margin, by Cromwell.]
[5] [Inserted by Cromwell over "the" *erased.*]

the Council of State. Only, in the general, give me leave humbly to offer what ever in my judgment I conceive to be for your service, with a full submission to you. We desire recruits may be speeded to us.[1] It is not fit to tell you how your garrisons will be unsupplied, or no field marching army considerable, if 'but' three garrisons more were in our hands.[1] It is not well not to follow providences.[2] Your recruits, and the forces desired will not raise your charge. If your assignments already for the forces here did come to our hands in time, I should not doubt 'but' by the addition of assessments here, to have your charge in some reasonable measure borne and the soldier upheld, without too much neglect or discouragement, which sickness, in this country so ill agreeing with their bodies, puts upon them, and 'which' this winter's-action, I believe not heretofore known by English in this country, subjects them to. To the praise of God I speak it, I scarce know an officer of forty amongst us that hath not been sick, and how many considerable ones we have lost, is no little thought of heart to us.[1]

Wherefore I humbly beg that the moneys desired may be seasonably sent over, and those other necessaries, clothes, shoes and stockings, formerly desired, that so poor creatures may be encouraged: and, through the same blessed Presence that hath gone along with us, I hope, before it be long, to see Ireland no burden to England, but a profitable part of its Commonwealth. And certainly the extending your help in this way, at this time, is the most profitable means speedily to effect it, and if I did not think it your best thrift, I would not trouble you at all with it.

I have sent Sir Arthur Loftus with these letters. He hath gone along with us, testifying a great deal of love to your service. I know his sufferings are very great, for he hath lost near all: his regiment was reduced to save you charge, not out of

[1] Sentence omitted in the Newspaper.

[2] Beckonings of Providence.

any exceptions to his person. I humbly therefore present him to your consideration.[1]

Craving pardon for this trouble, I rest,

Your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXVI[2]

Commons Journals, 12° *Decembris* 1649: 'A Letter from the 'Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was this day read. *Ordered*, that 'the said Letter be forthwith printed and published;'—Lord Mayor to be sure and send it to all the Ministers next Lord's Day, who are to be, as they best may, the voice of our devout thankfulness for 'these great mercies.' Here is the Letter still extant for posterity,—with or without thankfulness.

We cannot give the exact day of date. The Letter exists, separate, or combined with other matter, in various old Pamphlets; but is nowhere dated; and in fact, as the Entry in the Commons Journals may indicate, was never dated either as to place or time. The place we learn by the context: the time was after Saturday November 24th,[3] and before December had yet begun;—probably enough, Sunday, November 25th.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These

'Before Waterford,—Nov. [25] 1649.'

MR. SPEAKER,

The enemy being quartered between the two rivers of Nore and the Barrow, and masters of all the passages thereupon; and giving out their resolution to fight us, thereby, as we conceived, labouring to get reputation in the countries,

[1] Paragraph omitted.

[2] [Before this letter comes one in the Supplement, No. 52.]

[3] See, *postea*, p. 510; and Whitlocke, 2d edition, p. 433.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 69-71); *Tanner MSS.* (in Cary, ii. 189-97). [In Tanner, lvi. 142. Signed and corrected by Cromwell. Signed by him on the outside also.]

and accession of[1] more strength, it was thought fit our Army should march towards them. Which accordingly upon Thursday the 15th instant was done. The Major-General and Lieutenant-General[2] (leaving me very sick at Ross behind them), with two battering guns, advanced towards Inistioge; a little walled town about five miles from Ross, upon the Nore, on the south side thereof, which was possessed by the enemy. But a party of our men under the command of Colonel Abbott, the night before, approaching the gates, and attempting to fire the same, the enemy ran away through the river, leaving good store [of provisions][3] behind them.

Our commanders hoped by gaining of this town to have gained a pass,[4] but indeed there fell so much sudden wet as made the river unpassable, by that time the army was come up. Whereupon, hearing that the enemy lay about two miles off 'upon the river,' near Thomastown, a pretty large walled town upon the Nore, on the north side thereof, having a bridge over the river, our army marched thither. But the enemy had broke the bridge, and garrisoned the town; and in the view of our army, marched away to Kilkenny, seeming to decline an engagement, although I believe they were double our numbers, which they had power to have necessitated us unto; but was noways in our power (if they would stand upon the advantage of the passes) to engage them unto; nor indeed to continue out two days longer, having almost spent all the bread they[5] carried with them.

Whereupon, seeking God for direction, they resolved to send a good party of horse and dragoons under Colonel Reynolds to Carrick; and to march the residue of their army back towards Ross, to gain more bread for the prosecution of that design, if by the blessing of God it should take. Colonel Reynolds, marching

[1] [Mis-printed "occasion more strength" in the pamphlet.]
[2] Ireton and Jones.
[3] [The words in square brackets are inserted in Cromwell's hand.]
[4] A ford over the River.
[5] 'they' and 'them' mean *we* and *us*: the swift-rushing sentence here alters its personality from first person to third, and so goes on.

with twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, came betimes in the morning to Carrick, where, dividing himself into two parties, whilst they were amused[1] with the one, he entered one of the gates with the other. Which the soldiers perceiving, divers of them and their officers escaped over the river in boats: about a hundred officers and soldiers taken prisoners, without the loss of one man of our part. In this place is a very good castle, and one of the ancientest seats belonging to the Lord of Ormond, in Ireland: the same was rendered without any loss also, where was good store of provisions for the refreshing of our men.

The Colonel giving us speedy intelligence of God's mercy in this, we agreed to march, with all convenient speed, the residue of the army up thither, which accordingly was done, upon Wednesday and Thursday the 21st and 22d of this instant; and, through God's mercy, I was enabled to bear them company.[2] Being come hither, we did look at it as an especial good hand of Providence to give us this place; inasmuch as it gives us a passage over the river Sewer [Suir] to the city of Waterford, and indeed into Munster to our shipping and provisions, which before were beaten from us out of our Waterford Bay by the enemy's guns. It hath given us also opportunity to besiege or block up Waterford; and we hope our gracious God will therein direct us also. It hath given us also the opportunity of our guns, ammunition, and victual; and indeed quarter for our horse, which could not have subsisted much longer: so sweet a mercy was the giving of this little place unto us.

Having rested there a night, and by noon the next day gotten our army over the river, leaving Colonel Reynolds with about one-hundred-and-fifty foot, his own six troops of horse, and one troop of dragoons, with a very little ammunition according to the smallness of our marching store, we marched away towards

[1] [Carlyle printed "amazed" in his early editions, but later corrected it to "amused" a word ordinarily used in describing sham attacks.]

[2] [From Carrick, Cromwell wrote to the Commander at Dungarvan. See Supplement, No. 52.]

Waterford, upon Friday the 23d; and on Saturday about noon came before the city. The enemy, being not a little troubled at this unsuspected business (which indeed was the mere guidance of God), marches down with great fury towards Carrick, with their whole army, resolving to swallow it up; and upon Saturday the 24th, assaults the place round, thinking to take it by storm. But God had otherwise determined, for the troopers and the rest of the soldiers, with stones [1] did so pelt them, they [2] continuing very near four hours under the walls; having burnt the Gates, which our men barricadoed up with stones; and likewise digged under the walls, and sprung a small mine, which flew in their own faces, but they left about forty or fifty men dead under the walls; and have drawn off, as some say, near four-hundred more, which they buried up and down the fields; besides what are wounded. And, as Inchiquin himself confessed in the hearing of some of their soldiers lately come to us, 'this' hath lost him above a thousand men. The enemy was drawing off his dead a good part of the night. They were in such haste upon the assault, that they killed their own trumpet as he was returning with an answer to a summons sent by them. Both in the taking and defending of this place Colonel Reynolds his carriage was such as deserves much honour.[3]

Upon our coming before Waterford,[4] I sent the Lieutenant-General with a regiment of horse, and three troops of dragoons, to endeavour the reducing of Passage Fort, a very large fort with a castle in the midst of it, having five guns planted in it, and commanding the river better than Duncannon, it not being much above musket-shot over, where this fort stands; and we can bring up hither ships of three-hundred tons, without any danger from Duncannon. Upon the attempt, though our

[1] Having only 'a very little ammunition' and small use of guns (see Whitlocke, p. 418; Ludlow, &c.).

[2] [Carlyle here inserted "were forced to draw off after," but now that the letter is printed from the original, this and some other insertions have been omitted.]

[3] We shall hear of Reynolds again.

[4] Letters to and from the Mayor of Waterford on this occasion: Appendix, No. 15.

materials were not very apt for the business, yet the enemy called for quarter, and had it, and we the place. We also possessed the guns which the enemy had planted to beat our ships out of the bay, two miles below. By the taking of this fort, we shall much straiten Duncannon from provisions by water, as we hope they are not in a condition to get much by land; besides the advantage it is of to us to have provisions to come up the river.[1]

It hath pleased the Lord, whilst these things have been thus transacting here, to add to your interest in Munster, Bandon Bridge; the town [as we hear][2] upon the matter, thrusting out young Jepson,[3] who was their governor, or else he deserting it upon that jealousy; as also Kinsale, and the fort there, out of which fort four-hundred men marched upon articles, when it was surrendered. So that now, by the good hand of the Lord, your interest in Munster is near as good already as ever it was since this war began. I sent a party about two days ago to my Lord of Broghil; from whom I expect to have an account of all.

Sir, what can be said to these things? Is it an arm of flesh that doth these things? Is it the wisdom, and counsel, or strength of men? It is the Lord only. God will curse that man and his house that dares to think otherwise. Sir, you see the work is done by divine leading. God gets into the hearts of men, and persuades them to come under you. I tell you, a considerable part of your army is fitter for an hospital than the field: if the enemy did not know it, I should have held it impolitic to have writ it. They know it, yet they know not what to do.

I humbly beg leave to offer a word or two. I beg of those that are faithful, that they give glory to God. I wish it may

[1] [Cromwell did not gain Waterford. Lack of provisions, disease and the terrible weather, obliged him to raise the siege, and he marched away on December 2, as related in the next letter.]

[2] [The words in square brackets inserted by Cromwell.]

[3] 'Young Jephson,' I suppose, is the son of Jephson, Member for Stockbridge, Hants; one of those whom Pride purged away;—not without reason, as is here seen. [Certainly not his son; perhaps one of his brothers. But if a Jephson had been there, he must have left when Col. Courtenay arrived. See Murphy, p. 208.]

have influence upon the hearts and spirits of all those that are now in place of government, in the greatest trust, that they may all in heart draw near to God; giving Him glory by holiness of life and conversation; 'and' that these unspeakable mercies may teach dissenting brethren on all sides to agree, at least, in praising God. And if the Father of the family be so kind, why should there be such jarrings and heart-burnings amongst the children? And if it will not yet be received that these are seals of God's approbation of your great change of Government,—which indeed was no more yours than these victories and successes are ours,—yet let them with us say, even the most unsatisfied heart amongst them, that both are the righteous judgments and mighty works of God; that He hath pulled down the mighty from his seat, that calls to an account innocent blood;[1] that He thus breaks the enemies of His Church in pieces. And let them not be sullen, but praise the Lord, and think of us as they please; and we shall be satisfied, and pray for them, and wait upon our God. And we hope we shall seek the welfare and peace of our native country, and the Lord give them hearts to do so too. Indeed, Sir, I was constrained in my bowels to write thus much. I ask your pardon; and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

An able Editor in the old Newspapers has been inexpressibly favoured with the sight of a Letter to 'an Honourable Member of the Council of State;' Letter dated 'Cork, 18th December 1649;' wherein this is what we still read: 'Yesterday my Lord 'Lieutenant came, from Youghal the head-quarter, unto Cork; 'my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and divers other Gentle-'men and Commanders attending his Excellency. Who hath

[1] [Carlyle altered to "and calls to an account for innocent blood" which is probably, but not certainly, what Cromwell meant.]

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 71-73). ["A letter from the right Honourable the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland," &c. E. 584, 16. But now printed from the original, *Tanner MS.* lvi., 150. The letter is signed, and in one or two places corrected by Cromwell. It is endorsed "Dec. 12th."]

'received here very hearty and noble entertainment. Tomorrow '[the Major-General' Ireton 'is expected here:—both in good 'health, God be praised. This week, I believe, they will visit 'Kinsale, Bandon Bridge, and other places in this Province that '[have lately declared for us, and that expect a return of his affec-'tion and presence, which joys many. Some report here that 'the Enemy burns towns and provisions near our quarters: but 'the example may at length turn to their own greatest prejudice. 'Colonel Deane and Colonel Blake, our Sea-Generals, are both 'riding in Cork Harbour.'[1]

Dated on the morrow is this letter.

LETTER CXVII

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These[2]

Cork, 19th December 1649.

MR. SPEAKER,

Not long after my last to you from before Waterford [finding the indisposition in point of health increasing, and our foot falling sick near ten of a company every night they were upon duty, and our numbers not above three thousand healthful foot in the field, being necessitated to put so many into garrisons as I have given you an account all along, the enemy mustering about ten or twelve thousand horse and foot, having well near as many in the town as we without, our bread and other necessaries not coming to us] by reason of the tempestuousness of the weather, we thought fit and it was agreed to march away to winter quarters to refresh our men until God shall please to give further opportunity for action.

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 73).

[2] [As this letter was printed in the old newspapers (and copied by Carlyle) it was very incomplete, many passages being suppressed, no doubt by the authorities, who feared to let the real condition of the army in Ireland become known. The portions omitted are here given in square brackets, the letter being printed from an old copy amongst the House of Lords MSS. (See *Seventh Report of the Hist. MSS. Commissioners*, Appendix, p. 73.)]

We marched off the second of this instant, it being as terrible a day as ever I marched in, in all my life. Just as we marched off in the morning, unexpected to us the enemy had brought an addition of near two thousand horse and foot to the increase of their garrison, which we plainly saw on the other side of the water.

We marched that night some ten or twelve miles through a craggy country to Kilmac-Thomas, a castle some eight miles from Dungarvan [where we had to many scarce straw, food or firing, being deceived in reports of the place].

As we were marching off in the morning from thence, the Lord Broghil (I having sent before to him to march up to me) sent a party of horse to let me know he was with about twelve or[1] thirteen hundred of the Munster horse and foot about ten miles off, near Dungarvan, which was newly rendered to him. [And indeed, upon this occasion I must needs say that in the bringing in of this garrison, Kingsale, the fort of Bandonbridge, Mallow and divers other garrisons, his Lordship hath been most eminently serviceable unto you, and I do earnestly and humbly desire he may be taken into consideration, his Lordship never having shrunk from your interest, though under as great trials and necessities as any man, he having his whole fortune under the power of the enemy, which was in Ireland, and that little in England so engaged that I dare say his wants were scarce to be paralleled; and as yet his estate lies in those countries which are under the enemy's power. Sir, I take no pleasure to mention these things of charge, but where eminent services are done, and those enabling the State to give marks of their favour and good acceptance, I trust it will be accounted no fault in me to represent the merits of men to you.] In the midst of those good successes, wherein the kindness and mercy of God hath appeared, the Lord in wisdom and for gracious ends best known to Himself, hath interlaced some things which may give us cause

[1] ["of" in the MS.]

of serious consideration what His mind therein may be; and we hope we wait upon Him, desiring to know and to submit to his good pleasure. The noble Lieutenant-General [1] (whose finger to our knowledge never ached in all these expeditions) fell sick (we doubt upon a cold taken upon our late wet march and ill accommodation) and went to Dungarvan, where (struggling some four or five days with a [pestilent and contagious spotted] fever) he died, having run his course with so much honour, courage and fidelity, as his actions better speak than my pen. What England hath lost thereby is above me to speak. I am sure I have lost a noble friend and companion in labours. [Before that, my poor kinsman, Major Cromwell (if I may name him) died before Waterford of a fever; since that, two persons, eminently faithful, godly and true to you, Lieut.-Colonel Wolfe and Scout-Master-General Rowe, are dead at Youghall. Thus] you see how God mingles out the cup unto us; indeed we are at this time a crazy company, yet we live in His sight, and shall work the time that is appointed us, and shall rest after that in peace.[2]

But yet there hath been some sweet at the bottom of the cup, of which I shall now give you an account. Being informed that the enemy intended to take-in the Fort of Passage, and that Lieutenant-General Farrell with his Ulsters [3] was to march out of Waterford, with a considerable party of horse and foot, for that service, I ordered Colonel Zanchy (who lay on the north side of the Blackwater) to march with his regiment of horse, and two pieces of two troops of dragoons to the relief of our friends, which he accordingly did, his party consisting in all of about three-hundred-and-twenty. When he came some few miles from the place, he took some of the enemy's stragglers in the villages as they went, all which he put to the sword: seven troopers of his killed thirty of them in one house. When he came near the place, he found the enemy had close begirt it,

[1] Michael Jones: Ludlow (i. 304) is a little misinformed.
[2] Yes, my brave one; even so!
[3] Ulster-men.

with about five-hundred Ulster foot under Major O'Neale; Colonel Wogan also, the governor of Duncannon, with a party of his, with two great battering guns and a mortar-piece, and Captain Browne, the governor of Ballehack, was there also. Our men furiously charged them and beat them from the place. The enemy got into a place where they might draw up, and the Ulsters, who bragged much of their pikes, made indeed for the time a good resistance, but the horse, pressing sorely upon them, broke them, killed near a hundred upon the place; took three-hundred-and-fifty prisoners, amongst which, Major O'Neale, and the officers of five-hundred Ulster foot, all but those which were killed; the renegado Wogan, with twenty-four of Ormond's kurisees,[1] and the governor of Ballehack. As[2] concerning some of these, I hope I shall not trouble your justice.

This mercy was obtained without the loss of one on our part, only one shot in the shoulder. Lieutenant-General Farrell was come up very near, with a very great party to their relief, but our handful of men marching towards him, he shamefully hasted away, and recovered Waterford. It is not unworthy taking notice, That having appointed a public day of thanksgiving throughout your territories in Ireland (as well as a week's warning would permit) for the recovery of Munster, which proves a sweet refreshment to us, even prepared by God for us, after our weary and hard labour, That that very day, and that very time that men were praising God, was this deliverance wrought.

[Sir, in all my addresses to you, I have much declined to make discourses either of the enemy's numbers or other advantages, or of what remains to be recovered to you, or of the ways and means best to break or hinder the enemy's design or interests or what might best promote your own, or indeed to trouble you with many discourses of this kind, desiring chiefly to present you with narratives of fact. But forasmuch as there is an aptness from a current of successes to apprehend a work to be done

[1] ["Fusees" in the House of Lords MS.] [2] ["Are" in MS.]

when indeed the greater part rest behind, and thereby that which should enable to finish and perfect may be withdrawn or slackened to the prejudice of public interest, I thought fit to take the boldness to present you with a true view of the state of affairs here, so far as occurs to me. At the present, O'Neale's party are in full conjunction with the Earl of Ormond, by which they contribute the assistance of near seven thousand effective horse and foot, these being the eldest sons of the Church of Rome, most cried up and confided in by the clergy.

The rest of the army consists of the old English-Irish, some protestants, some papists, and other popish Irish, who are carried by the interest of Ormond, Clanrickarde, Castlehaven, Muskery, Taaff and other old English and Irish, both lords and gentlemen, who are able to bring, and have already in the field, very considerable numbers of bodies of men not to be neglected upon any human confidence, or under-valued. They have so much of Ireland still in contribution as ministers to them a livelihood for the war; all the natives, almost to twenty, being friends to them, but enemies to you. And although God hath blessed you with a great tract of land in longitude alongst the shore, yet it hath but a little depth into the country; and the people that are under your contribution, being so daily robbed by their neighbours, are disabled from following their tillage, whereby to pay the same; and we cannot be in all places to protect them, unless we should resolve to keep no body of an army in any one place. I mention this, not to increase your charge, but to prevent mistakes concerning an over-value of your Irish contributions as yet. And therefore, if the money out of England allotted to this army be not continued to us, the army will no ways be able to subsist, nor to prosecute your business. In the next place, of [if] this interest grow purely popish, which the Roman clergy are highly labouring, and are in a probable way to accomplish, then it cannot but be expected that supplies will come to them from foreign parts, which do too fast already. And therefore it is humbly presented that such shipping as will be necessary for

this coast may be continued to us. The ports by which the enemy expects their supplies of powder and all other ammunition (which indeed, being kept from them, will disable them to their defence, they having no manufacture within themselves) are Waterford, which we have not as yet been able closely to shut up, and where less than two ships cannot be applied for the ends aforesaid, as also for the straightening of it, and the fort of Duncannon, where now no ships are, partly because those determined for the winter fleet are not yet come, which we desire may be speeded.

Next, the bay of Dingle, in the river of Shannon, whither (as we are informed) divers ships with ammunition are coming, Gallway, in which two places less than three or four ships (whereof one or two of countenance) cannot be, and Sligo; as also two ships to lie between Scotland and the North, and some to follow the motions of the army, for their assistance with necessaries.

This is the sum of what I thought fit to present unto you at this time, and if we may be allotted any share of judgment (being upon the place) we hope we have represented nothing unworthy of due consideration.]

And although this bespeaks [1] a continuance of charge, yet the same good hand of Providence, which hath blessed your affairs hitherto, is worthy to be followed to the uttermost. And who knows, or rather who hath not cause to hope, that He may, in His goodness, put a short period to your whole charge. Than which no worldly thing is more desired and endeavoured by

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Ormond witnessed this defeat at Passage, from some steeple, or 'place of prospect' in Waterford; and found the 'Mayor,' whom he sent for, a most unreasonable man.[2]

[1] [This was printed "Though the present state of affairs bespeaks," in order to make sense with what had gone before; *i.e.*, the "deliverance" in Munster. See p. 516 above.] [2] Carte, ii. 103; whose account is otherwise very deficient.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 73, 74).

'The renegado Wogan:' Captain Wogan, once in the Parliament service, joined himself to Hamilton and the Scots in 1648; 'bringing a gallant troop along with him.' His maraudings, pickeerings, onslaughts, and daring chivalries became very celebrated after that. He was not slain or hanged here at Passage;[1] there remained for him yet, some four years hence, his grand feat which has rendered all the rest memorable: 'that of riding right through England, having rendezvoused at Barnet, with a Party of Two-hundred horse,' to join Middleton's new Scotch Insurrection in the Highland Hills; where he, soon after, died of consumption and some slight hurt.[2]—What 'kurisees' are, I do not know; may be *cuirassiers*, in popular locution:[3] some nickname for Ormond's men,—whom few loved; whom the Mayor of Waterford, this very day, would not admit into his Town even for the saving of Passage Fort.[4] With certain of these '*your* justice' need not be troubled.

This Letter, with two others, one from Ireton and one from Broghil, all dated Cork, 19th December, were not received in the Commons House till Tuesday 8th January; such were then the delays of the winter post. On which same day it is resolved, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland be desired to come over, and give his attendance here in Parliament.[5] Speaker is ordered to write him a letter to that effect.

'The ground of this resolution,' says Whitlocke, 'was That the 'news of the King's coming to Scotland became more probable 'than formerly.' Laird Winram's dealings with him, and Cromwell's successes, and the call of Necessity are proving effectual! 'And,' continues Whitlocke, 'the proceedings of the Scots in 'raising of new forces gave an alarm to the Parliament: and some 'of their Members who had discoursed with the Lord General 'Fairfax upon those matters, and argued how necessary it would 'be to send an Army into Scotland to divert the war from 'England,—had found the General wholly averse to any such 'thing; and, by means of his lady, who was a strict Presbyterian,

[1] Appendix, No. 16. [And Supplement, No. 54.]

[2] Clarendon, iii. 679; Whitlocke, Heath's *Chronicle*, &c. [On Wogan, see *Clarke Papers*, vol. i. Appendix A, where Mr. Firth gives the continuation of Wogan's own narrative, the earlier part of which was printed by Carte, from the *Clarendon MSS.*]

[3] [There is no doubt that the word means cuirassiers. They were Ormond's own life-guard, and the life-guards were usually cuirassiers.]

[4] Carte, ii. 103.

[5] *Commons Journals*, vi. 343, 4.

'to be more a friend to the Scots than they,' those Members, 'wished. Therefore they thought this a fit time to send for the 'Lieutenant of Ireland, the rather as his Army was now drawn 'into winter-quarters.' [1]

The Lord Lieutenant thought, or was supposed to think, of complying straightway, as the old Newspapers instruct us; but on better counsel, the Scotch peril not being very imminent as yet, decided 'to settle Ireland in a safe posture' first. Indeed the Letter itself is long in reaching him; and the rumour of it, which arrives much sooner, has already set the Enemy on false schemes, whereof advantage might be taken.[2]

Meanwhile, in Munster, in Ireland generally, there is much to be done, on the great scale and on the small. Some days before the last Letter gets into the Speaker's hands, here is another, a private one, travelling towards Philip Lord Wharton, whom we transiently saluted last year at Knaresborough.[3]

LETTER CXVIII

Lord Wharton, when we last saw him, was of the Derby-House Committee, a busy man and manager; but he is not now of the Council of State; having withdrawn from all management, into a painful inquiring condition. One of our zealous Puritans and Patriots, but much troubled with cautious dubitations; involved in 'reasonings,' in painful labyrinths of constitutional and other logic, for the present. Of which sort there are now many. Who indignantly drew the sword, and long zealously fought and smote with it, nothing doubting; and are now somewhat astonished at the issue that has come of it! Somewhat uncertain whether these late high actings, executing judgment on your King, abolition of your House of Lords, and so forth, are owned by the Eternal Powers or not owned. Of Temporal Powers there is clearly none that will own them; and unless the other do—? The Lord Lieutenant intimates, in his friendliest way, that surely it is indispensable to have 'satisfaction' on that score; also that it is perilous not to get it; and furthermore that labyrinths of constitutional and other logics are by no means the course towards that.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 422. [2] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77).
[3] Appendix, No. 17; Letter, of 31st December, recommending a Chief-Justice for Munster.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These

Cork, 1st Jan. 1649.

MY DEAR FRIEND, MY LORD,

If I know my heart, I love you in truth: and therefore if, from the jealousy of unfeigned love, I play the fool a little, and say a word or two at guess, I know you will pardon it.

It were a vain thing, by letter, to dispute over your doubts, or to undertake answer your objections. I have heard them all; and I have rest from the trouble of them, and 'of' what has risen in my own heart; for which I desire to be humbly thankful. I do not condemn your reasonings; I doubt them. It's easy to object to the glorious actings of God, if we look too much upon instruments. I have heard computations made of the members in Parliament: 'The' good kept out, the worst left in;[1] it has been so this nine years, yet what has God wrought. The greatest works last; and still is at work. Therefore take heed of this scandal.

Be not offended at the manner 'of God's working;' perhaps no other way was left. What if God accepted the zeal, as He did that of Phineas,[2] whose reason might have called for a jury![3] What if the Lord have witnessed his approbation and acceptance to this also, not only by signal outward acts, but to the heart also? What if I fear my friend should withdraw his shoulder from the Lord's work (Oh, it's grievous to do so) through scandals, through false[4] mistaken reasonings.

[1] Original has, 'most bad remaining;' 'these nine years' means, ever since the Parliament first met.

[2] 'And behold, one of the Children of Israel came, and brought unto his brethren 'a Midianitish woman; in the sight of Moses, and in the sight of all the Congregation 'of the Children of Israel, who were weeping before the door of the Tabernacle of 'the Congregation,'—by reason of those very sins. 'And when Phinehas the son 'of Eleazar, the son of Aaron the Priest, saw it, he rose up from among the Con-'gregation, and took a javelin in his hand; and he went after the man of Israel 'into the tent, and thrust both of them through, the man of Israel and the woman, 'through the belly. So the plague was stayed from the Children of Israel.' (*Numbers*, xxv. 6-8.)

[3] [Carlyle altered to "whom reason might have called before a jury," but Cromwell wrote as above, and his meaning evidently is that Phineas inflicted summary justice, instead of waiting for the culprits to be punished by ordinary forms of law.]

[4] [This word erased.]

There's difficulty, there's trouble; in the other way, there's safety, ease, wisdom: in the one no clearness (this is an objection indeed), in the other satisfaction. It's well if we thought of that first, and severed from the other considerations,[1] which do often bias, if not bribe the mind, whereby mists are often raised in the way we should walk in, and we call it darkness or dissatisfaction: Oh, our deceitful hearts! Oh, this pleasing world! How great is it to be the Lord's servant in any drudgery[2] (I thought not to have written near the other side: love will not let me alone; I have been often provoked 'to it by you') in all hazards His worst is far above the world's best! He makes us able, in truth, to say so; we cannot of ourselves. How hard a thing is it to reason ourselves up to the Lord's service, though it be so honourable; how easy to put ourselves out of it, where the flesh has so many advantages!

You was desired to go along with us: I wish it still.[3] Yet we are not triumphing; we may (for aught flesh knows) suffer after all this: the Lord prepare us for His good pleasure! You were with us in the Form of things: why not in the Power?[4] I am persuaded your heart hankers after the hearts of your poor friends; and will, until you can find others to close with: which, I trust (though we in ourselves be contemptible), God will not let you do!

My service to the dear little Lady: I wish you make her not a greater temptation than she is. Take heed of all relations. Mercies should not be temptations: yet we too oft make them so. The Lord direct your thoughts into the obedience of His will, and give you rest and peace in the truth. Pray for

Your most true and affectionate

Servant in the Lord,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] of 'safety,' profit, &c. [2] Turns the leaf, we perceive.

[3] Shadow of condescension, implied in this, strikes his Excellency; which he hastens to retract.

[4] [Carlyle printed "You were with us in the Power: why not in the Form?"]

'P.S.' I received a Letter from Robert Hammond, whom truly I love in the Lord with most entire affection: it much grieved me, not because I judge, but feared the whole spirit of it was from temptation; indeed I thought I perceived a proceeding in that which the Lord will (I trust) cause him to unlearn. I would fain have written to him, but am straitened in time. Would he would be with us a little! Perhaps it would be no hurt to him.*

Of Wharton and his dubitations, which many share in, we shall again hear. Of Wharton, young Colonel Hammond, young Colonel Montague, Tom Westrow, Henry Lawrence, idle Dick, men known to us, and men unknown;—of them and their abstruse 'reasonings,' and communings with the Lord Lieutenant in St. James's Park, we shall have a hint by and by. Some of whom received full 'satisfaction,' and others never could.

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1814), lxxxiv. p. 418. Given there without editing; no notice whence; clearly genuine.——*Note to Third Edition.* Original, in autograph, endorsed by Wharton, 'rec; 30th January 1649, from my Lord Leefetennant of Ireland, from Ireland,' is now (1848) in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; *Postscript* here is added from the Original. [But the postscript is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, where the letter is printed very correctly. The alterations in it were made by Carlyle.] This Letter, and two others to be given by and by (CXLVI. and CLXXXI.), came to the Fitzwilliam Museum, some thirty years ago; discovered 'among the Court-rolls of the Manor of Wymondham Cromwell, Norfolk.'

END OF VOL. I.

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